Jesus Is Lord
United
Christian
Ashrams
Sing!

THE ASHRAM

"The Ashram Movement is a living fellowship within a redemptive community in which the whole gospel, for the whole person, for the whole world is preached, taught, shared, and experienced."

E. Stanley Jones, founder.

THE ONE-DAY ASHRAM

The one-day or "Little" Ashram telescopes the larger week-long Ashram program into one or two days. It may be held in any church, or a group of churches, at any time of the year, and should include the following:

1. Morning Devotions, half in silence, half in sharing.

2. The meaning of the Ashram as an attempt to make the "Word become flesh" in a group.

3. Open-heart groups in which each person lets down barriers and explains his especial spiritual needs.

4. A Bible hour directed to meeting the needs that have been shared.

5. A work period where all express helpfulness by sharing in labor together.

6. An hour of silence for meditation and prayer.

7. Study hour on special subjects—prayer, guidance, evangelism, etc.

8. Prayer groups.

9. The meeting of the Overflowing Heart, thanking God for answering our individual needs, and in sharing our experiences.

10. A prayer vigil should run through the entire time in periods of one-half hour each.

11. Some time during the period should be given to a "family-hour", where improvements are suggested openly.

The Little Ashram naturally leads into Prayer Cells and Personal Groups within the local church. In all the above ways the Ashram acts as a leaven to raise the whole spiritual level of the whole church.

For further information, write to United Christian Ashrams, 1055 N. Kingsley Dr., Hollywood 29, California.

Mr. & Mrs. Sanford Sweet
13550 Medinac Lane
Leisure World, Apt. 103-L
Seal Beach, California

UNITED CHRISTIAN ASHRAMS SING!

Dedicated to

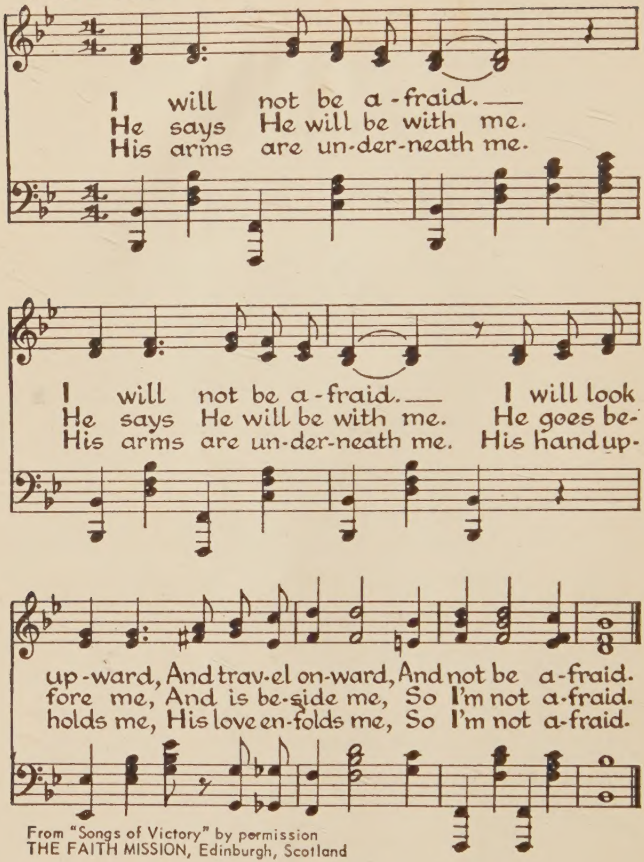
E. STANLEY JONES

Missionary, Author, Evangelist
Christian Ambassador and
Founder of the Christian Ashrams
(Affectionately known as
"Brother Stanley")

The cover design is a drawing of the hand of E. Stanley Jones, raised in the Christian sign that he has used in evangelism around the world. It knows no language barrier, and means—
"Jesus Is Lord"
Cover Design by Sybil Moomaw Brock.

I Will Not Be Afraid

G. E. M. Govan


I will not be a-fraid.
He says He will be with me.
His arms are un-der-neath me.
I will not be a-fraid.
He says He will be with me.
His arms are un-der-neath me.
I will look up-ward, And trav-el on-ward, And not be a-fraid.
He goes be-fore me, And is be-side me, So I'm not a-fraid.
His hand up-holds me, His love en-folds me, So I'm not a-fraid.

From "Songs of Victory" by permission
THE FAITH MISSION, Edinburgh, Scotland

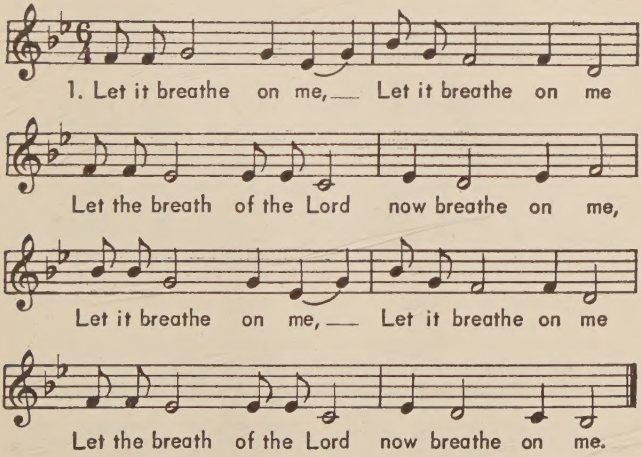
4. His Word will stand for ever.
   His Word will stand for ever.
   His truth it shall be
   My shield and buckler, so I'm not afraid.

5. He will give grace and glory.
   He will give grace and glory.
   His cross before me,
   His banner o'er me, so I'm not afraid.

6. He says He will do marvels.
   He says He will do marvels.
   Above our asking,
   Or even thinking, so look up and praise.

7. So we go singing onward.
   So we go singing onward.
   We're pressing upward,
   We're marching Homeward, To Him, unafraid.
   We're marching Homeward, To Him, unafraid

Let It Breathe on Me

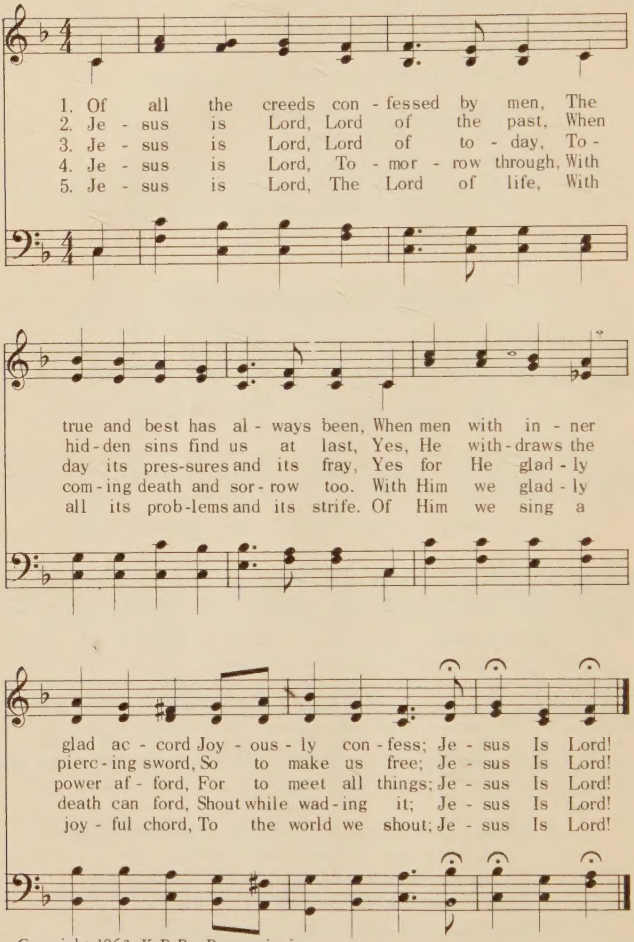

1. Let it breathe on me, Let it breathe on me
Let the breath of the Lord now breathe on me,
Let it breathe on me, Let it breathe on me
Let the breath of the Lord now breathe on me.

2. While I'm working, Lord, in Thy vineyard here,
   I can do naught if Thou aren't near,
   Oh, come, blessed Lord, just so close to me
   That I may feel Thee breathe on me.

3. When the pathway, Lord, I cannot see,
   When the way is dark, Lord, breathe on me;
   Give me grace to know when Thou art near,
   Oh, I pray Thee, Lord, please breathe on me.

4. Let it flow through us, Let it flow through us, etc.
5. Let the love of the Lord now flow through us, etc.
6. Let the light of the Lord now shine from us, etc.

Jesus Is Lord!

E. Stanley Jones — Kurtis B. Brock

1. Of all the creeds con - fessed by men, The
2. Je - sus is Lord, Lord of the past, When
3. Je - sus is Lord, Lord of to - day, To -
4. Je - sus is Lord, To - mor - row through, With
5. Je - sus is Lord, The Lord of life, With
true and best has al - ways been, When men with in - ner
hid - den sins find us at last, Yes, He with - draws the
day its pres-sures and its fray, Yes for He glad - ly
com - ing death and sor - row too. With Him we glad - ly
all its prob - lems and its strife. Of Him we sing a
glad ac - cord Joy - ous - ly con - fess; Je - sus Is Lord!
pierc - ing sword, So to make us free; Je - sus Is Lord!
power af - ford, For to meet all things; Je - sus Is Lord!
death can ford, Shout while wad - ing it; Je - sus Is Lord!
joy - ful chord, To the world we shout; Je - sus Is Lord!

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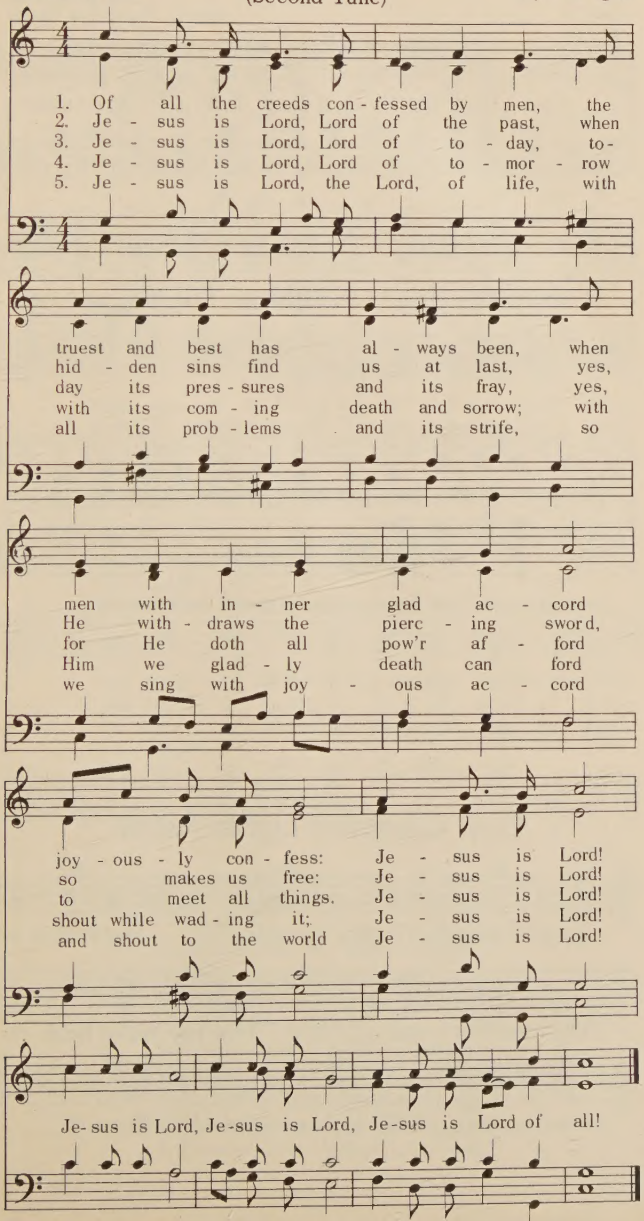
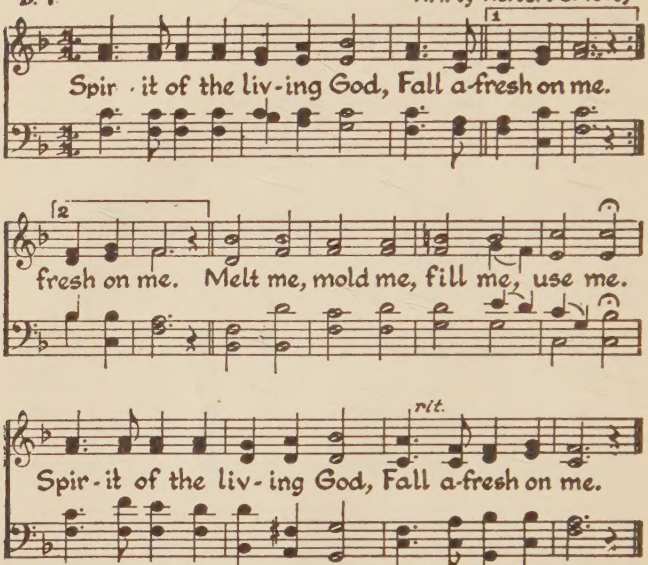
Jesus Is Lord!

(Second Tune)

E. Stanley Jones — Elyse Blodgett

1. Of all the creeds con - fessed by men, the
2. Je - sus is Lord, Lord of the past, when
3. Je - sus is Lord, Lord of to - day, to-
4. Je - sus is Lord, Lord of to - mor - row
5. Je - sus is Lord, the Lord, of life, with
truest and best has al - ways been, when
hid - den sins find us at last, yes,
day its pres - sures and its fray, yes,
with its com - ing death and sorrow; with
all its prob - lems and its strife, so
men with in - ner glad ac - cord
He with - draws the pierc - ing sword,
for He doth all pow'r af - ford
Him we glad - ly death can ford
we sing with joy - ous ac - cord
joy - ous - ly con - fess: Je - sus is Lord!
so makes us free: Je - sus is Lord!
to meet all things. Je - sus is Lord!
shout while wad - ing it; Je - sus is Lord!
and shout to the world Je - sus is Lord!
Je-sus is Lord, Je-sus is Lord, Je-sus is Lord of all!

Spirit of the Living God

D. I

Daniel Iverson
Arr. by Herbert G. Tovey

1
Spir - it of the liv - ing God, Fall a-fresh on me.
2
fresh on me. Melt me, mold me, fill me, use me.
rit.
Spir - it of the liv - ing God, Fall a-fresh on me.

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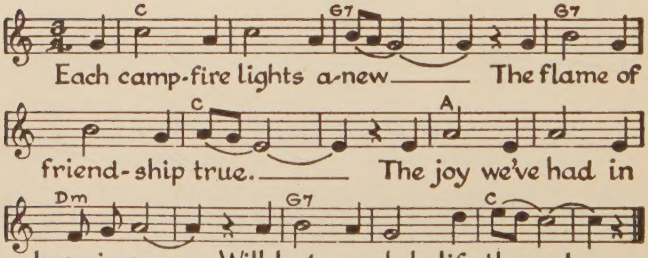
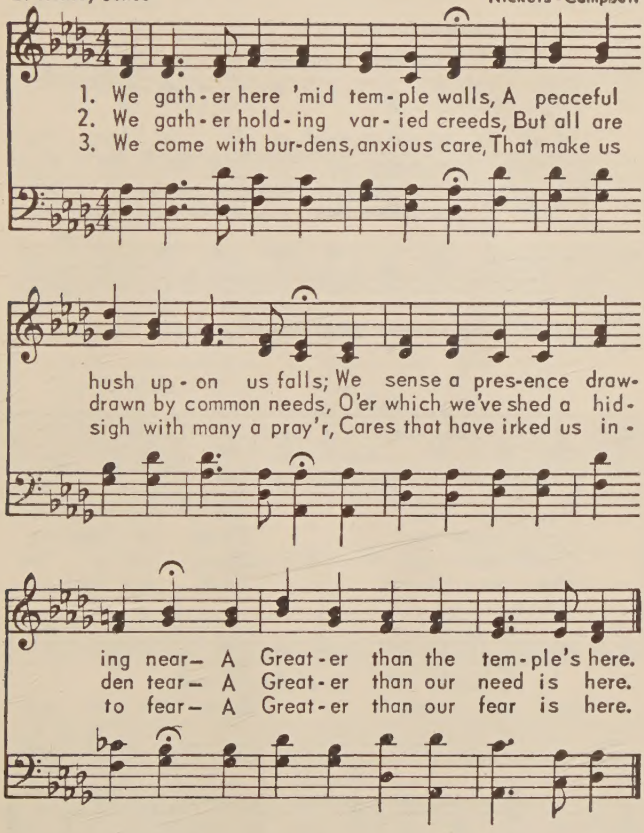
Each Campfire Lights Anew



We Gather Here 'Mid Temple Walls

E. Stanley Jones — Nickels-Campbell


1. We gath-er here 'mid tem-ple walls, A peaceful
2. We gath-er hold-ing var-ied creeds, But all are
3. We come with bur-dens, anxious care, That make us
hush up-on us falls; We sense a pres-ence draw-
drawn by common needs, O'er which we've shed a hid-
sigh with many a pray'r, Cares that have irked us in-
ing near— A Great-er than the tem-ple's here.
den tear— A Great-er than our need is here.
to fear— A Great-er than our fear is here.

4. Conscious of failure and of sin,
Some is without, but more within;
From sense of guilt we would be clear—
A Greater than our guilt is here.

5. We come with future veiled, unknown,
But Whom we know is on the throne.
Tho' autumn days be brown and sere—
A Greater than our future's here.

6. Nor past, nor morrow, naught shall bring
The note of sadness when we sing;
We're safe from all we see and hear—
A Greater than all things is here.

Lord Triumphant

Glenn Harding — Dorothe Lanning

Stanza 1 to be sung as refrain after stanzas 1 - 2 - 3

1. Lord Tri-um-phant march-ing on, we hear Thy
2. Christ Tri-um-phant go be-fore us, set all
3. Love Tri-um-phant true and joy-ous, Je-sus
4. Souls Tri-um-phant mov-ing Heav'n-ward bear-ing

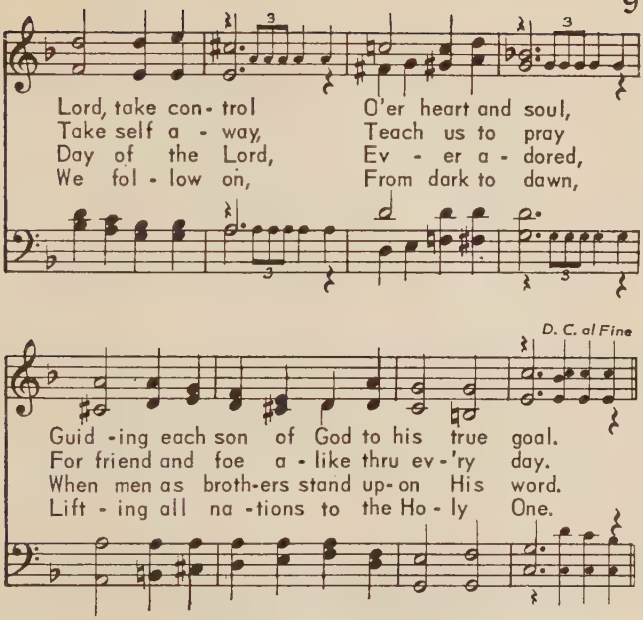
After stanza 4 Thine the king-dom surg-ing thru us Broth-er

clar-ion call, Join-ing ev-'ry
cap-tives free. Christ re-deem-er,
Christ the way, Bring-ing us the
high the flame. Truth and light for-

hood re-store; Thine the pow'r and

tongue and peo-ple thru God's will in all,
hov-er o'er us, make all blind to see.
mes-sage glo-rious for this ho-ly day.
ev-er glow-ing glo-ri-fy Thy name.

Fine

Thine the Glo-ry, Thy will ev-er-more.

Lord, take con - trol O'er heart and soul,
Take self a - way, Teach us to pray
Day of the Lord, Ev - er a - dored,
We fol - low on, From dark to dawn,
D. C. al Fine
Guid - ing each son of God to his true goal.
For friend and foe a - like thru ev - 'ry day.
When men as broth-ers stand up-on His word.
Lift - ing all na - tions to the Ho - ly One.

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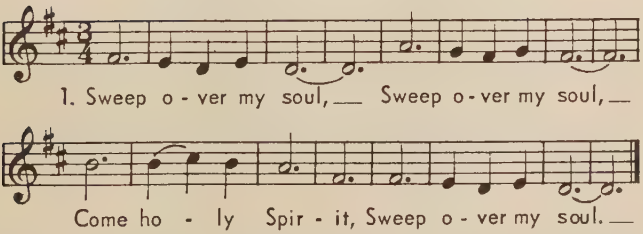
Sweep Over My Soul



2. Sweep out hate and fear, Sweep out hate and fear;
Come holy Spirit, Sweep out hate and fear.
3. Sweep in Love and Peace, Sweep in Love and Peace;
Come, holy Spirit, Sweep in Love and Peace.

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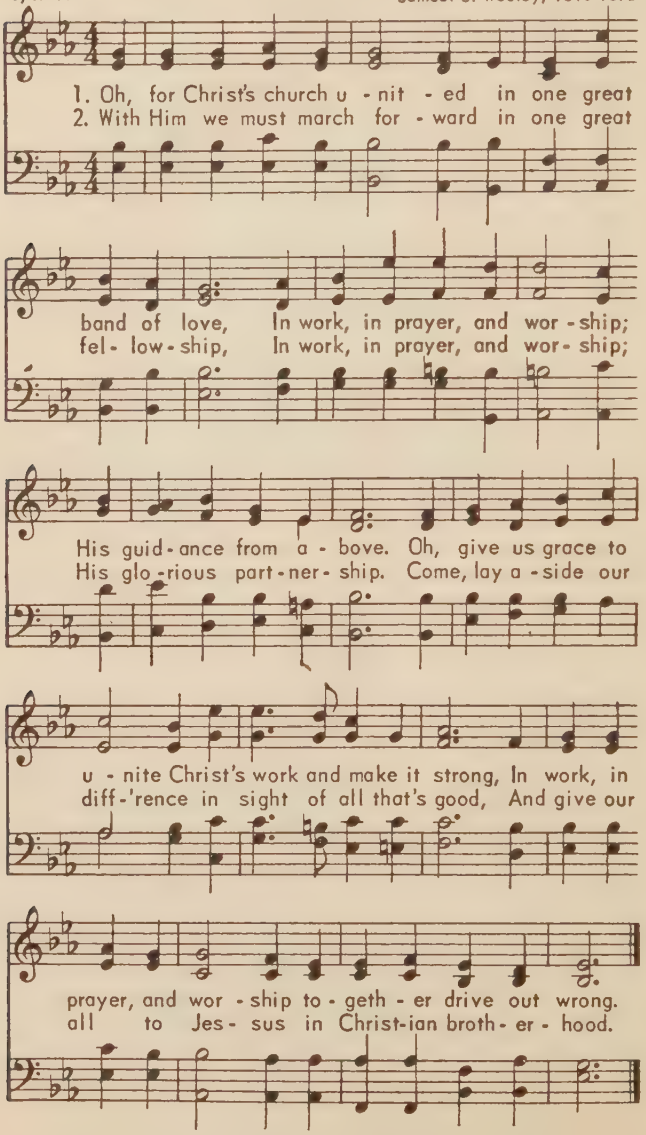
Oh, for Christ's Church United

In honor of the work of E. Stanley Jones
with the Federal Union of Christian Churches

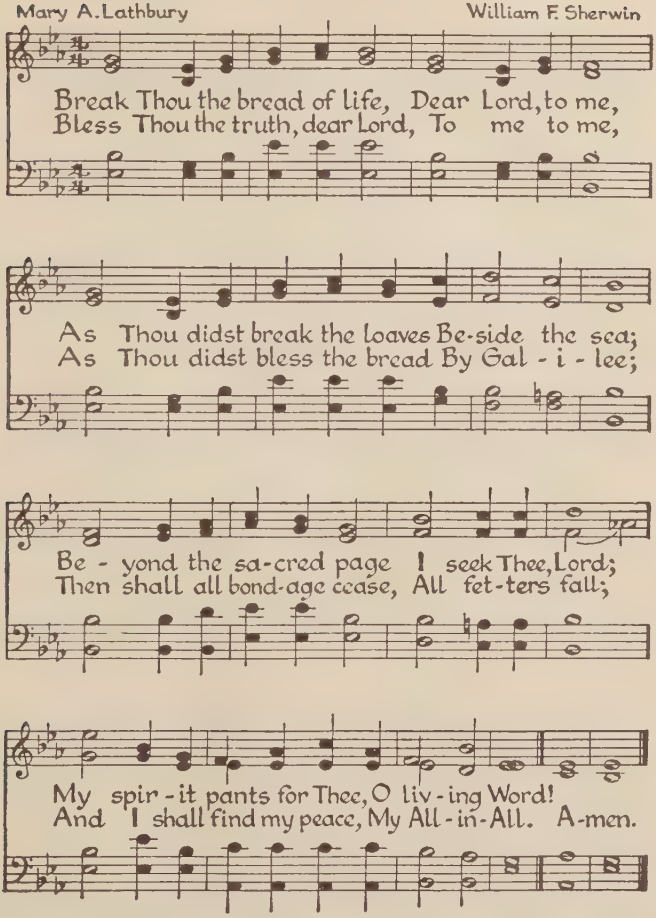
Sybil Moomaw Brock

Samuel S. Wesley, 1810-1876


1. Oh, for Christ's church u - nit - ed in one great
2. With Him we must march for - ward in one great
band of love, In work, in prayer, and wor - ship;
fel - low - ship, In work, in prayer, and wor - ship;
His guid - ance from a - bove. Oh, give us grace to
His glo - rious part - ner - ship. Come, lay a - side our
u - nite Christ's work and make it strong, In work, in
diff - 'rence in sight of all that's good, And give our
prayer, and wor - ship to - geth - er drive out wrong.
all to Jes - sus in Christ-ian broth - er - hood.

Break Thou the Bread of Life

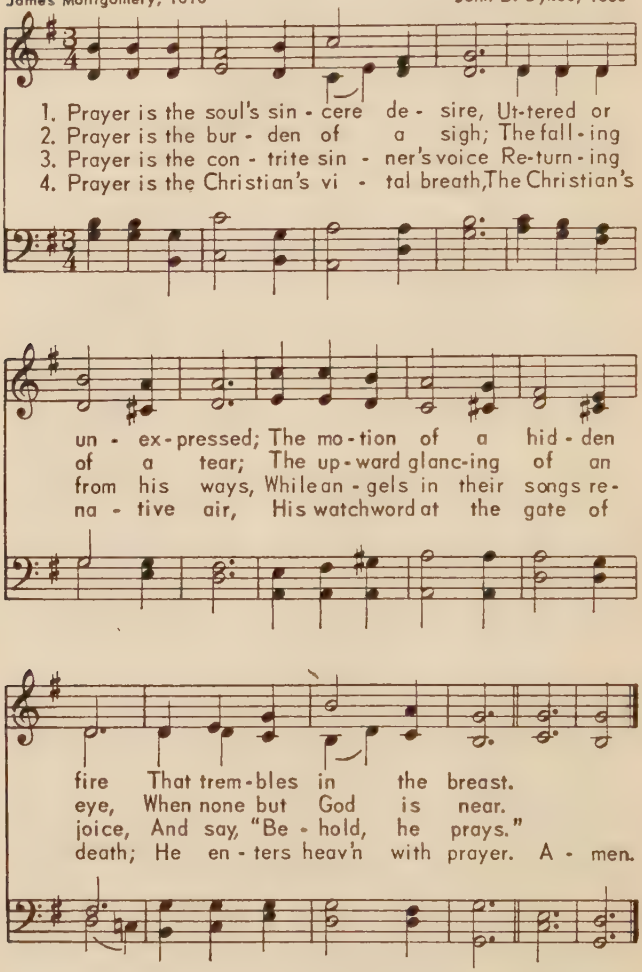
Mary A. Lathbury — William F. Sherwin


Break Thou the bread of life, Dear Lord, to me,
Bless Thou the truth, dear Lord, To me to me,
As Thou didst break the loaves Be-side the sea;
As Thou didst bless the bread By Gal - i - lee;
Be - yond the sa-cred page I seek Thee, Lord;
Then shall all bond-age cease, All fet-ters fall;
My spir - it pants for Thee, O liv - ing Word!
And I shall find my peace, My All - in - All. A-men.

Prayer Is the Soul's Sincere Desire

ST. AGNES C.M.

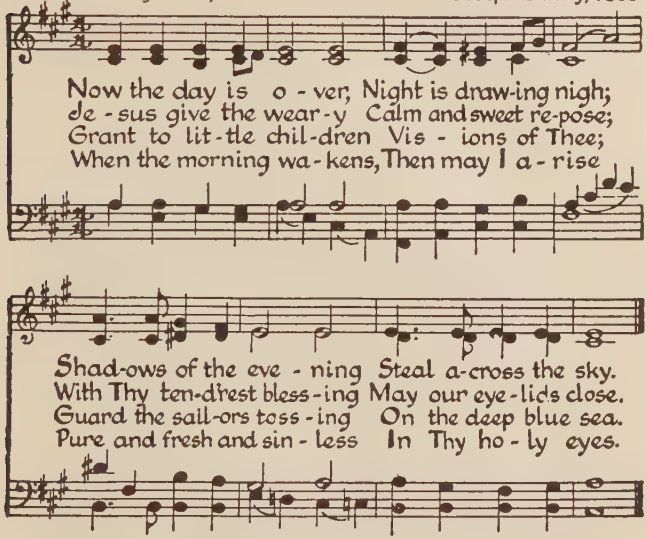
James Montgomery, 1818 — John B. Dykes, 1866


1. Prayer is the soul's sin - cere de - sire, Ut-tered or
2. Prayer is the bur - den of a sigh; The fall - ing
3. Prayer is the con - trite sin - ner's voice Re-turn - ing
4. Prayer is the Christian's vi - tal breath, The Christian's
un - ex - pressed; The mo - tion of a hid - den
of a tear; The up - ward glanc-ing of an
from his ways, While an - gels in their songs re -
na - tive air, His watchword at the gate of
fire That trem - bles in the breast.
eye, When none but God is near.
joice, And say, "Be - hold, he prays."
death; He en - ters heav'n with prayer. A - men.

Now the Day Is Over

MERRIAL

Sabine Baring-Gould, 1865 — Joseph Barnby, 1868


Now the day is o - ver, Night is draw-ing nigh;
Je - sus give the wear-y Calm and sweet re-pose;
Grant to lit-tle chil-dren Vis - ions of Thee;
When the morning wa-kens, Then may I a - rise
Shad-ows of the eve - ning Steal a-cross the sky.
With Thy ten-d'rest bless-ing May our eye-lids close.
Guard the sail-ors toss-ing On the deep blue sea.
Pure and fresh and sin - less In Thy ho - ly eyes.

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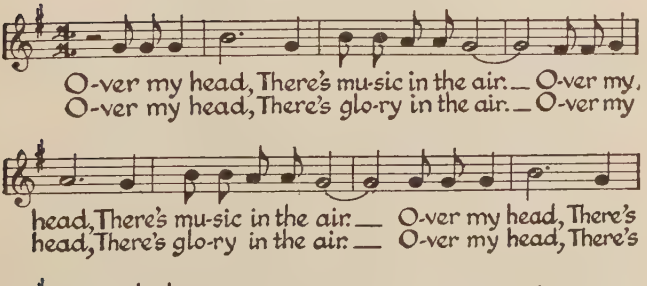
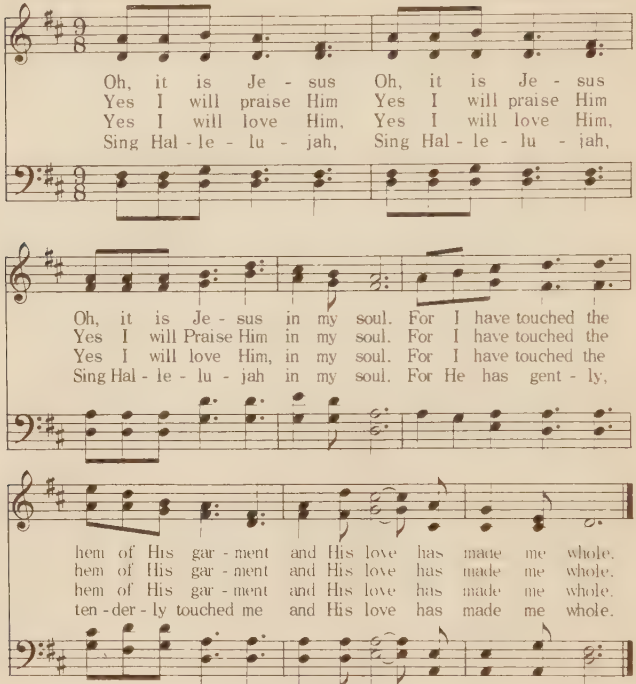
Over My Head


O-ver my head, There's mu-sic in the air. O-ver my,
O-ver my head, There's glo-ry in the air. O-ver my
head, There's mu-sic in the air. O-ver my head, There's
head, There's glo-ry in the air. O-ver my head, There's
mu-sic in the air. God's love rea-ches ev-'ry-where.
glo-ry in the air. God's love rea-ches ev-'ry-where.

O, It Is Jesus

As sung by R. Della Potter

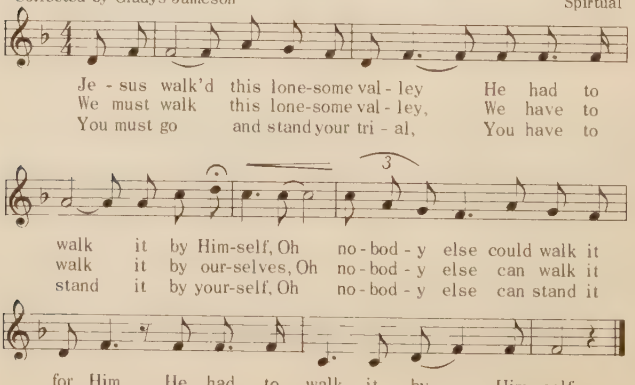
Arr. Kurtis B. Brock

Oh, it is Je - sus Oh, it is Je - sus
Yes I will praise Him Yes I will praise Him
Yes I will love Him, Yes I will love Him,
Sing Hal - le - lu - jah, Sing Hal - le - lu - jah,
Oh, it is Je - sus in my soul. For I have touched the
Yes I will Praise Him in my soul. For I have touched the
Yes I will love Him, in my soul. For I have touched the
Sing Hal - le - lu - jah in my soul. For He has gent - ly,
hem of His gar - ment and His love has made me whole.
hem of His gar - ment and His love has made me whole.
hem of His gar - ment and His love has made me whole.
ten - der - ly touched me and His love has made me whole.

From "C.F.O. Sings" W. Russell Shull, Editon

Lonesome Valley

Collected by Gladys Jameson

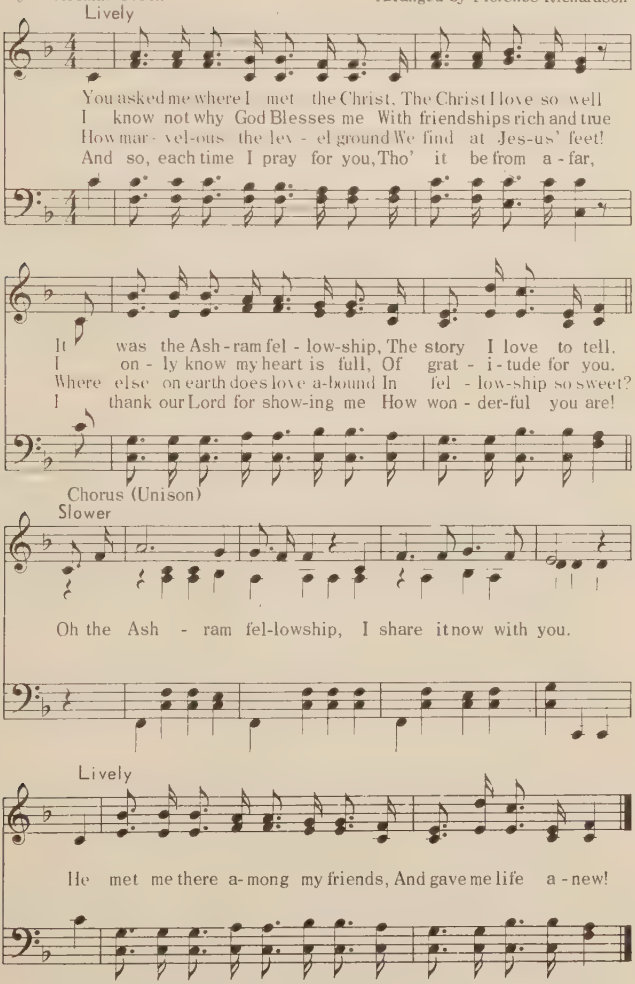
Spirtual


Je - sus walk'd this lone-some val - ley He had to
We must walk this lone-some val - ley, We have to
You must go and stand your tri - al, You have to
walk it by Him-self, Oh no - bod - y else could walk it
walk it by our-selves, Oh no - bod - y else can walk it
stand it by your-self, Oh no - bod - y else can stand it
for Him, He had to walk it by Him - self.
for us, We have to walk it by our-selves.
for you, You have to stand it by your - self.

Ashram Fellowship

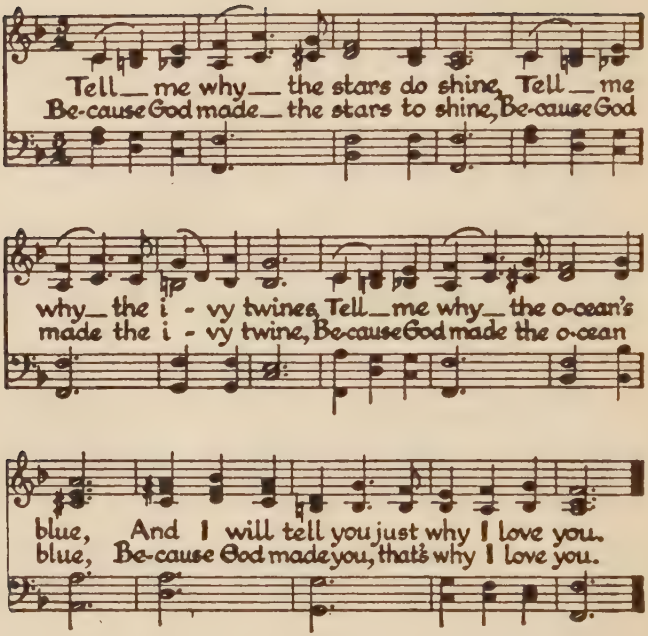
Louise Duvall
Sybil Moomaw Brock

S.M.B.
Arranged by Florence Richardson


Lively
You asked me where I met the Christ, The Christ I love so well
I know not why God Blesses me With friendships rich and true
How mar - vel-ous the lev - el ground We find at Jes-us' feet!
And so, each time I pray for you, Tho' it be from a - far,
It was the Ash - ram fel - low-ship, The story I love to tell.
I on - ly know my heart is full, Of grat - i - tude for you.
Where else on earth does love a-bound In fel - low-ship so sweet?
I thank our Lord for show-ing me How won - der-ful you are!
Chorus (Unison)
Slower
Oh the Ash - ram fel-lowship, I share it now with you.
Lively
He met me there a-mong my friends, And gave me life a - new!

Note: Bow to neighbor when singing "I share it now with you" each chorus.

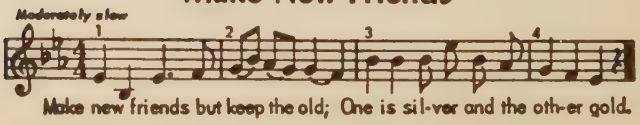
Tell Me Why


Tell me why the stars do shine, Tell me
Be-cause God made the stars to shine, Be-cause God
why the i - vy twines, Tell me why the o-cean's
made the i - vy twine, Be-cause God made the o-cean
blue, And I will tell you just why I love you.
blue, Be-cause God made you, that's why I love you.

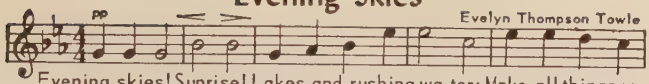
Sing, Sing, Sing

Sing, sing, sing for the singing
The whole day long.
Sing, sing, voices are ringing in heartfelt song
Sing, sing, whate'er betide you,
Sing for the joy of the song that's inside you.
Sing, the song's the thing!
Sing, sing, loving the singing,
Just sing, sing, sing.

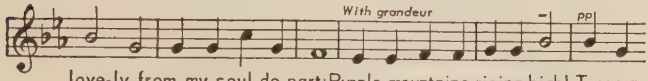
Make New Friends



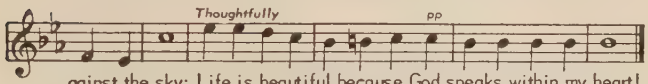
Evening Skies



Evening skies! Sunrise! Lakes and rushing wa-ter; Make all things un-
Star-ry skies! Moonrise! Far, e - ter-nal heavens; Take a-way my



love-ly from my soul de-part; Purple mountains rising high! Trees a-
smallness, make me long to grow; Vast-ness of the u-ni-verse! Timeless-



gainst the sky; Life is beautiful because God speaks within my heart!
ness of space; Life is wonderful because God speaks within my soul!

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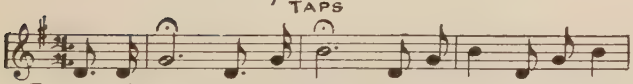
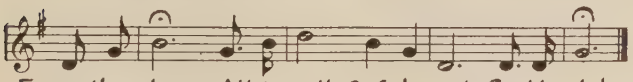
Day Is Done

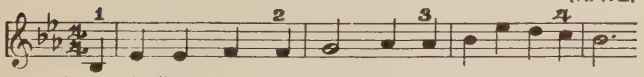
TAPS

Day is done, Gone the sun From the lake, From the hills,
Fad-ing light Dims the sight, And a star Gems the sky,



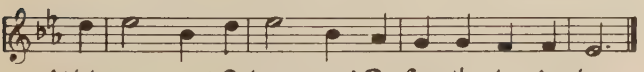
From the sky; All is well, Safe-ly rest, God is nigh.
Gleaming bright. From a-far, Drawing nigh, Falls the night.

Now All the Woods Are Waking

M.V.E.



Now all the woods are wak-ing, The sun is rid-ing high.

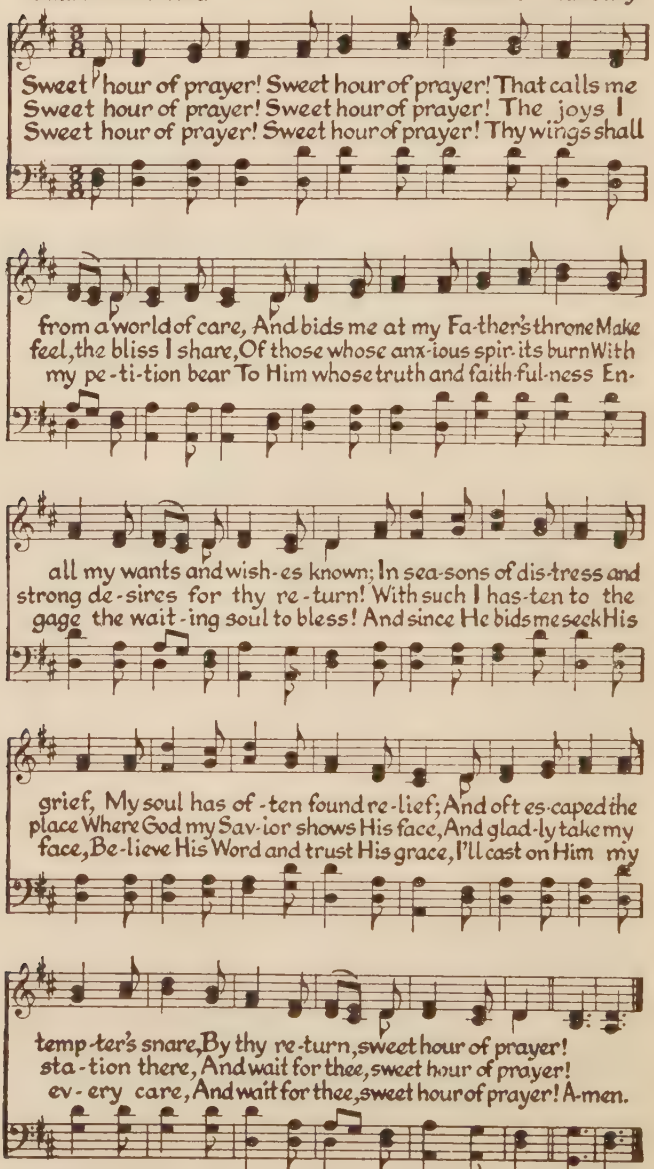


Wake up, now! Get up, now! Be-fore the dew is dry.

This round may be sung in any number of parts up to eight.

Sweet Hour of Prayer

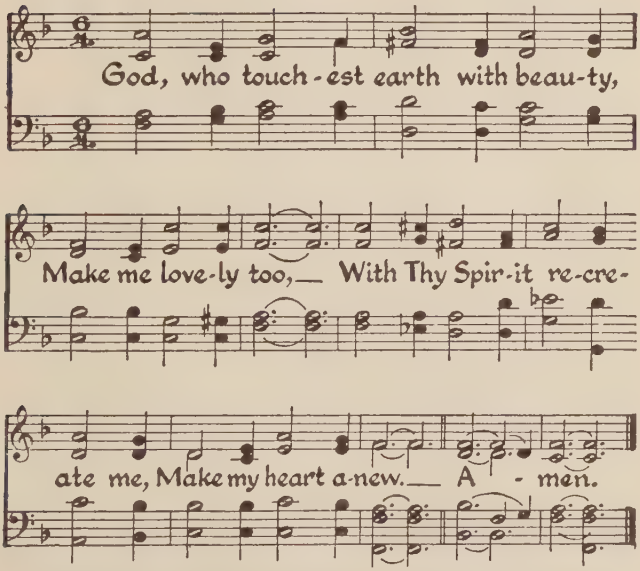
William W. Walford — William B. Bradbury


Sweet hour of prayer! Sweet hour of prayer! That calls me
Sweet hour of prayer! Sweet hour of prayer! The joys I
Sweet hour of prayer! Sweet hour of prayer! Thy wings shall
from a world of care, And bids me at my Fa-ther's throne Make
feel, the bliss I share, Of those whose anx-ious spir-its burn With
my pe-ti-tion bear To Him whose truth and faith-ful-ness En-
all my wants and wish-es known; In sea-sons of dis-tress and
strong de-sires for thy re-turn! With such I has-ten to the
gage the wait-ing soul to bless! And since He bids me seek His
grief, My soul has of-ten found re-lief; And oft es-caped the
place Where God my Sav-ior shows His face, And glad-ly take my
face, Be-lieve His Word and trust His grace, I'll cast on Him my
temp-ter's snare, By thy re-turn, sweet hour of prayer!
sta-tion there, And wait for thee, sweet hour of prayer!
ev-ery care, And wait for thee, sweet hour of prayer! A-men.

God Who Touchest Earth

GENEVA

Mary S. Edgar — C. Harold Lowden



Copyright, 1935, Int. Council of Religious Education. Used by permission.

Like the springs and running waters
Make me crystal pure.
Like the rocks of towering grandeur
Make me strong and sure.

3

Like Thy dancing waves in sunlight
Make me glad and free;
Like the straightness of the pine tree
Let me upright be.

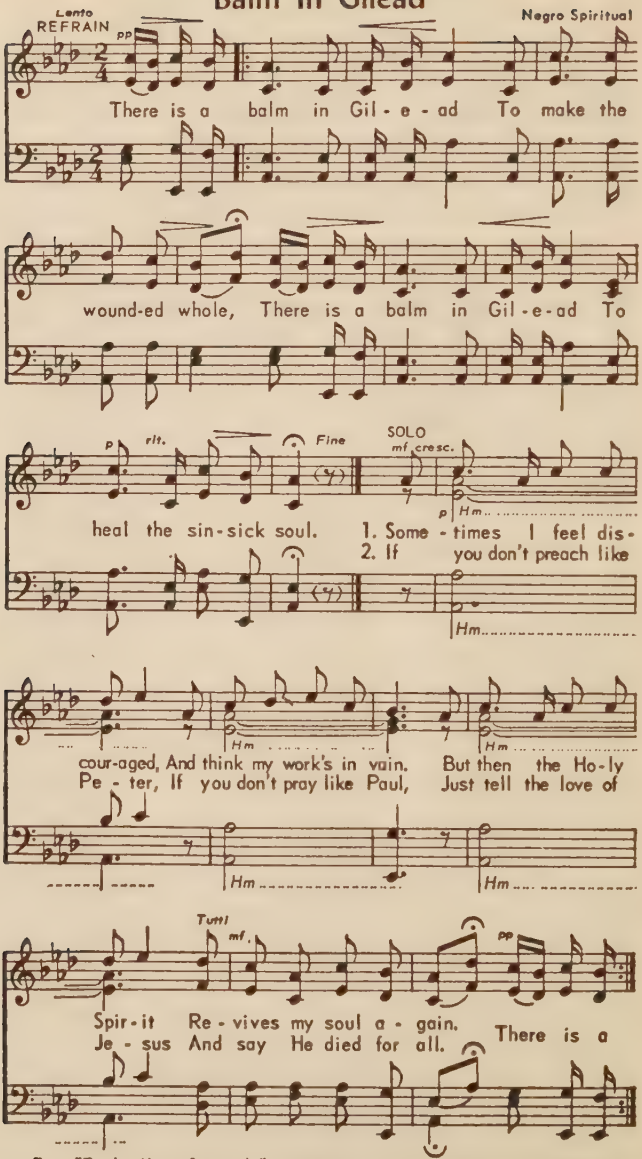
4

Like the arching of the heavens
Lift my thoughts above;
Turn my dreams to noble action—
Ministries of love.

5

God who touchest earth with beauty
Make me lovely, too.
Keep me ever by Thy Spirit
Pure and strong true.

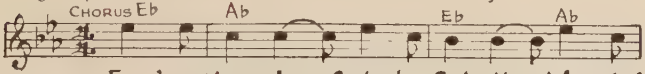
Balm in Gilead


Lento
REFRAIN
pp
Negro Spiritual
There is a balm in Gil - e - ad To make the
wound-ed whole, There is a balm in Gil-e-ad To
p
rit.
Fine
SOLO
mf cresc.
heal the sin-sick soul.
1. Some - times I feel dis-
2. If you don't preach like
Hm
cour-aged, And think my work's in vain.
But then the Ho-ly
Pe - ter, If you don't pray like Paul,
Just tell the love of
Tutti
mf
pp
Spir-it Re - vives my soul a - gain.
There is a
Je - sus And say He died for all.

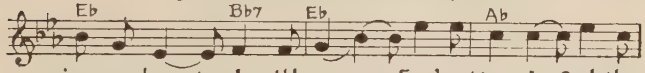
From "Twelve Negro Spirituals" Arranged by Daniel L. Ridout. By permission.

Ev'ry Time I Feel the Spirit

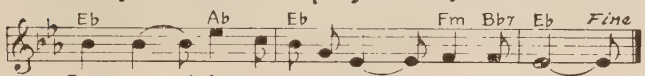
Negro Spiritual — Arr. by Marion Downs

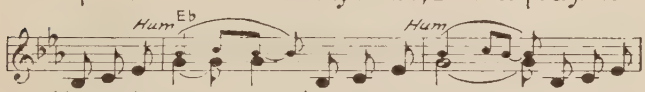
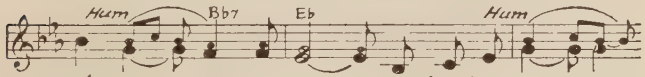
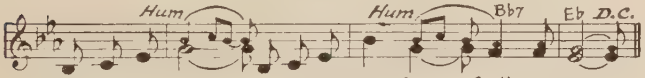


Ev-'ry time I__ feel the Spir-it__ Mov-in'



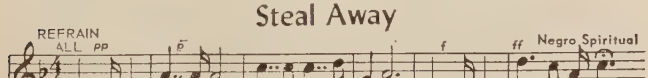
in my heart,_I will pray,_Ev-'ry time I_feel the



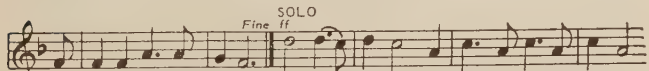
Spir-it__ Mov-in'in my heart,_I will pray.__

1. Up-on the moun-tain,when my Lord spoke,__ Out of His
2. Oh, I have sor-rows and I have woe,__ And I have

mouth came_fire and smoke; Look'd all a-round_me,
heart-ache_here be-low;_But while God leads me,

it look'd so fine_Till I ask'd my Lord if all were mine.
I'll nev-er fear__ For I am shel-tered_by His care.

NOTE: Low voices sing melody; high voices hum obbligato.

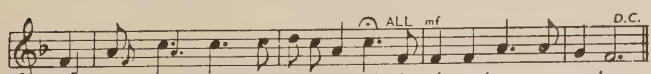
Steal Away



Steal a-way, steal a-way, steal a-way to Je-sus, Steal a-way, steal a-way home,



I ain't got long to stay here. My Lord calls me, He calls me by the thun-der;



The trum-pet sounds with-in-a my soul, I ain't got long to stay here.

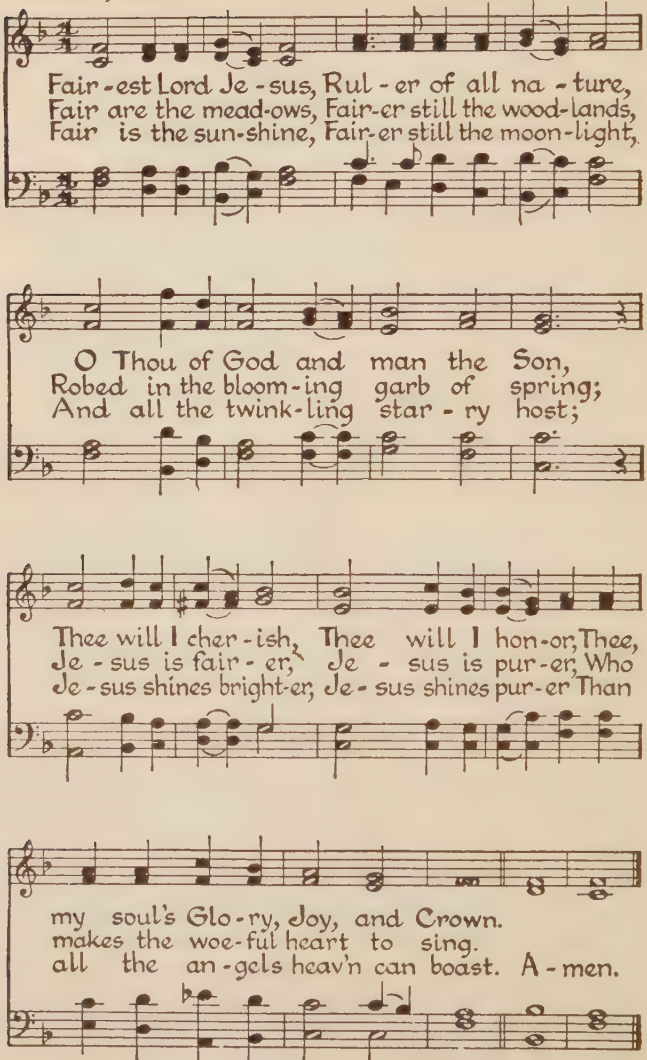
2. Green trees are bending, Poor sinner stands a-trembling;
3. Tombstones are bursting, Poor sinner stands a-trembling;
4. My Lord calls me, He calls me by the lightning;

Fairest Lord Jesus

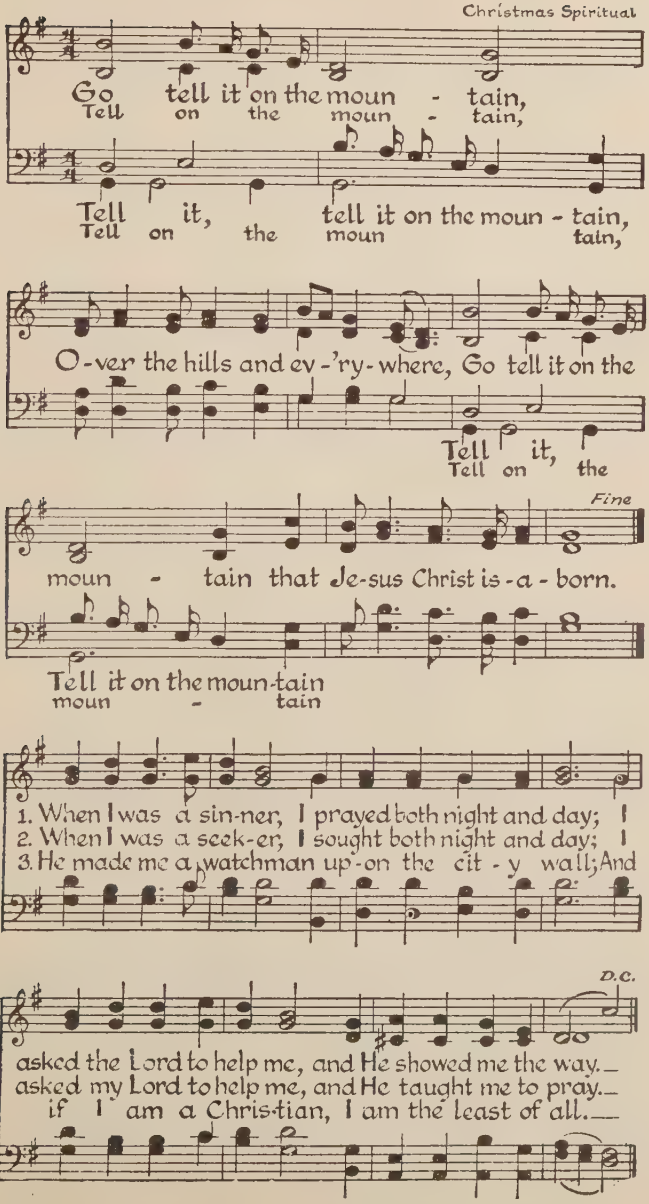
CRUSADERS' HYMN

Münster, 1667

Silesian Folk Tune

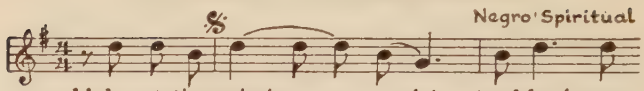

Fair-est Lord Je-sus, Rul-er of all na-ture,
Fair are the mead-ows, Fair-er still the wood-lands,
Fair is the sun-shine, Fair-er still the moon-light,
O Thou of God and man the Son,
Robed in the bloom-ing garb of spring;
And all the twink-ling star-ry host;
Thee will I cher-ish, Thee will I hon-or, Thee,
Je-sus is fair-er, Je-sus is pur-er, Who
Je-sus shines bright-er, Je-sus shines pur-er Than
my soul's Glo-ry, Joy, and Crown.
makes the woe-ful heart to sing.
all the an-gels heav'n can boast. A-men.

Go Tell It on the Mountain

Christmas Spiritual

Go tell it on the moun - tain,
Tell on the moun - tain,
Tell it, tell it on the moun - tain,
Tell on the moun tain,
O-ver the hills and ev-'ry-where, Go tell it on the
Tell it,
Tell on the
Fine
moun - tain that Je-sus Christ is-a-born.
Tell it on the moun-tain
moun - tain
1. When I was a sin-ner, I prayed both night and day; I
2. When I was a seek-er, I sought both night and day; I
3. He made me a watchman up-on the cit - y wall; And
D.C.
asked the Lord to help me, and He showed me the way.
asked my Lord to help me, and He taught me to pray.
if I am a Chris-tian, I am the least of all.

He's Got the Whole World

Negro Spiritual



1. He's got the whole ____ world __ in His hands,
wind and the rain __ in His hands,

He's got the big round __world __in His hands,
He's got the sun and the moon __ in His hands,

He's got the whole ____ world ___ in His hands,
He's got the wind and the rain ___ in His hands,

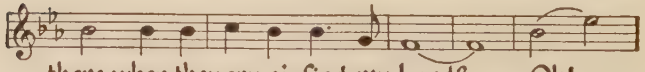
He's got the whole world in His hands. He's got the

3. He's got the tiny little baby in His hands.
4. He's got you and me, brother in His hands,
5. He's got everybody in His hands.
6. He's got the whole world in His hands.

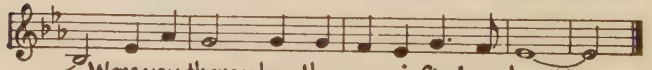
From the Marion Kerby collection of Negro Exaltations

Were You There?

Negro Spiritual

Were you there when they cru-ci-fied my Lord? ___ Were you

there when they cru-ci-fied my Lord? ___ Oh! ___

Some-times it cau-ses me to trem-ble, trem-ble, trem-ble,



___ Were you there when they cru-ci-fied my Lord? ___

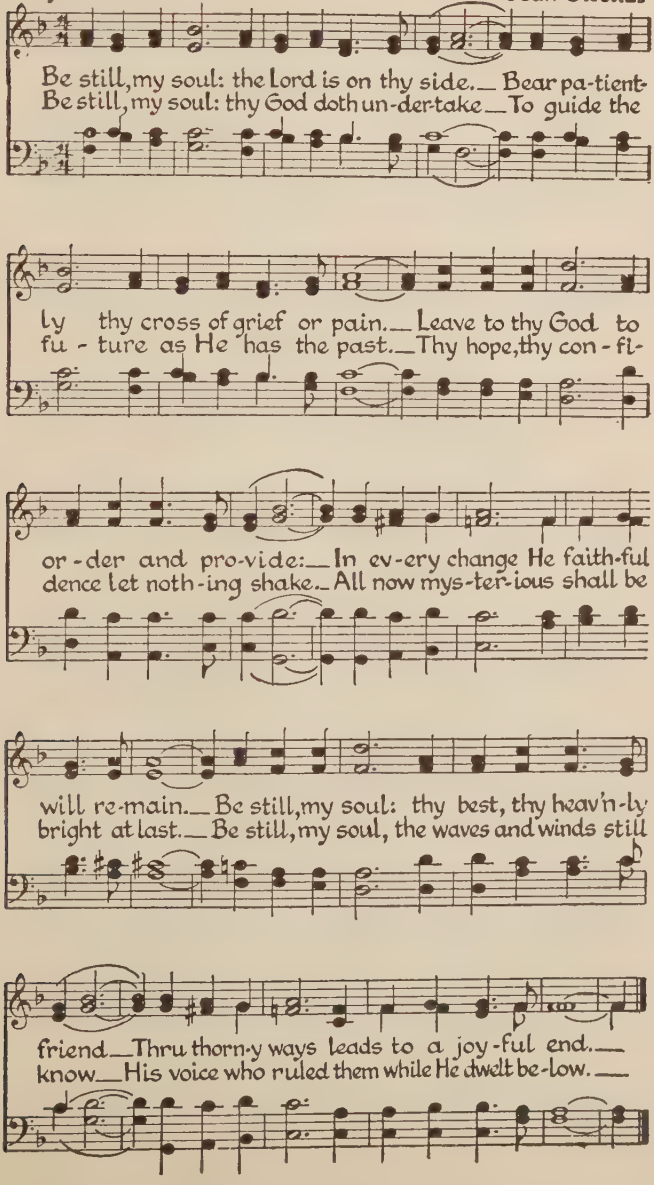
2. . . . When the sun refused to shine? . . .
3. . . . When they laid Him in the tomb? . . .

Be Still, My Soul

FINLANDIA

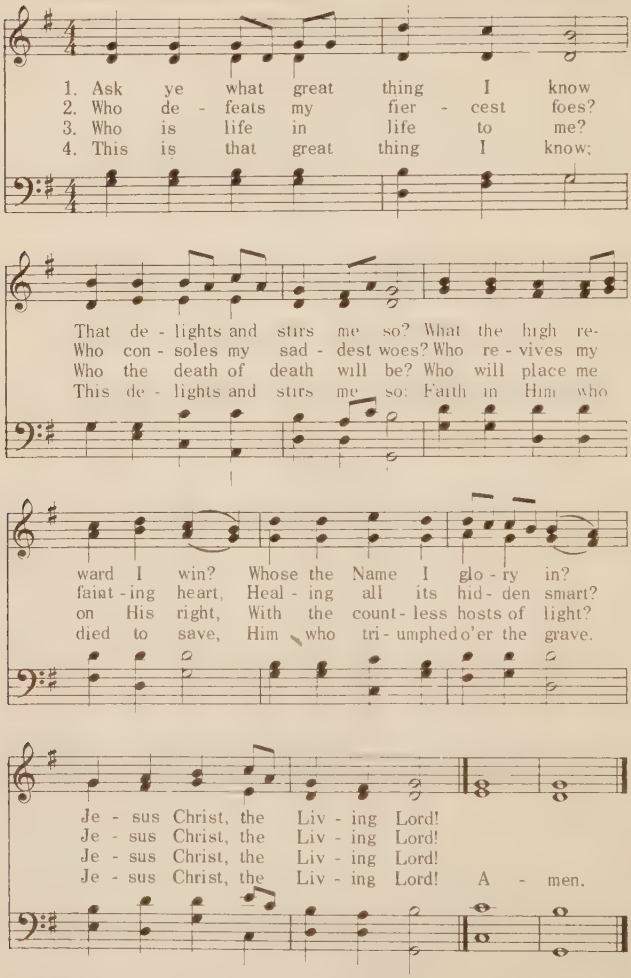
Katharina von Schlegel
Tr. by Jane L. Borthwick

Jean Sibelius


Be still, my soul: the Lord is on thy side. Bear pa-tient-
Be still, my soul: thy God doth un-der-take To guide the
ly thy cross of grief or pain. Leave to thy God to
fu - ture as He has the past. Thy hope, thy con - fi-
or - der and pro-vide: In ev-ery change He faith-ful
dence let noth-ing shake. All now mys-ter-ious shall be
will re-main. Be still, my soul: thy best, thy heav'n-ly
bright at last. Be still, my soul, the waves and winds still
friend. Thru thorn-y ways leads to a joy-ful end.
know. His voice who ruled them while He dwelt be-low.

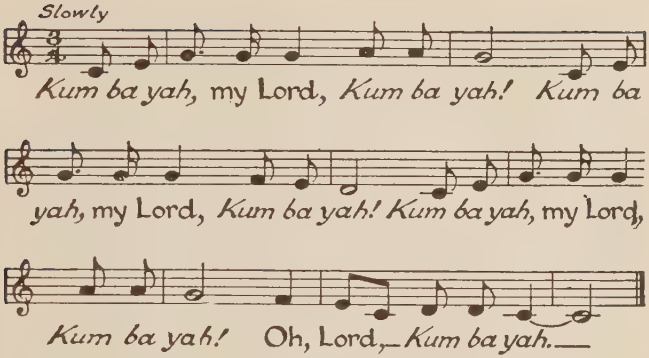
Ask Ye What Great Thing I Know

Johann C. Schwedler, 1672-1730
Tr. by Benjamin H. Kennedy, 1804-1889 H. A. Cesar Malan, 1787-1864


1. Ask ye what great thing I know
2. Who de - feats my fier - cest foes?
3. Who is life in life to me?
4. This is that great thing I know;
That de - lights and stirs me so? What the high re-
Who con - soles my sad - dest woes? Who re - vives my
Who the death of death will be? Who will place me
This de - lights and stirs me so: Faith in Him who
ward I win? Whose the Name I glo - ry in?
faint - ing heart, Heal - ing all its hid - den smart?
on His right, With the count - less hosts of light?
died to save, Him who tri - umphed o'er the grave.
Je - sus Christ, the Liv - ing Lord!
Je - sus Christ, the Liv - ing Lord!
Je - sus Christ, the Liv - ing Lord!
Je - sus Christ, the Liv - ing Lord! A - men.

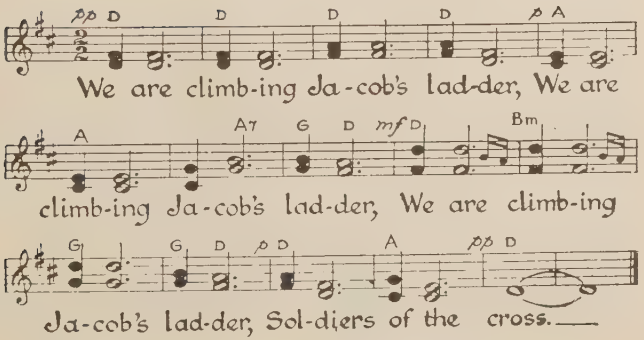
Come By Here

Kum Ba Yah



2. Someone's crying, Lord, *Kum ba yah!*
3. Someone's singing, Lord, *Kum ba yah!*
4. Someone's praying, Lord, *Kum ba yah!*

Jacob's Ladder


pp D D D D p A
We are climb-ing Ja-cob's lad-der, We are
A A7 G D mf D Bm
climb-ing Ja-cob's lad-der, We are climb-ing
G G D p D A pp D
Ja-cob's lad-der, Sol-diers of the cross.

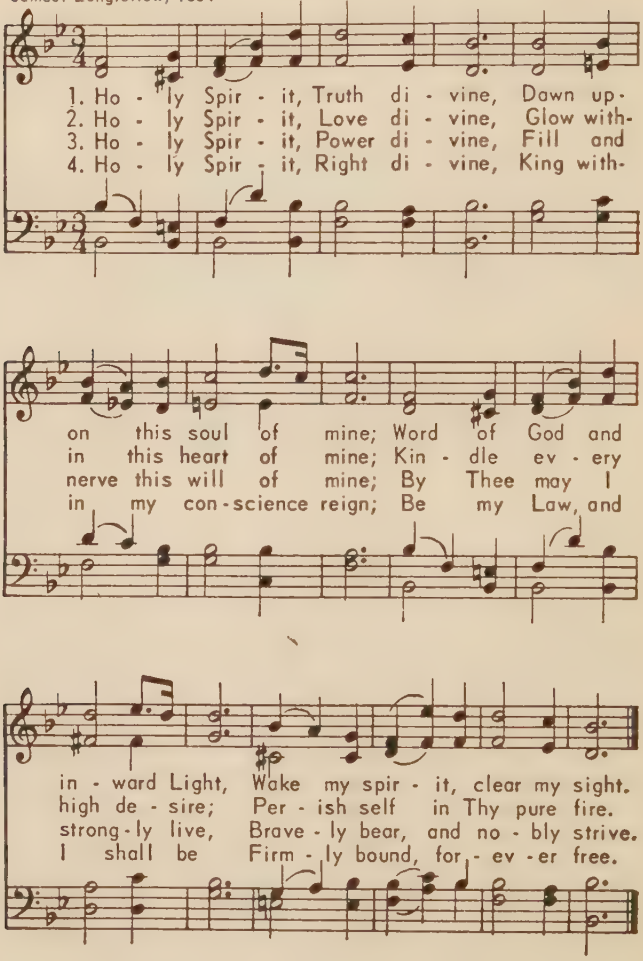
2—Every round goes higher, higher . . . .
3—Sinner, do you love my Jesus? . . . .
4—If you love Him, why not serve Him?
5—We are climbing higher, higher . . . .

Holy Spirit, Truth Divine

MERCY

Samuel Longfellow, 1864

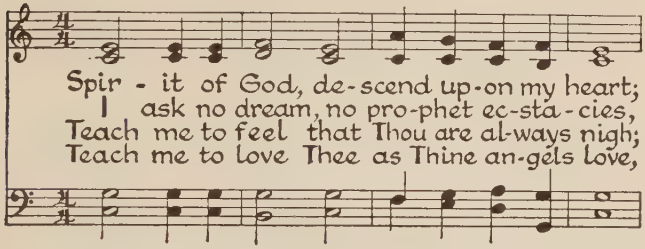
Arr. from Louis M. Gottschalk, 1867

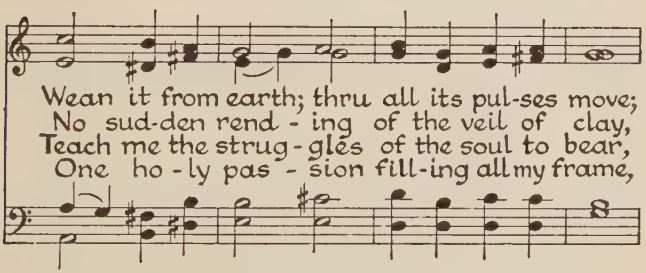

1. Ho - ly Spir - it, Truth di - vine, Dawn up-
2. Ho - ly Spir - it, Love di - vine, Glow with-
3. Ho - ly Spir - it, Power di - vine, Fill and
4. Ho - ly Spir - it, Right di - vine, King with-
on this soul of mine; Word of God and
in this heart of mine; Kin - dle ev - ery
nerve this will of mine; By Thee may I
in my con - science reign; Be my Law, and
in - ward Light, Wake my spir - it, clear my sight.
high de - sire; Per - ish self in Thy pure fire.
strong - ly live, Brave - ly bear, and no - bly strive.
I shall be Firm - ly bound, for - ev - er free.

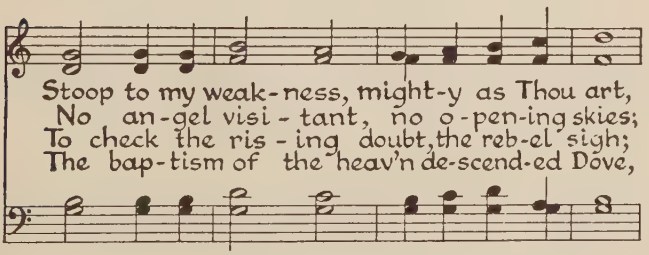
Spirit of God

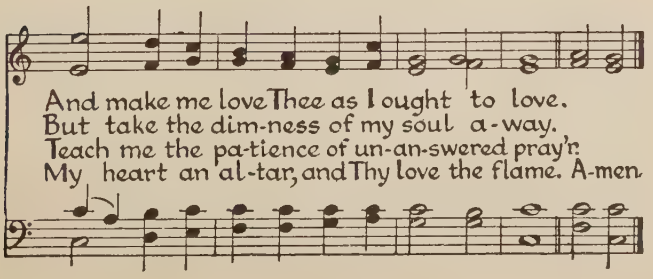
MORECAMBE

George Croly, 1854 — F. C. Atkinson, 1870


Spir - it of God, de-scend up-on my heart;
I ask no dream, no pro-phet ec-sta-cies,
Teach me to feel that Thou are al-ways nigh;
Teach me to love Thee as Thine an-gels love,

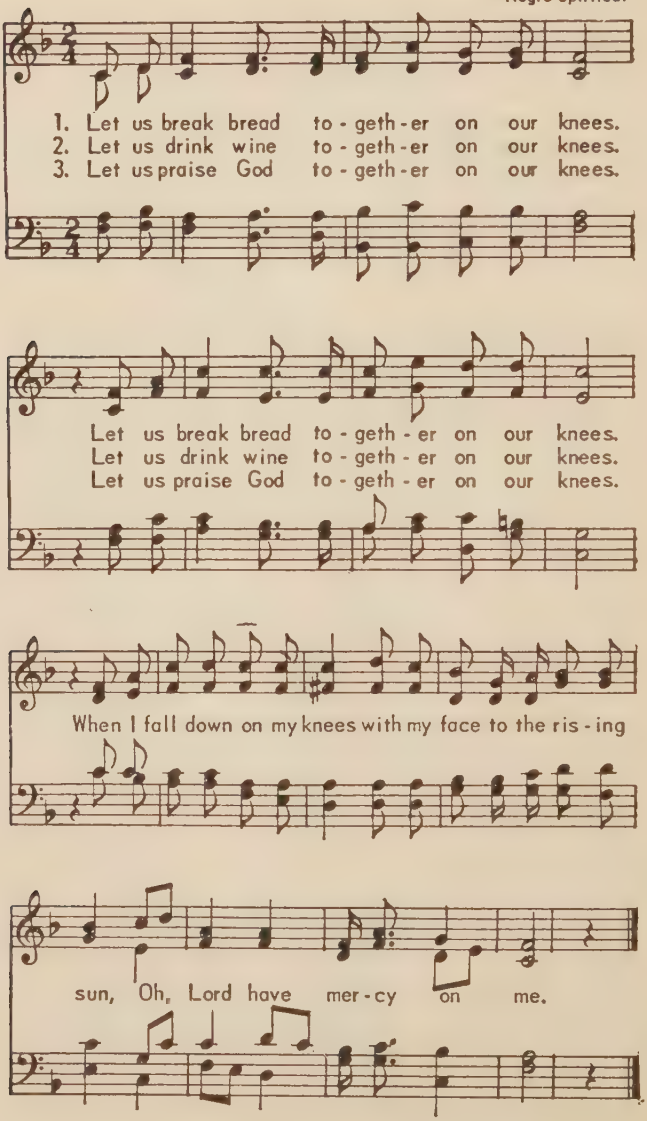

Wean it from earth; thru all its pul-ses move;
No sud-den rend - ing of the veil of clay,
Teach me the strug-gles of the soul to bear,
One ho-ly pas - sion fill-ing all my frame,


Stoop to my weak-ness, might-y as Thou art,
No an-gel visi-tant, no o-pen-ing skies;
To check the ris-ing doubt, the reb-el sigh;
The bap-tism of the heav'n de-scend-ed Dove,

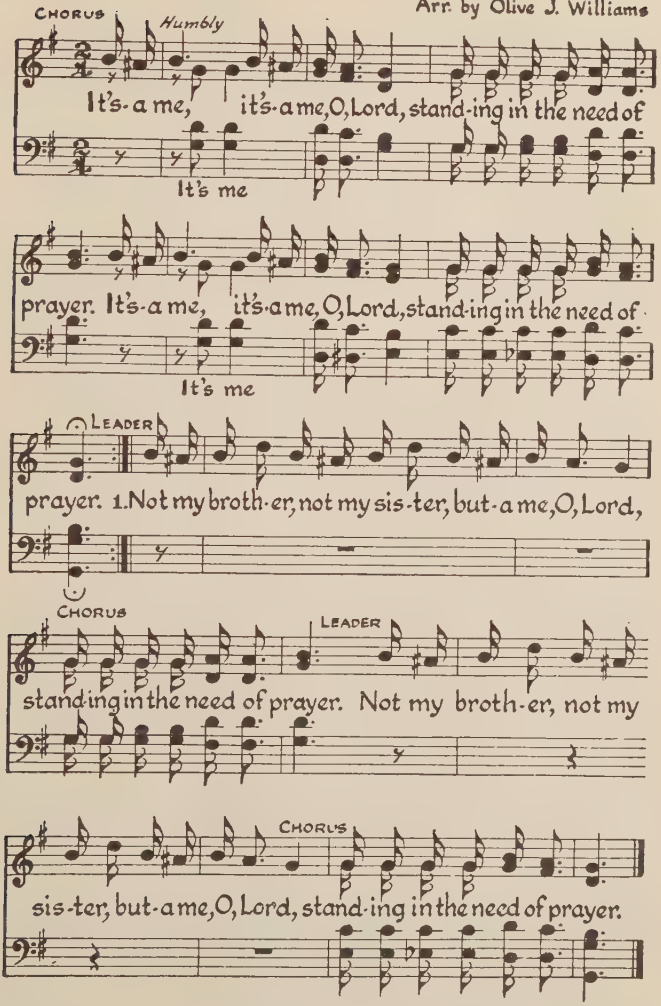

And make me love Thee as I ought to love.
But take the dim-ness of my soul a-way.
Teach me the pa-tience of un-an-swered pray'r.
My heart an al-tar, and Thy love the flame. A-men.

Let Us Break Bread Together

Negro Spiritual


1. Let us break bread to - geth - er on our knees.
2. Let us drink wine to - geth - er on our knees.
3. Let us praise God to - geth - er on our knees.
Let us break bread to - geth - er on our knees.
Let us drink wine to - geth - er on our knees.
Let us praise God to - geth - er on our knees.
When I fall down on my knees with my face to the ris - ing
sun, Oh, Lord have mer - cy on me.

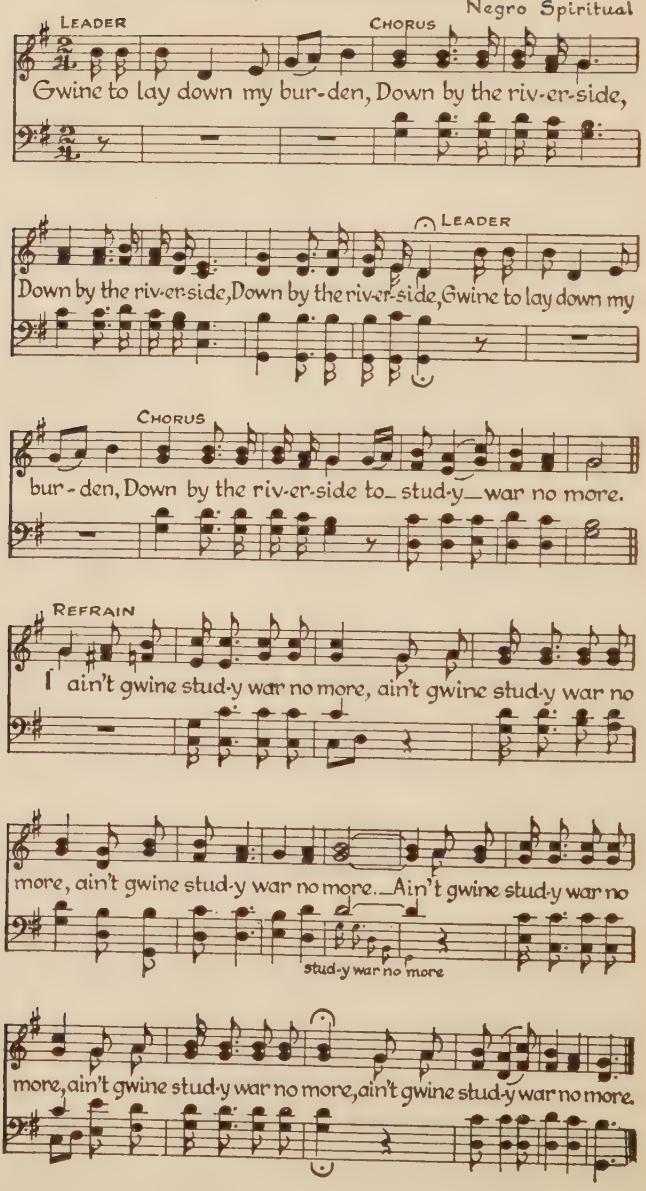
Standing in the Need of Prayer

Arr. by Olive J. Williams

CHORUS
Humbly
It's-a me, it's-a me, O, Lord, stand-ing in the need of
It's me
prayer. It's-a me, it's-a me, O, Lord, stand-ing in the need of
It's me
LEADER
prayer. 1. Not my broth-er, not my sis-ter, but-a me, O, Lord,
CHORUS
LEADER
stand-ing in the need of prayer. Not my broth-er, not my
CHORUS
sis-ter, but-a me, O, Lord, stand-ing in the need of prayer.

2. Not my father, not my mother, . . .
3. Not my preacher, not my teacher, . . .
4. Not my deacon, not my elder, . . .

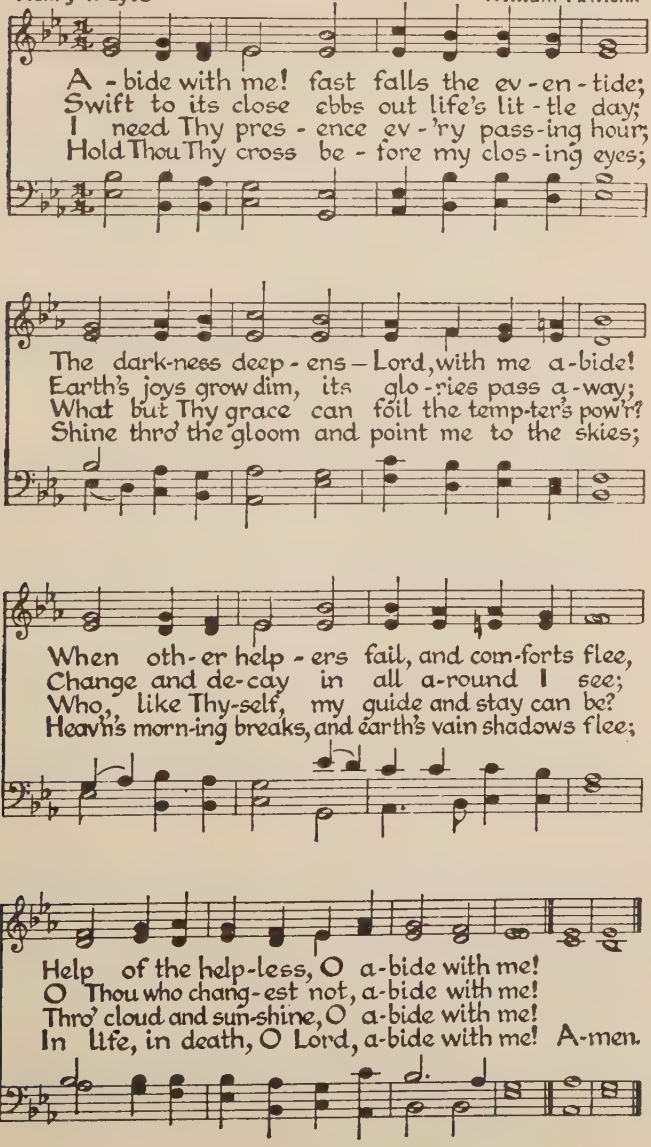
Note: The CHORUS may hum last chord of chorus while leader sings.

Study War No More

Negro Spiritual

LEADER
CHORUS
Gwine to lay down my bur-den, Down by the riv-er-side,
LEADER
Down by the riv-er-side, Down by the riv-er-side, Gwine to lay down my
CHORUS
bur - den, Down by the riv-er-side to_ stud-y_ war no more.
REFRAIN
I ain't gwine stud-y war no more, ain't gwine stud-y war no
more, ain't gwine stud-y war no more._Ain't gwine stud-y war no
stud-y war no more
more, ain't gwine stud-y war no more, ain't gwine stud-y war no more.

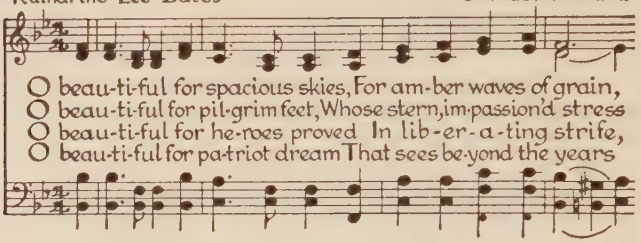
Abide with Me

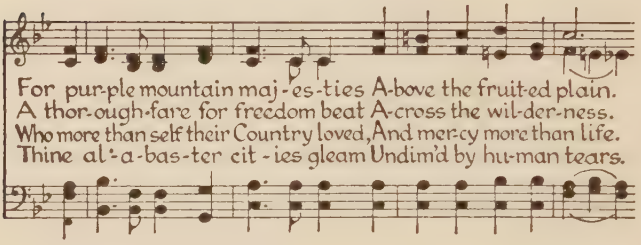
Henry F. Lyte — William H. Monk

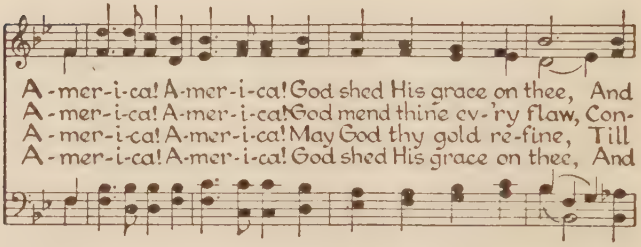

A - bide with me! fast falls the ev - en - tide;
Swift to its close ebbs out life's lit - tle day;
I need Thy pres - ence ev - 'ry pass-ing hour;
Hold Thou Thy cross be - fore my clos - ing eyes;
The dark-ness deep - ens — Lord, with me a-bide!
Earth's joys grow dim, its glo - ries pass a - way;
What but Thy grace can foil the temp-ter's pow'r?
Shine thro' the gloom and point me to the skies;
When oth - er help - ers fail, and com-forts flee,
Change and de-cay in all a-round I see;
Who, like Thy-self, my guide and stay can be?
Heav'n's morn-ing breaks, and earth's vain shadows flee;
Help of the help-less, O a-bide with me!
O Thou who chang - est not, a-bide with me!
Thro' cloud and sun-shine, O a-bide with me!
In life, in death, O Lord, a-bide with me! A-men.

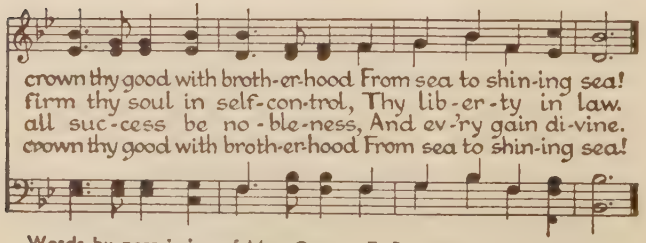
America the Beautiful

Katharine Lee Bates — Samuel A. Ward


O beau-ti-ful for spacious skies, For am-ber waves of grain,
O beau-ti-ful for pil-grim feet, Whose stern, im-passion'd stress
O beau-ti-ful for he-roes proved In lib-er-a-ting strife,
O beau-ti-ful for pa-triot dream That sees be-yond the years


For pur-ple mountain maj-es-ties A-bove the fruit-ed plain.
A thor-ough-fare for freedom beat A-cross the wil-der-ness.
Who more than self their Country loved, And mer-cy more than life.
Thine al-a-bas-ter cit-ies gleam Undim'd by hu-man tears.

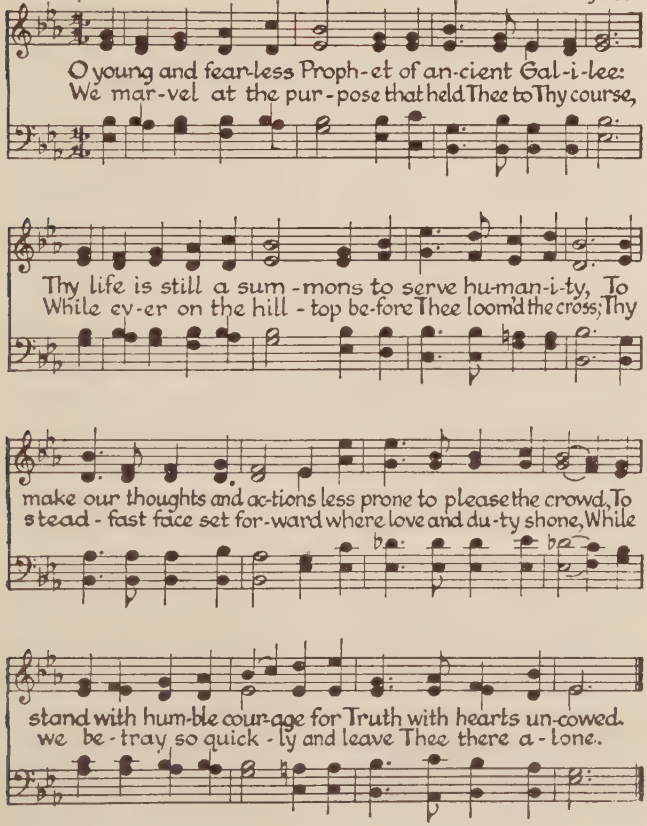

A-mer-i-ca! A-mer-i-ca! God shed His grace on thee, And
A-mer-i-ca! A-mer-i-ca! God mend thine ev-'ry flaw, Con-
A-mer-i-ca! A-mer-i-ca! May God thy gold re-fine, Till
A-mer-i-ca! A-mer-i-ca! God shed His grace on thee, And


crown thy good with broth-er-hood From sea to shin-ing sea!
firm thy soul in self-con-trol, Thy lib-er-ty in law.
all suc-cess be no-ble-ness, And ev-'ry gain di-vine.
crown thy good with broth-er-hood From sea to shin-ing sea!

Words by permission of Mrs. George T. Burgess

O Young and Fearless Prophet

S. Ralph Harlow — John B. Dykes


O young and fear-less Proph-et of an-cient Gal-i-lee:
We mar-vel at the pur-pose that held Thee to Thy course,
Thy life is still a sum-mons to serve hu-man-i-ty, To
While ev-er on the hill-top be-fore Thee loom'd the cross; Thy
make our thoughts and ac-tions less prone to please the crowd, To
stead-fast face set for-ward where love and du-ty shone, While
stand with hum-ble cour-age for Truth with hearts un-cowed.
we be-tray so quick-ly and leave Thee there a-lone.

3.

O help us stand unswerving against war's bloody way,
Where hate and lust and falsehood hold back Christ's holy sway;
Forbid false love of country, that blinds us to His call
Who lifts above the nation the brotherhood of all.

4.

Create in us the splendor that dawns when hearts are kind,
That knows not race nor station as boundaries of the mind;
That learns to value beauty, in heart, or brain, or soul,
And longs to bind God's children into one perfect whole.

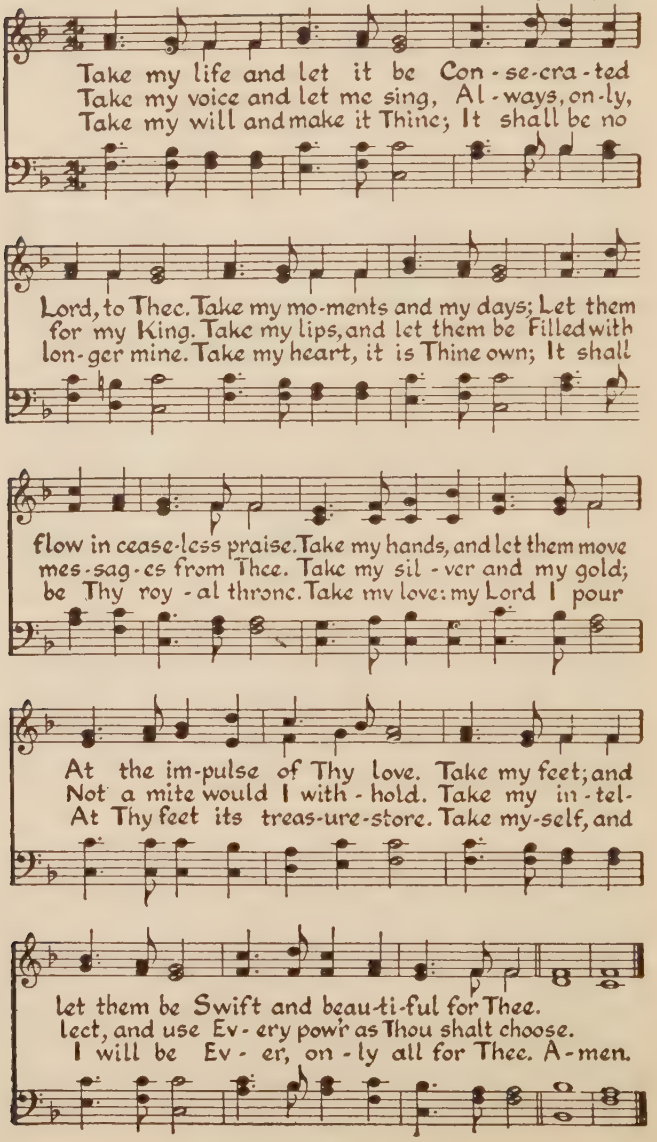
—Words used by permission of S. Ralph Harlow

Take My Life

MESSIAH

Frances R. Havergal

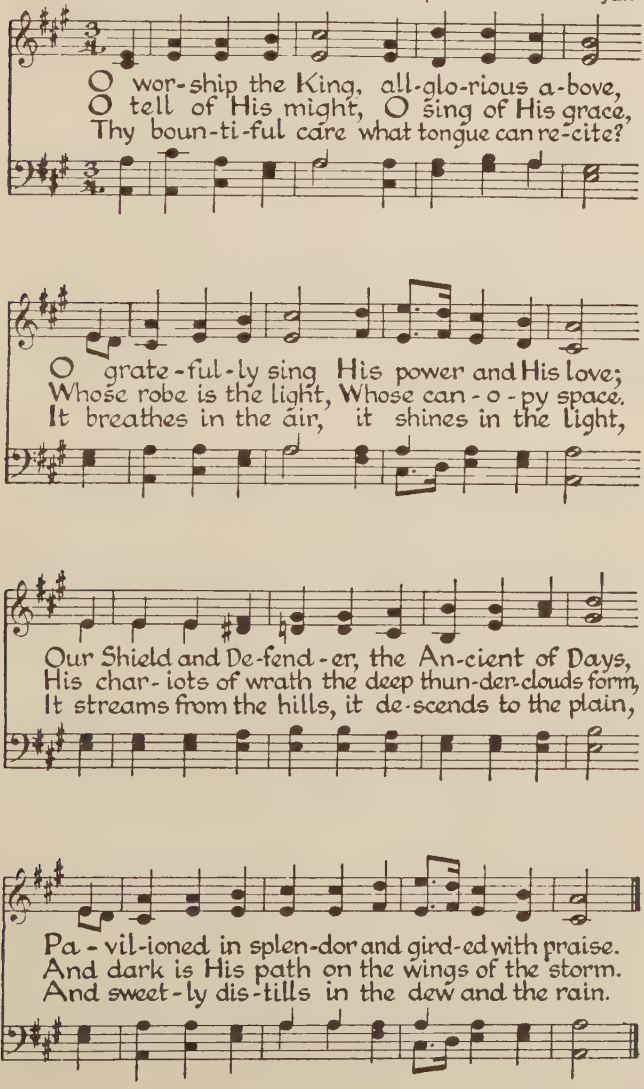
L. J. F Herold
Arr by George Kingsley


Take my life and let it be Con - se-cra - ted
Take my voice and let me sing, Al - ways, on-ly,
Take my will and make it Thine; It shall be no
Lord, to Thee. Take my mo-ments and my days; Let them
for my King. Take my lips, and let them be Filled with
lon-ger mine. Take my heart, it is Thine own; It shall
flow in cease-less praise. Take my hands, and let them move
mes-sag-es from Thee. Take my sil - ver and my gold;
be Thy roy - al throne. Take my love: my Lord I pour
At the im-pulse of Thy love. Take my feet; and
Not a mite would I with - hold. Take my in - tel-
At Thy feet its treas-ure-store. Take my-self, and
let them be Swift and beau-ti-ful for Thee.
lect, and use Ev - ery powr as Thou shalt choose.
I will be Ev - er, on - ly all for Thee. A - men.

O Worship the King

LYONS

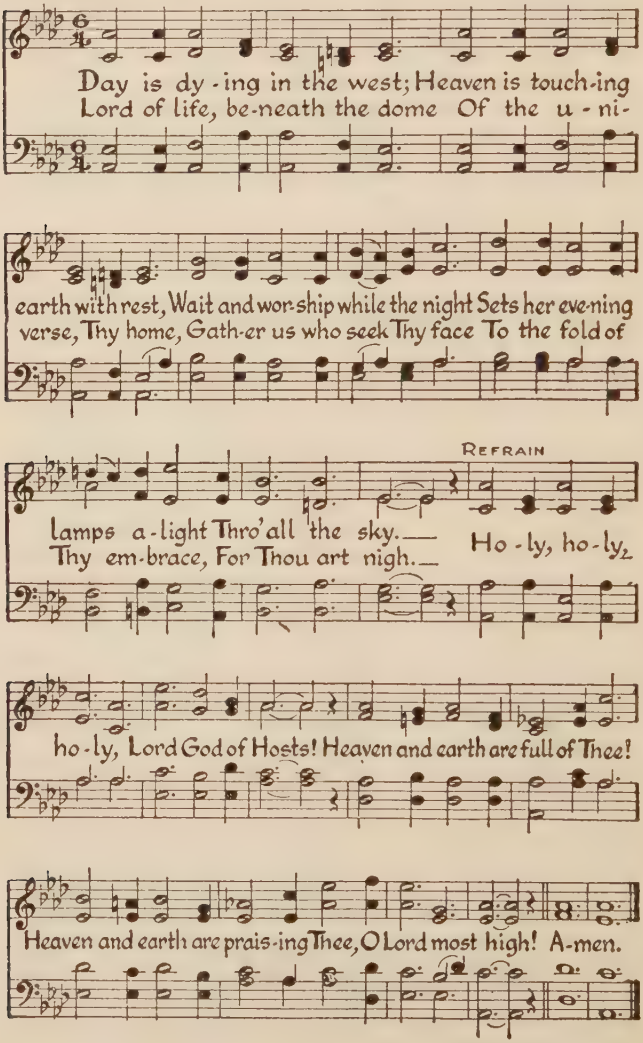
Robert Grant — Adapted from J. M. Haydn


O wor-ship the King, all-glo-rious a-bove,
O tell of His might, O sing of His grace,
Thy boun-ti-ful care what tongue can re-cite?
O grate-ful-ly sing His power and His love;
Whose robe is the light, Whose can-o-py space.
It breathes in the air, it shines in the light,
Our Shield and De-fend-er, the An-cient of Days,
His char-iots of wrath the deep thun-der-clouds form,
It streams from the hills, it de-scends to the plain,
Pa-vil-ioned in splen-dor and gird-ed with praise.
And dark is His path on the wings of the storm.
And sweet-ly dis-tills in the dew and the rain.

Day Is Dying

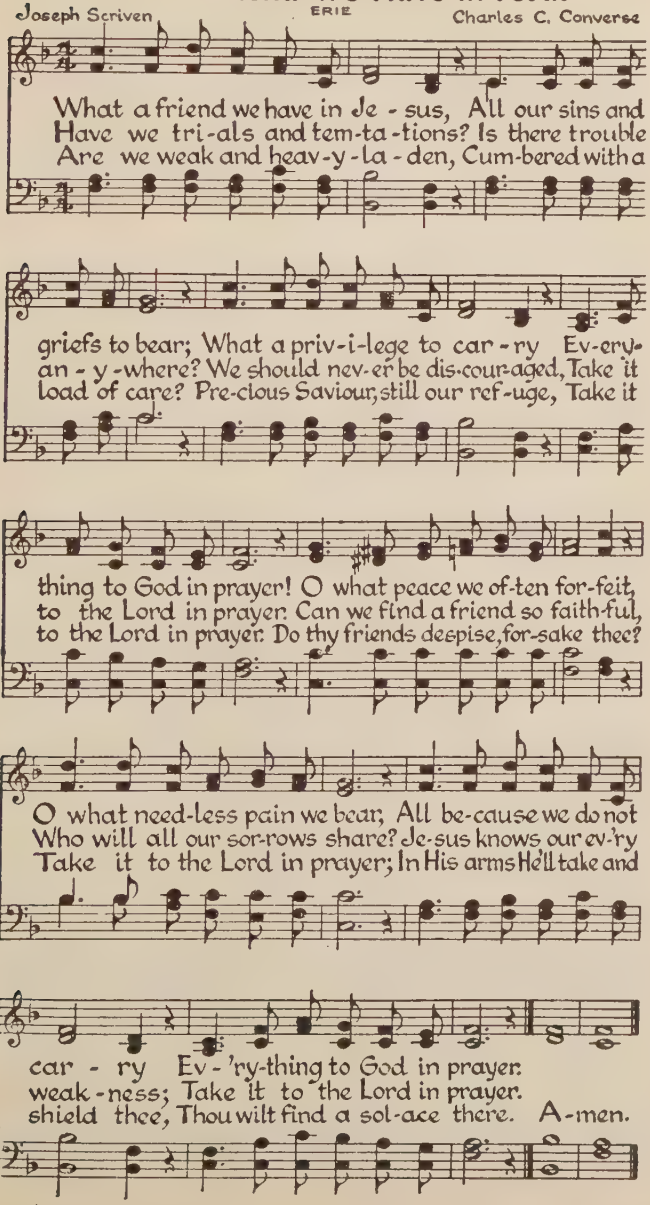
CHAUTAUQUA

Mary A. Lathbury, 1877 — William F. Sherwin, 1877


Day is dy-ing in the west; Heaven is touch-ing
Lord of life, be-neath the dome Of the u-ni-
earth with rest, Wait and wor-ship while the night Sets her eve-ning
verse, Thy home, Gath-er us who seek Thy face To the fold of
REFRAIN
lamps a-light Thro' all the sky.
Thy em-brace, For Thou art nigh.
Ho-ly, ho-ly,
ho-ly, Lord God of Hosts! Heaven and earth are full of Thee!
Heaven and earth are prais-ing Thee, O Lord most high! A-men.

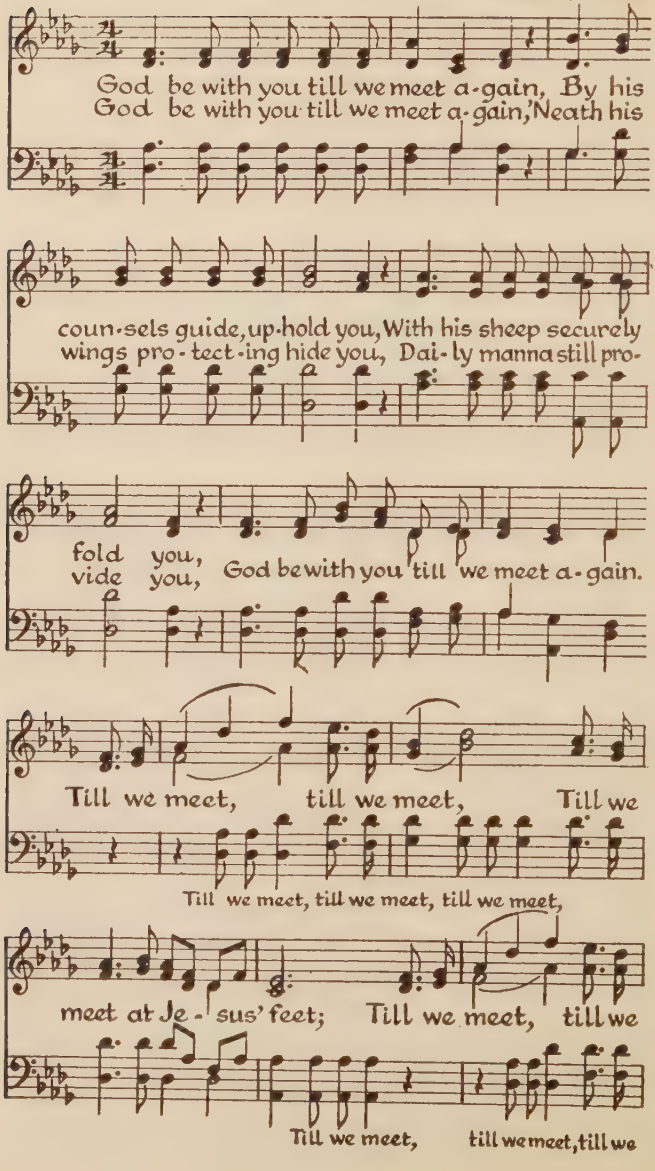
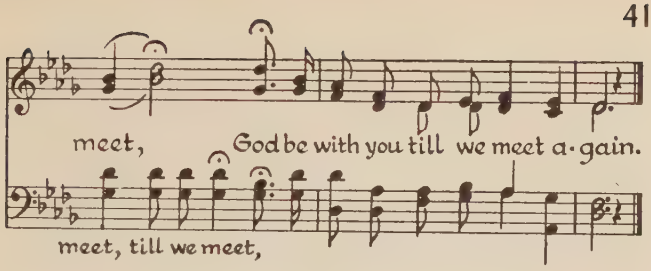
What a Friend We Have in Jesus

Joseph Scriven ERIE Charles C. Converse


What a friend we have in Je - sus, All our sins and griefs to bear; What a priv-i-lege to car - ry Ev-ery-thing to God in prayer! O what peace we of-ten for-feit, O what need-less pain we bear; All be-cause we do not car - ry Ev - 'ry-thing to God in prayer.
Have we tri-als and tem-ta-tions? Is there trouble an - y -where? We should nev-er be dis-cour-aged, Take it to the Lord in prayer. Can we find a friend so faith-ful, Who will all our sor-rows share? Je-sus knows our ev-'ry weak - ness; Take it to the Lord in prayer.
Are we weak and heav-y - la - den, Cum-bered with a load of care? Pre-cious Saviour, still our ref-uge, Take it to the Lord in prayer. Do thy friends despise, for-sake thee? Take it to the Lord in prayer; In His arms He'll take and shield thee, Thou wilt find a sol-ace there. A-men.

God Be with You

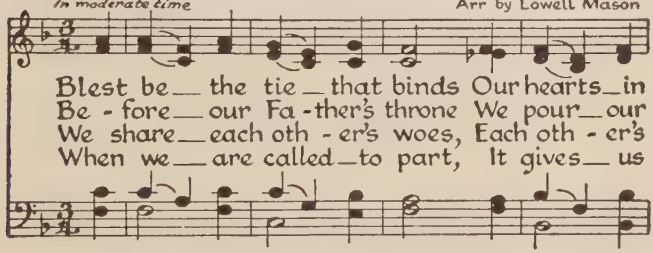
William G. Tomer

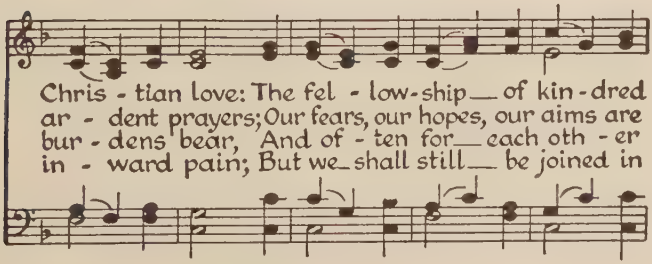

God be with you till we meet a-gain, By his
God be with you till we meet a-gain, 'Neath his
coun-sels guide, up-hold you, With his sheep securely
wings pro-tect-ing hide you, Dai-ly manna still pro-
fold you,
vide you,
God be with you till we meet a-gain.
Till we meet, till we meet, Till we
Till we meet, till we meet, till we meet,
meet at Je-sus' feet; Till we meet, till we
Till we meet, till we meet, till we

Blest Be the Tie That Binds

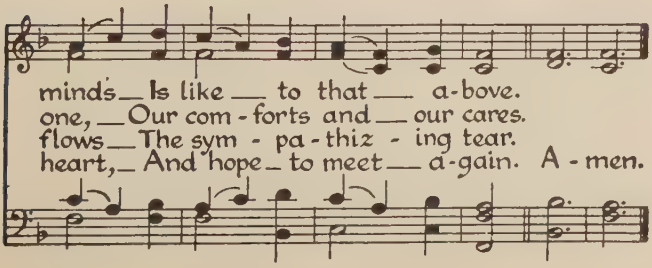
DENNIS

John Fawcett
In moderate time

Hans G. Naegeli
Arr by Lowell Mason


Blest be the tie that binds Our hearts in
Be - fore our Fa - ther's throne We pour our
We share each oth - er's woes, Each oth - er's
When we are called to part, It gives us

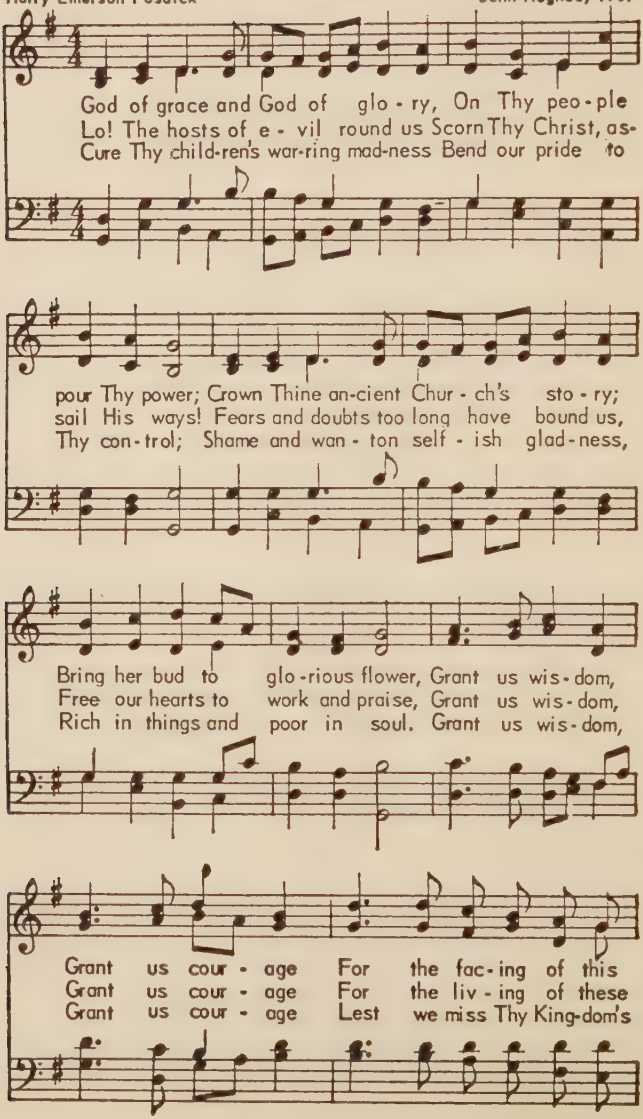

Chris - tian love: The fel - low-ship of kin - dred
ar - dent prayers; Our fears, our hopes, our aims are
bur - dens bear, And of - ten for each oth - er
in - ward pain; But we shall still be joined in

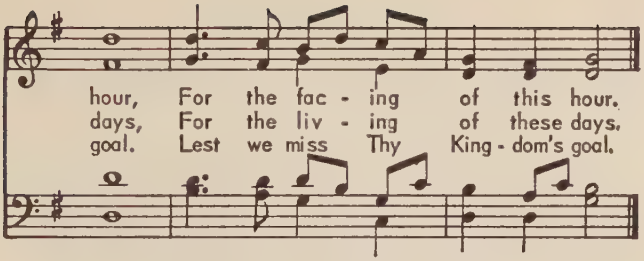


God of Grace

CWM RHONDDA

Harry Emerson Fosdick — John Hughes, 1907


God of grace and God of glo - ry, On Thy peo - ple
Lo! The hosts of e - vil round us Scorn Thy Christ, as-
Cure Thy child-ren's war-ring mad-ness Bend our pride to
pour Thy power; Crown Thine an-cient Chur - ch's sto - ry;
sail His ways! Fears and doubts too long have bound us,
Thy con - trol; Shame and wan - ton self - ish glad - ness,
Bring her bud to glo - rious flower, Grant us wis - dom,
Free our hearts to work and praise, Grant us wis - dom,
Rich in things and poor in soul. Grant us wis - dom,
Grant us cour - age For the fac - ing of this
Grant us cour - age For the liv - ing of these
Grant us cour - age Lest we miss Thy King-dom's



4. Set our feet on lofty places; Gird our lives that they may be
Armored with all Christ-like graces In the fight to set men free.
Grant us wisdom, Grant us courage,
That we fail not man nor Thee!

5. Save us from weak resignation To the evils we deplore;
Let the search for Thy salvation Be our glory evermore.
Grant us wisdom, Grant us courage,
Serving Thee whom we adore.

Words by permission of Harry Emerson Fosdick.
Music by permission Mrs. John Hughes

He Leads The Way

Tune: Jesus The Very Thought Of Thee

By keeping daily tryst with God,
I feel His Presence near
And know His Love and conquering Power
Will guide my journey here.

When I grow silent, calm and still,
He always speaks to me.
And helps me understand His will
Of how things ought to be.

He knows the future and the way
To right each wrong I face,
And use it for eternal good.
Through His Redeeming Grace.

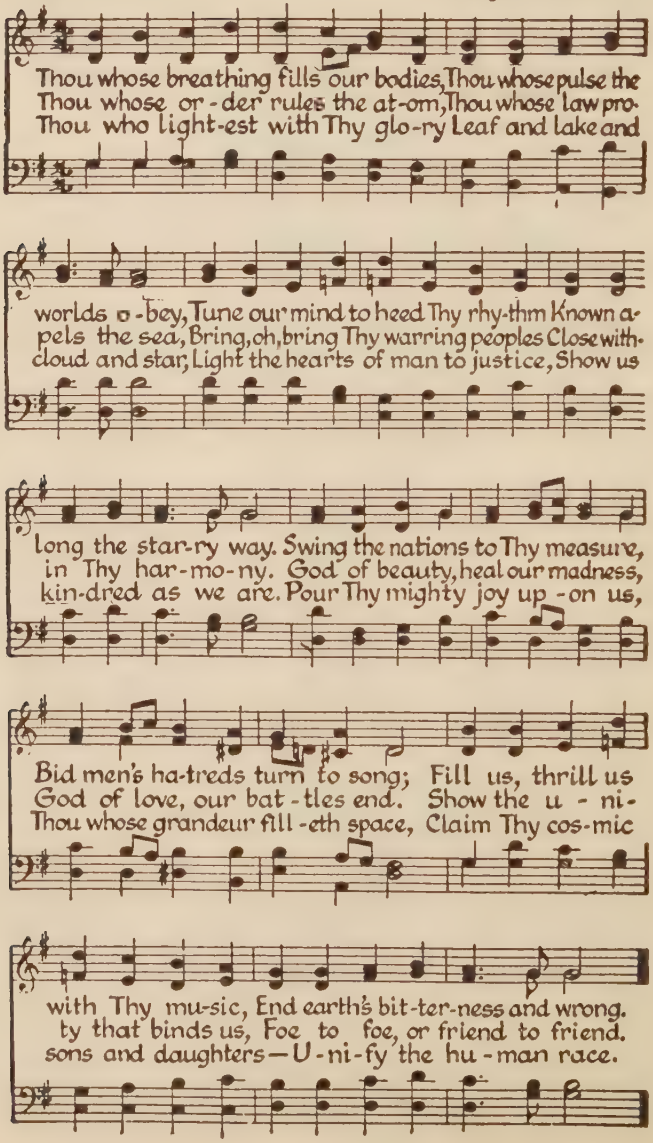
Come trust His Love to meet your need!
He's always waiting near
And knows the way to make all right,
But you must TRUST, not fear.

—Louise W. Eggleston.

Words by permission of Mrs. Eggleston.

United Nations Hymn

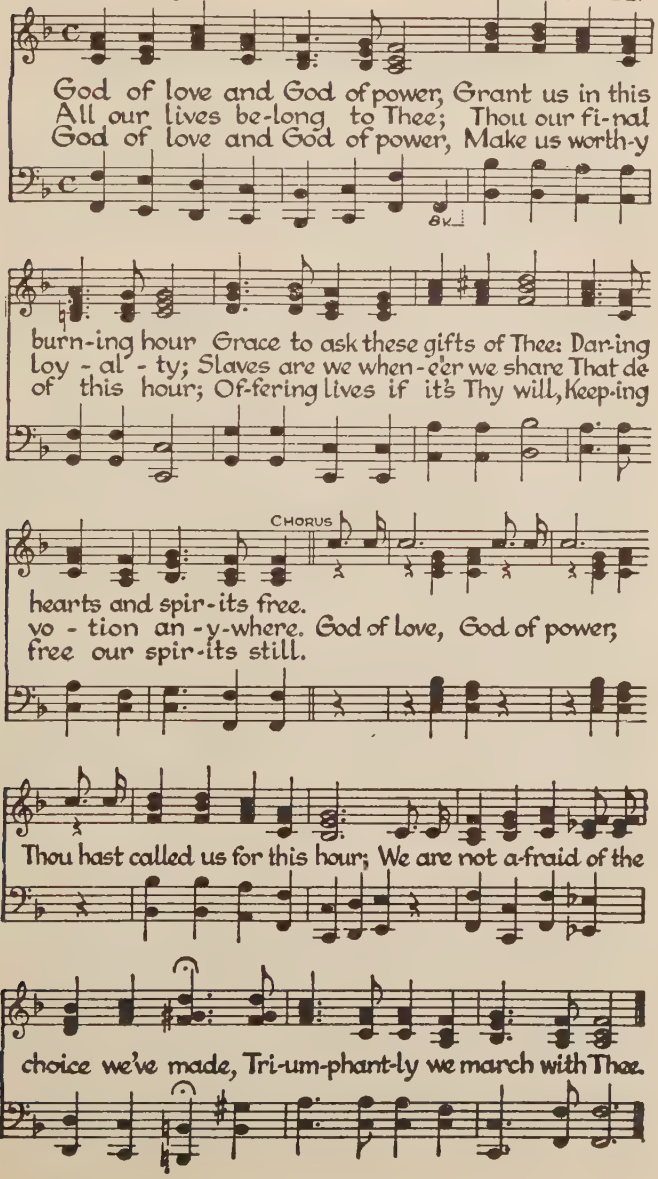
Author Unknown — Ludwig van Beethoven


Thou whose breathing fills our bodies, Thou whose pulse the
Thou whose or-der rules the at-om, Thou whose law pro-
Thou who light-est with Thy glo-ry Leaf and lake and
worlds o-bey, Tune our mind to heed Thy rhy-thm Known a-
pels the sea, Bring, oh, bring Thy warring peoples Close with-
cloud and star; Light the hearts of man to justice, Show us
long the star-ry way. Swing the nations to Thy measure,
in Thy har-mo-ny. God of beauty, heal our madness,
kin-dred as we are. Pour Thy mighty joy up-on us,
Bid men's ha-treds turn to song; Fill us, thrill us
God of love, our bat-tles end. Show the u-ni-
Thou whose grandeur fill-eth space, Claim Thy cos-mic
with Thy mu-sic, End earth's bit-ter-ness and wrong.
ty that binds us, Foe to foe, or friend to friend.
sons and daughters—U-ni-fy the hu-man race.

God of Love

Gerald Kennedy, Ph.D.

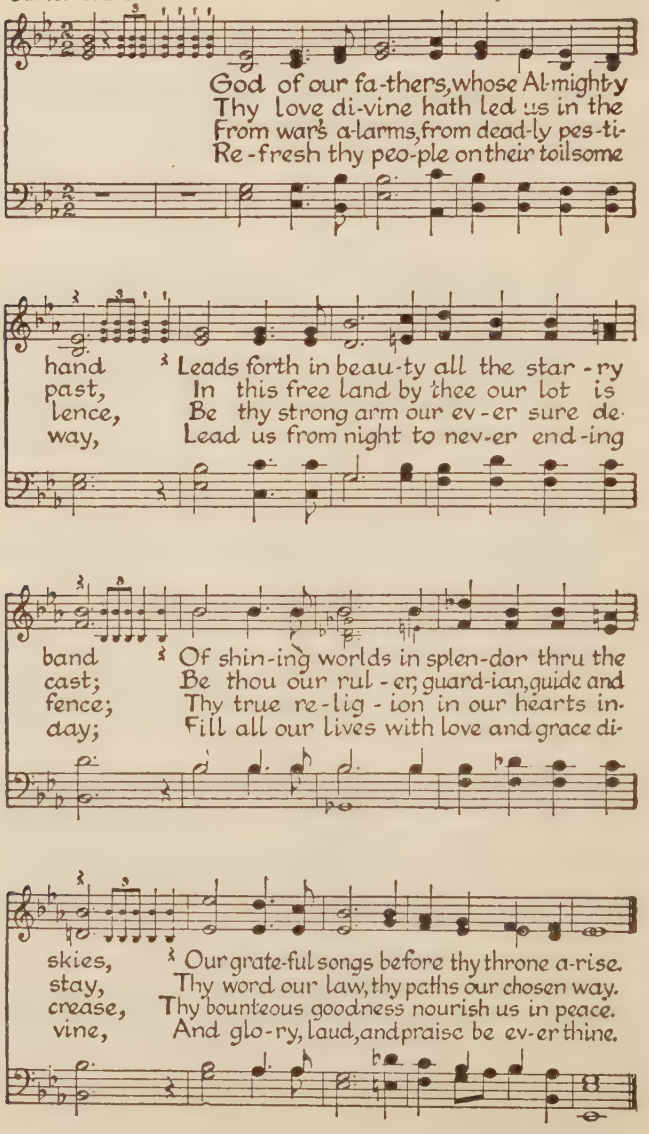
John L. McDonald
and Paul W. LeBar


God of love and God of power, Grant us in this
All our lives be-long to Thee; Thou our fi-nal
God of love and God of power, Make us worth-y
burn-ing hour Grace to ask these gifts of Thee: Dar-ing
loy - al - ty; Slaves are we when-e'er we share That de
of this hour; Of-fering lives if it's Thy will, Keep-ing
CHORUS
hearts and spir-its free.
vo - tion an-y-where. God of love, God of power;
free our spir-its still.
Thou hast called us for this hour; We are not a-fraid of the
choice we've made, Tri-um-phant-ly we march with Thee.

God of Our Fathers

NATIONAL HYMN

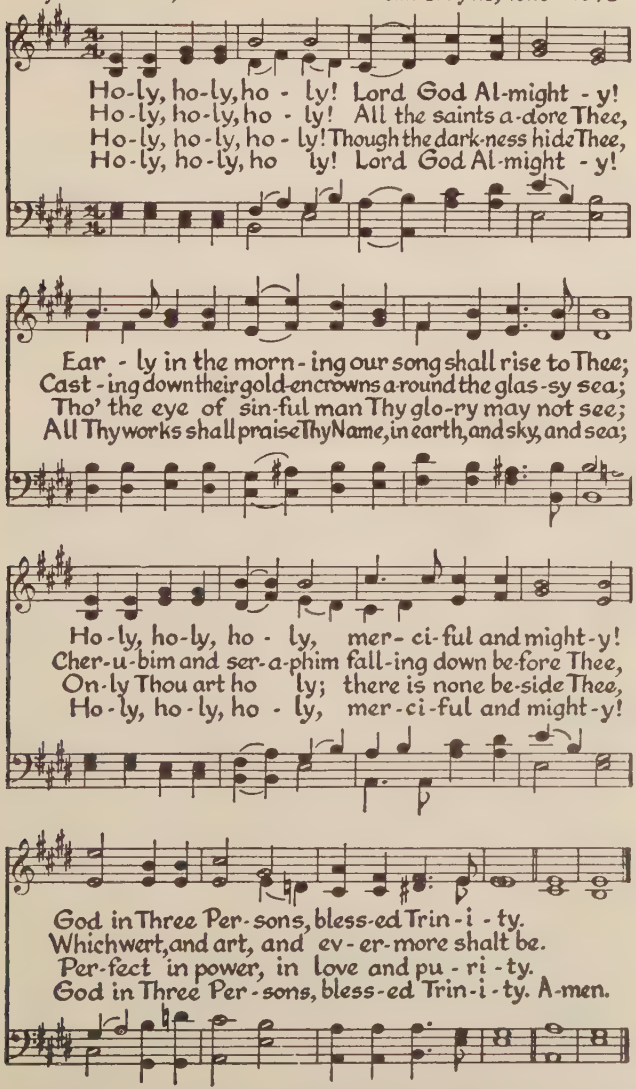
Daniel Crane Roberts — George W Warren


God of our fa-thers, whose Al-might-y
Thy love di-vine hath led us in the
From war's a-larms, from dead-ly pes-ti-
Re-fresh thy peo-ple on their toilsome
hand
past,
lence,
way,
Leads forth in beau-ty all the star-ry
In this free land by thee our lot is
Be thy strong arm our ev-er sure de-
Lead us from night to nev-er end-ing
band
cast;
fence;
day;
Of shin-ing worlds in splen-dor thru the
Be thou our rul-er, guard-ian, guide and
Thy true re-lig-ion in our hearts in-
Fill all our lives with love and grace di-
skies,
stay,
crease,
vine,
Our grate-ful songs before thy throne a-rise.
Thy word our law, thy paths our chosen way.
Thy bounteous goodness nourish us in peace.
And glo-ry, laud, and praise be ev-er thine.

Holy, Holy, Holy,

NICAEA

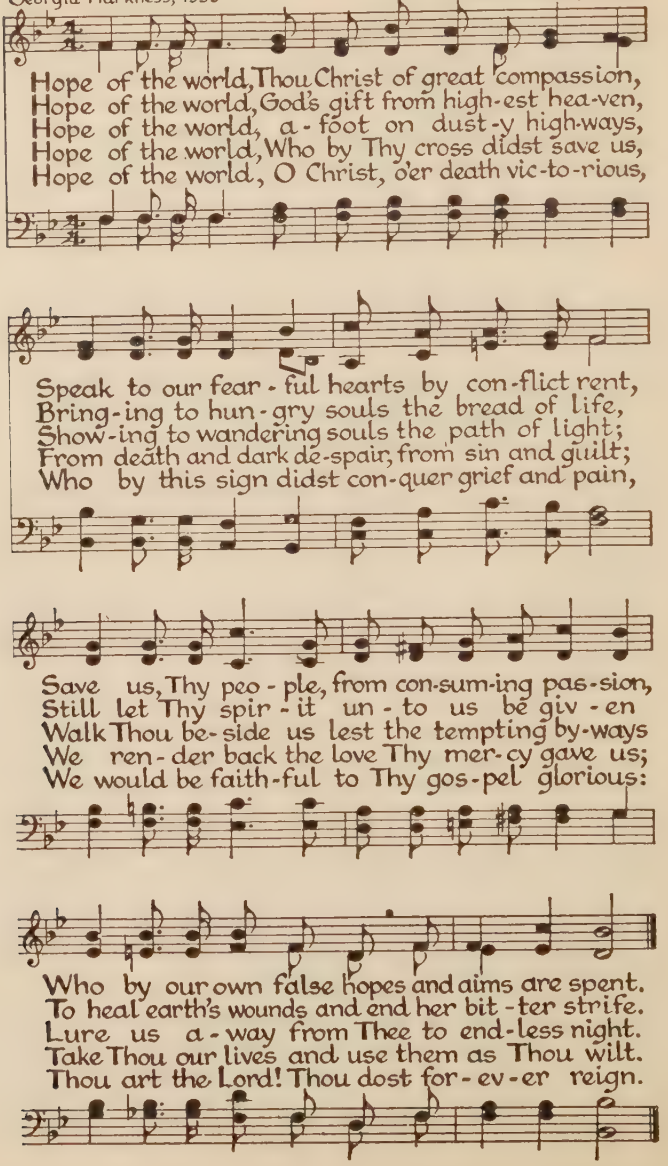
Reginald Heber, 1783 - 1826 John B. Dykes, 1823 - 1876


Ho-ly, ho-ly, ho - ly! Lord God Al-might - y!
Ho-ly, ho-ly, ho - ly! All the saints a-dore Thee,
Ho-ly, ho-ly, ho - ly! Though the dark-ness hide Thee,
Ho-ly, ho-ly, ho ly! Lord God Al-might - y!
Ear - ly in the morn - ing our song shall rise to Thee;
Cast - ing down their gold-en crowns a-round the glas-sy sea;
Tho' the eye of sin-ful man Thy glo-ry may not see;
All Thy works shall praise Thy Name, in earth, and sky, and sea;
Ho-ly, ho-ly, ho - ly, mer - ci-ful and might-y!
Cher-u-bim and ser-a-phim fall-ing down be-fore Thee,
On-ly Thou art ho ly; there is none be-side Thee,
Ho-ly, ho-ly, ho - ly, mer-ci-ful and might-y!
God in Three Per-sons, bless-ed Trin-i - ty.
Which wert, and art, and ev-er-more shalt be.
Per-fect in power, in love and pu - ri - ty.
God in Three Per-sons, bless-ed Trin-i - ty. A-men.

Hope of the World

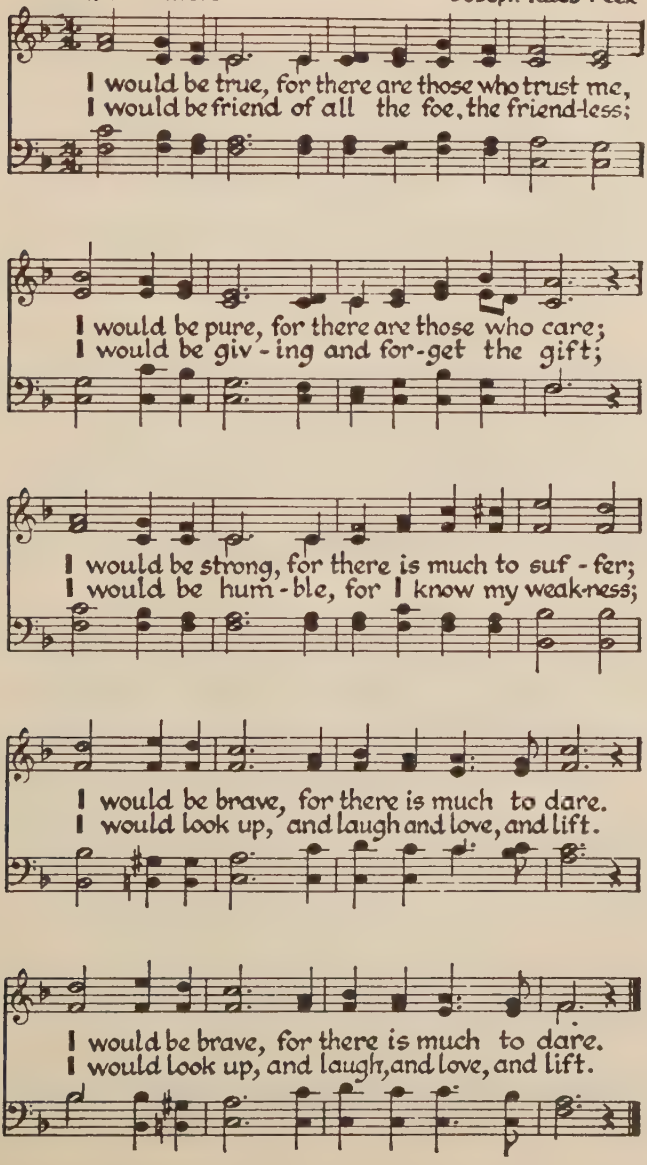
ANCIENT OF DAYS

Georgia Harkness, 1953 — J. Albert Jeffery, 1886


Hope of the world, Thou Christ of great compassion,
Hope of the world, God's gift from high-est hea-ven,
Hope of the world, a-foot on dust-y high-ways,
Hope of the world, Who by Thy cross didst save us,
Hope of the world, O Christ, o'er death vic-to-rious,
Speak to our fear-ful hearts by con-flict rent,
Bring-ing to hun-gry souls the bread of life,
Show-ing to wandering souls the path of light;
From death and dark de-spair, from sin and guilt;
Who by this sign didst con-quer grief and pain,
Save us, Thy peo-ple, from con-sum-ing pas-sion,
Still let Thy spir-it un-to us be giv-en
Walk Thou be-side us lest the tempting by-ways
We ren-der back the love Thy mer-cy gave us;
We would be faith-ful to Thy gos-pel glorious:
Who by our own false hopes and aims are spent.
To heal earth's wounds and end her bit-ter strife.
Lure us a-way from Thee to end-less night.
Take Thou our lives and use them as Thou wilt.
Thou art the Lord! Thou dost for-ev-er reign.

I Would Be True

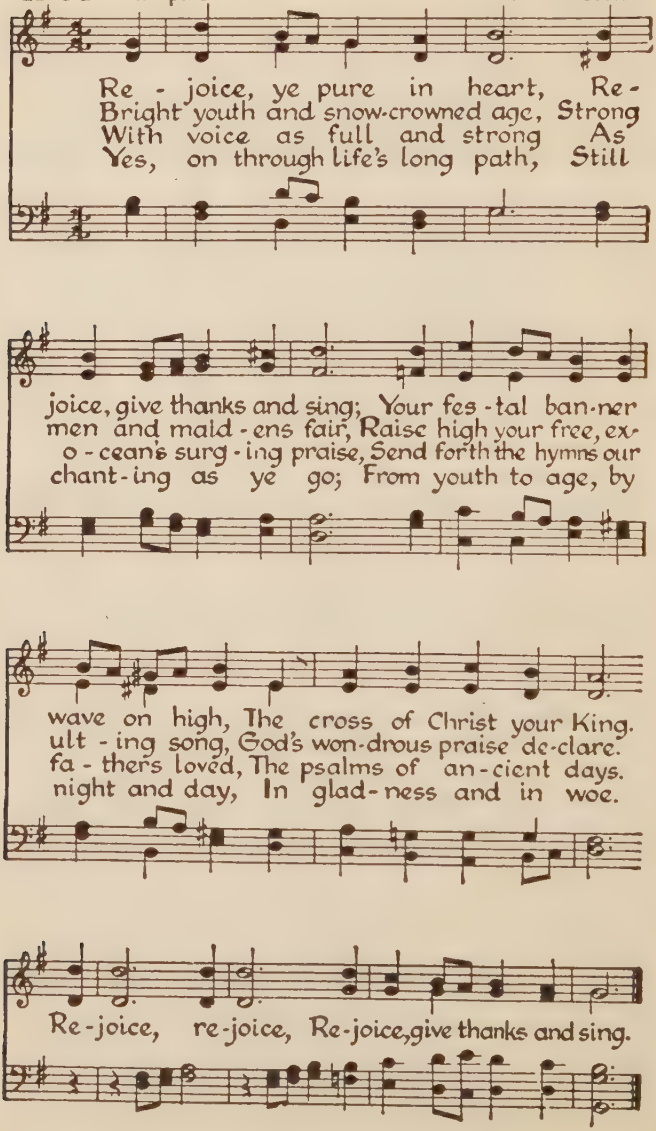
Howard A. Walters — Joseph Yates Peck


I would be true, for there are those who trust me,
I would be friend of all the foe, the friend-less;
I would be pure, for there are those who care;
I would be giv-ing and for-get the gift;
I would be strong, for there is much to suf-fer;
I would be hum-ble, for I know my weak-ness;
I would be brave, for there is much to dare.
I would look up, and laugh and love, and lift.
I would be brave, for there is much to dare.
I would look up, and laugh, and love, and lift.

Rejoice, Ye Pure in Heart

MARION

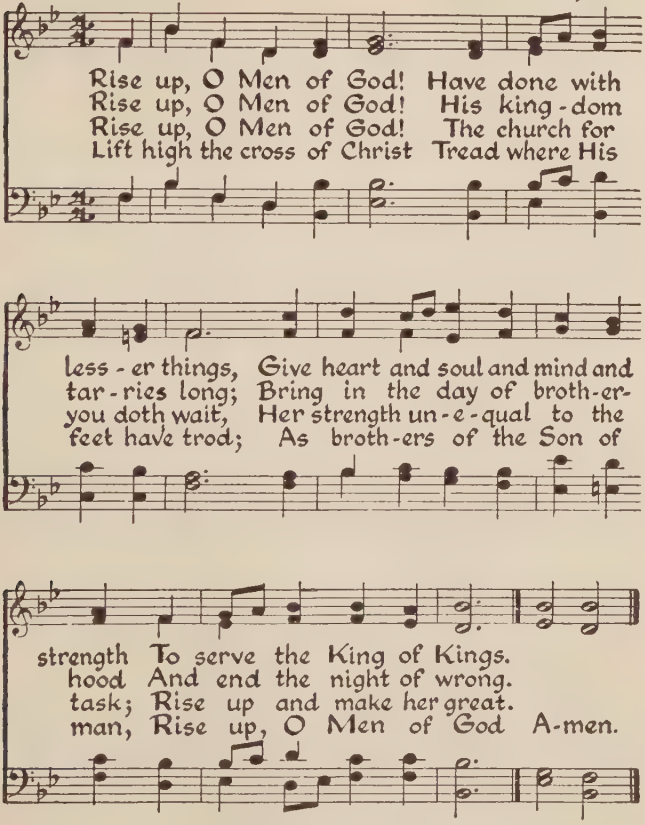
Edward H Plumptre — Arthur H Messiter


Re - joice, ye pure in heart, Re-
Bright youth and snow-crowned age, Strong
With voice as full and strong As
Yes, on through life's long path, Still
joice, give thanks and sing; Your fes - tal ban-ner
men and maid - ens fair, Raise high your free, ex-
o - cean's surg - ing praise, Send forth the hymns our
chant - ing as ye go; From youth to age, by
wave on high, The cross of Christ your King.
ult - ing song, God's won-drous praise de-clare.
fa - thers loved, The psalms of an - cient days.
night and day, In glad - ness and in woe.
Re - joice, re - joice, Re - joice, give thanks and sing.

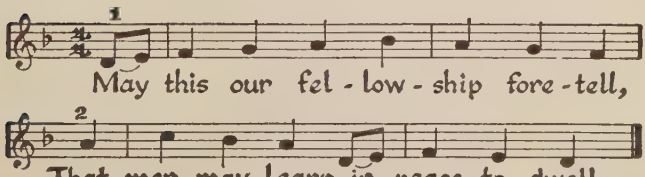
Rise Up, O Men of God

FESTAL SONG

William P. Merrill, 1911 — William H. Walter, 1894


Rise up, O Men of God! Have done with
Rise up, O Men of God! His king-dom
Rise up, O Men of God! The church for
Lift high the cross of Christ Tread where His
less-er things, Give heart and soul and mind and
tar-ries long; Bring in the day of broth-er-
you doth wait, Her strength un-e-qual to the
feet have trod; As broth-ers of the Son of
strength To serve the King of Kings.
hood And end the night of wrong.
task; Rise up and make her great.
man, Rise up, O Men of God A-men.

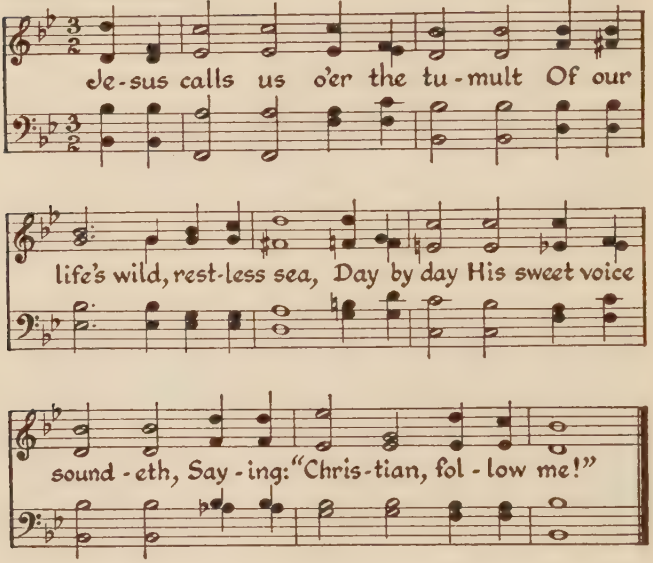
Fellowship



Jesus Calls Us

GALILEE

Cecil F. Alexander — William H. Jude


Je-sus calls us o'er the tu-mult Of our
life's wild, rest-less sea, Day by day His sweet voice
sound-eth, Say-ing: "Chris-tian, fol-low me!"

2

Jesus calls us from the worship
Of the vain world's golden store;
From each idol that would keep us,
Saying: "Christian, love me more!"

3

In our joys and in our sorrows,
Days of toil and hours of ease,
Still He calls, in cares and pleasures,
"Christian love me more than these."

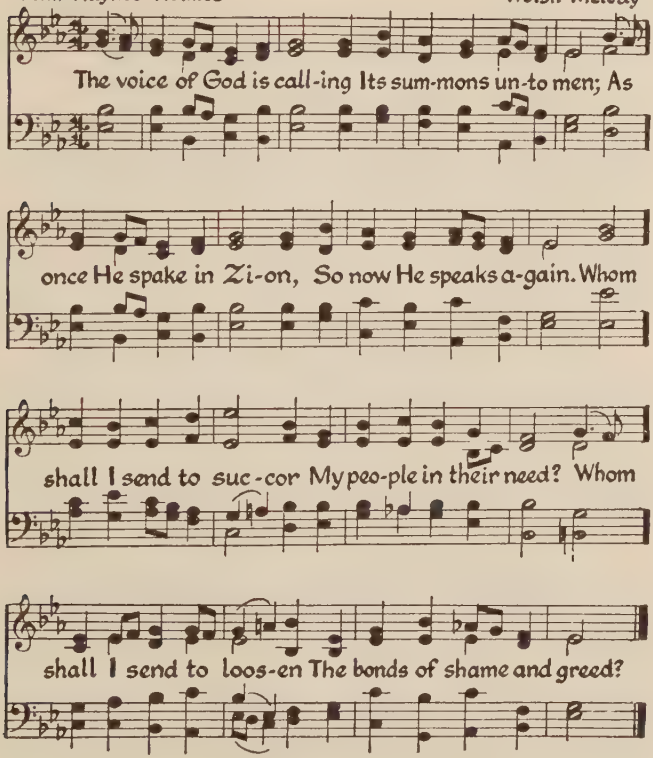
4

Jesus calls us: by Thy mercies,
Savior may we hear Thy call,
Give our hearts to Thine obedience
Serve and love Thee best of all.

The Voice of God Is Calling

MEIRIONYDD

John Haynes Holmes — Welsh Melody


The voice of God is call-ing Its sum-mons un-to men; As
once He spake in Zi-on, So now He speaks a-gain. Whom
shall I send to suc-cor My peo-ple in their need? Whom
shall I send to loos-en The bonds of shame and greed?

2

I hear My people crying in cot and mine and slum
No field or mart is silent, No city street is dumb.
I see My people falling in darkness and despair,
Whom shall I send to shatter The fetters which they bear?

3

We heed, O Lord, Thy summons, And answer: Here are we
Send us upon Thine errand, Let us Thy servants be.
Our strength is dust and ashes, Our years a passing hour;
But Thou canst use our weakness To magnify Thy power.

4

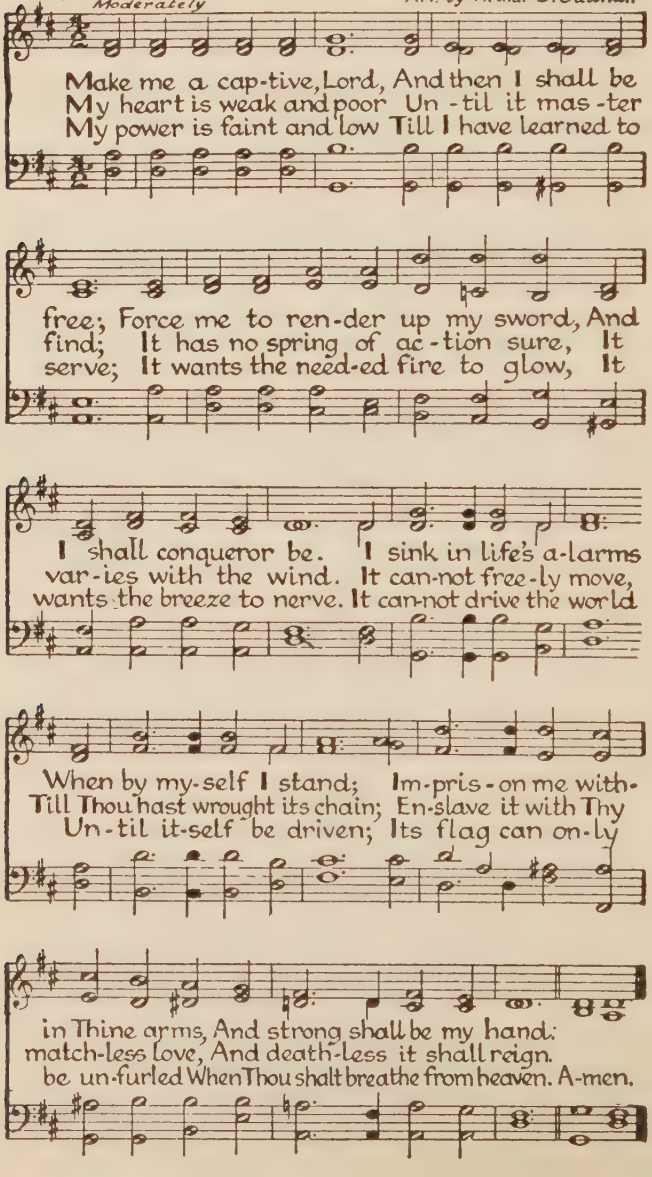
From ease and plenty save us; From pride of place absolve;
Purge us of low desire; Lift us to high resolve,
Take us, and make us holy, Teach us Thy will and way.
Speak and, behold! we answer; Command and we obey! Amen

Make Me a Captive

LEOMINSTER

George Matheson
Moderately

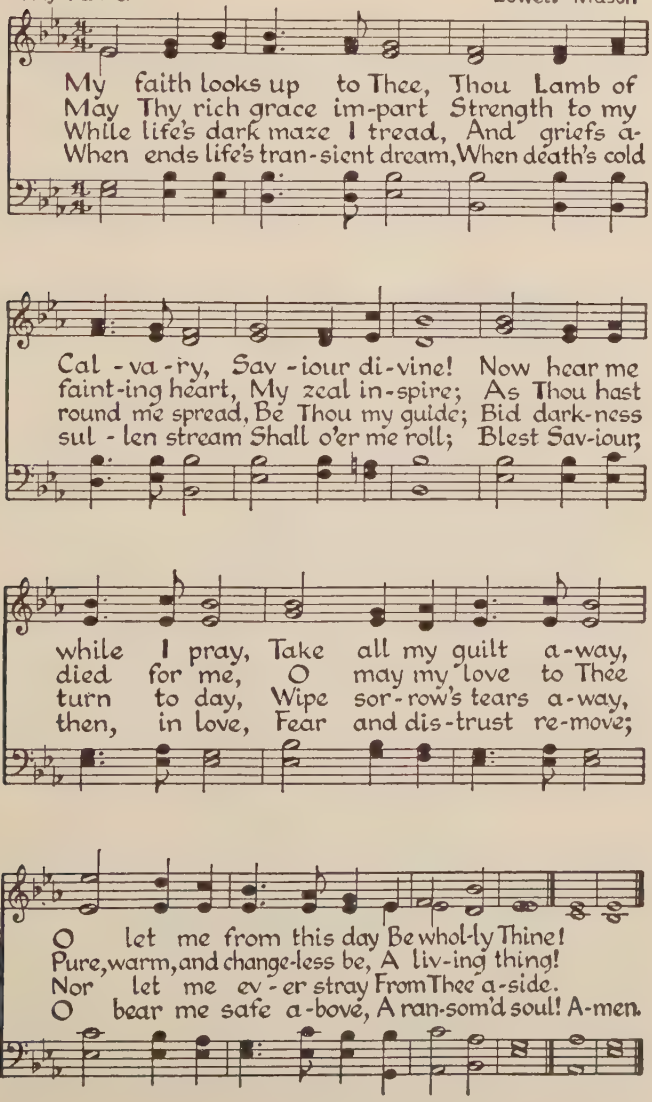
George W. Martin
Arr. by Arthur S. Sullivan


Make me a cap-tive, Lord, And then I shall be
My heart is weak and poor Un-til it mas-ter
My power is faint and low Till I have learned to
free; Force me to ren-der up my sword, And
find; It has no spring of ac-tion sure, It
serve; It wants the need-ed fire to glow, It
I shall conqueror be. I sink in life's a-larms
var-ies with the wind. It can-not free-ly move,
wants the breeze to nerve. It can-not drive the world
When by my-self I stand; Im-pris-on me with-
Till Thou hast wrought its chain; En-slave it with Thy
Un-til it-self be driven; Its flag can on-ly
in Thine arms, And strong shall be my hand;
match-less love, And death-less it shall reign.
be un-furled When Thou shalt breathe from heaven. A-men.

My Faith Looks Up to Thee

OLIVET

Ray Palmer — Lowell Mason

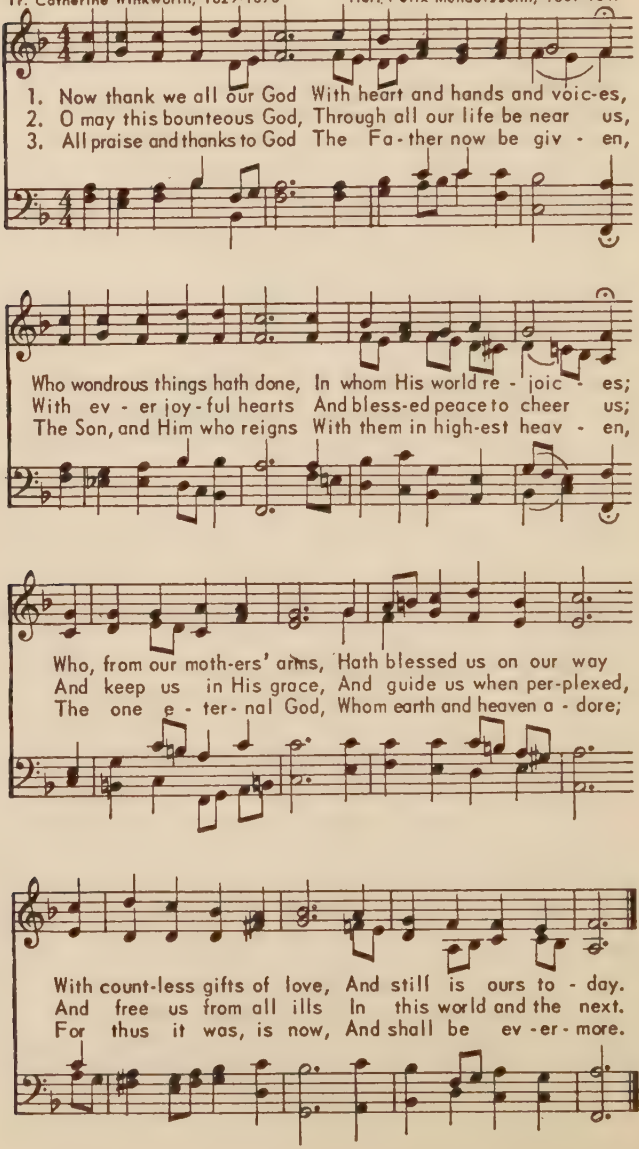

My faith looks up to Thee, Thou Lamb of
May Thy rich grace im-part Strength to my
While life's dark maze I tread, And griefs a-
When ends life's tran-sient dream, When death's cold
Cal-va-ry, Sav-iour di-vine! Now hear me
faint-ing heart, My zeal in-spire; As Thou hast
round me spread, Be Thou my guide; Bid dark-ness
sul-len stream Shall o'er me roll; Blest Sav-iour,
while I pray, Take all my guilt a-way,
died for me, O may my love to Thee
turn to day, Wipe sor-row's tears a-way,
then, in love, Fear and dis-trust re-move;
O let me from this day Be whol-ly Thine!
Pure, warm, and change-less be, A liv-ing thing!
Nor let me ev-er stray From Thee a-side.
O bear me safe a-bove, A ran-som'd soul! A-men.

Now Thank We

Martin Rinkart, 1586-1649
Tr. Catherine Winkworth, 1829-1878

NUN DANKET

Johann Crüger, 1598-1662
Har. Felix Mendelssohn, 1809-1847

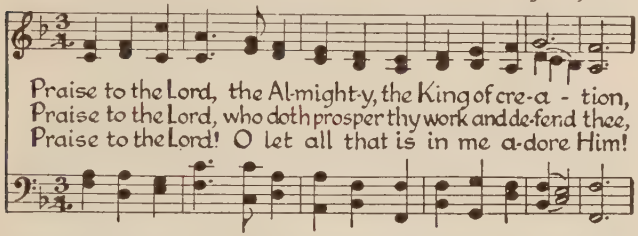

1. Now thank we all our God With heart and hands and voic-es,
2. O may this bounteous God, Through all our life be near us,
3. All praise and thanks to God The Fa-ther now be giv-en,
Who wondrous things hath done, In whom His world re-joic-es;
With ev-er joy-ful hearts And bless-ed peace to cheer us;
The Son, and Him who reigns With them in high-est heav-en,
Who, from our moth-ers' arms, Hath blessed us on our way
And keep us in His grace, And guide us when per-plexed,
The one e-ter-nal God, Whom earth and heaven a-dore;
With count-less gifts of love, And still is ours to-day.
And free us from all ills In this world and the next.
For thus it was, is now, And shall be ev-er-more.

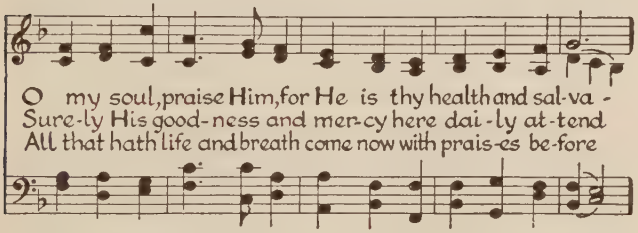
Praise to the Lord

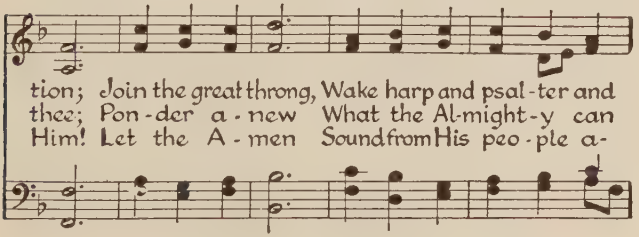
LOBE DEN HERREN

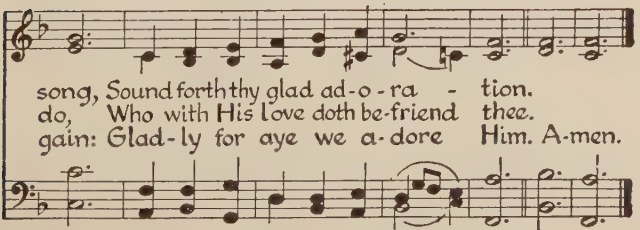
Joachim Neander, 1650-1680
Trans. Catherine Winkworth, 1829-1878

Melody from
Stralsund Gesangbuch, 1665


Praise to the Lord, the Al-might-y, the King of cre-a - tion,
Praise to the Lord, who doth prosper thy work and de-fend thee,
Praise to the Lord! O let all that is in me a-dore Him!


O my soul, praise Him, for He is thy health and sal-va -
Sure-ly His good-ness and mer-cy here dai-ly at-tend
All that hath life and breath come now with prais-es be-fore


tion; Join the great throng, Wake harp and psal-ter and
thee; Pon-der a-new What the Al-might-y can
Him! Let the A-men Sound from His peo-ple a-

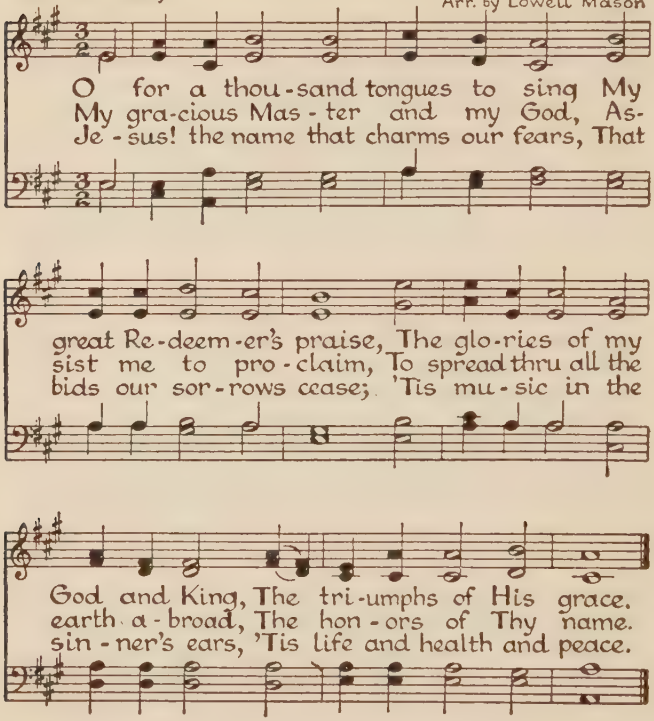


Some authorities prefer the Key of G for this song.

O for a Thousand Tongues

Charles Wesley

Carl G. Glaser
Arr. by Lowell Mason


O for a thou-sand tongues to sing My
My gra-cious Mas-ter and my God, As-
Je-sus! the name that charms our fears, That
great Re-deem-er's praise, The glo-ries of my
sist me to pro-claim, To spread thru all the
bids our sor-rows cease; 'Tis mu-sic in the
God and King, The tri-umphs of His grace.
earth a-broad, The hon-ors of Thy name.
sin-ner's ears, 'Tis life and health and peace.

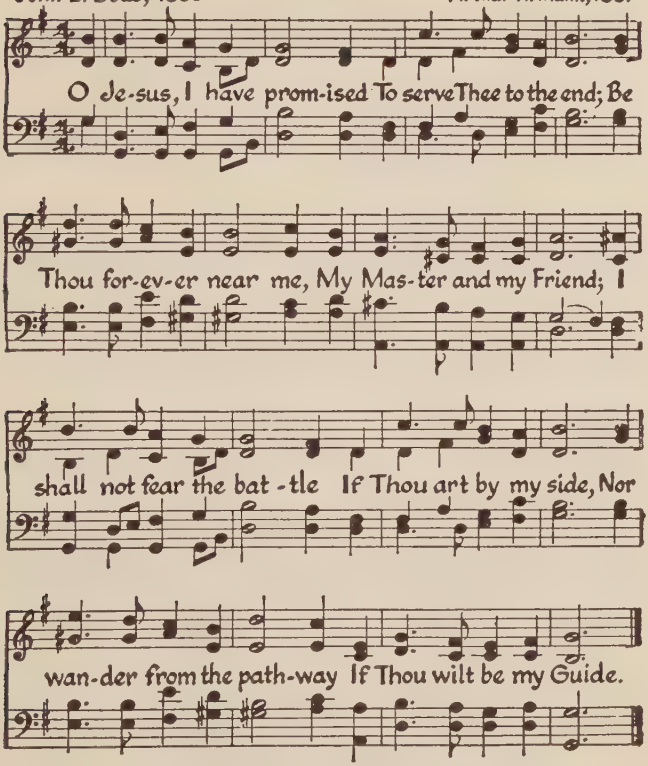
4. He breaks the power of canceled sin,
He sets the prisoner free;
His blood can make the foulest clean;
His blood availed for me.

5. Hear Him, ye deaf; His praise, ye dumb,
Your loosened tongues employ;
Ye blind, behold your Saviour come;
And leap, ye lame, for joy.

O Jesus, I Have Promised

ANGELS STORY

John E. Bode, 1869 — Arthur H. Mann, 1881


O Je-sus, I have prom-ised To serve Thee to the end; Be
Thou for-ev-er near me, My Mas-ter and my Friend; I
shall not fear the bat-tle If Thou art by my side, Nor
wan-der from the path-way If Thou wilt be my Guide.

2

O let me hear Thee speaking, In accents clear and still.
Above the storms of passion, the murmurs of self will;
O speak to reassure me, to hasten, or control;
O speak, and make me listen, Thou guardian of my soul.

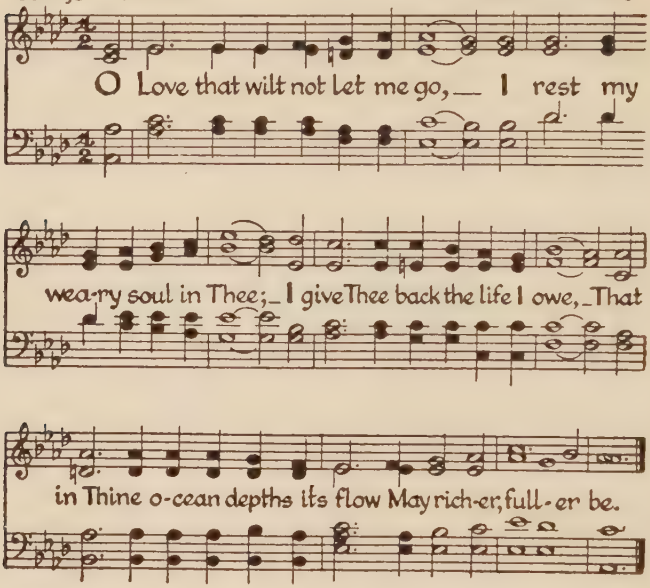
3

O Jesus Thou hast promised To all who follow Thee,
That where Thou are in glory There shall Thy servant be;
And, Jesus I have promised, To serve Thee to the end;
O give me grace to follow, My Master and my Friend.

O Love That Wilt Not Let Me Go

ST. MARGARET

George Matheson — Albert L. Peace


O Love that wilt not let me go, I rest my
wea-ry soul in Thee; I give Thee back the life I owe, That
in Thine o-cean depths its flow May rich-er, full-er be.

2

O Light that followest all my way,
I yield my flickering torch to Thee;
My heart restores its borrowed ray,
That in Thy sunshine's blaze its day
May brighter, fairer be.

3

O Joy that seekest me through pain,
I cannot close my heart to Thee;
I trace the rainbow through the rain,
And feel the promise in not vain
That morn shall tearless be.

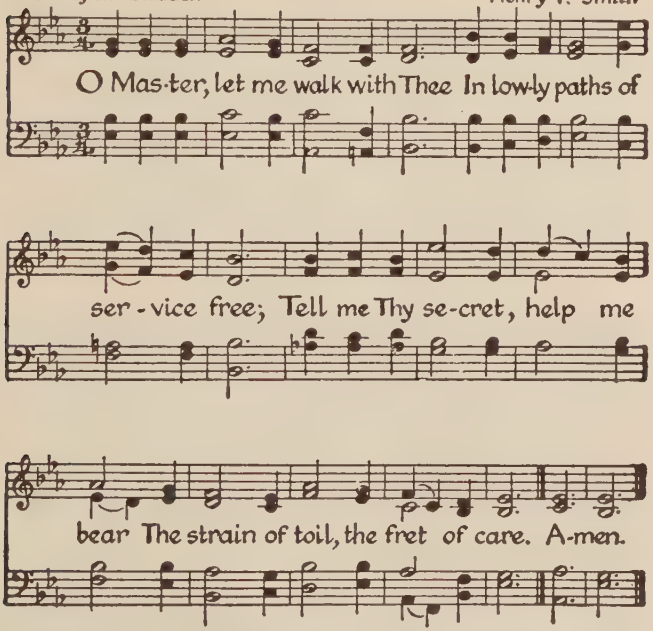
4

O Cross that liftest up my head,
I dare not ask to fly from Thee;
I lay in dust life's glory dead,
And from the ground there blossoms red
Life that shall endless be.

O Master, Let Me Walk

MARYTON

Washington Gladden — Henry P. Smith


O Mas-ter, let me walk with Thee In low-ly paths of
ser-vice free; Tell me Thy se-cret, help me
bear The strain of toil, the fret of care. A-men.

2

Help me the slow of heart to move
By some clear, winning word of love;
Teach me the wayward feet to stay,
And guide them in the homeward way.

3

Teach me Thy patience; still with Thee,
In closer, dearer company,
In work that keeps faith sweet and strong,
In trust that triumphs over wrong.

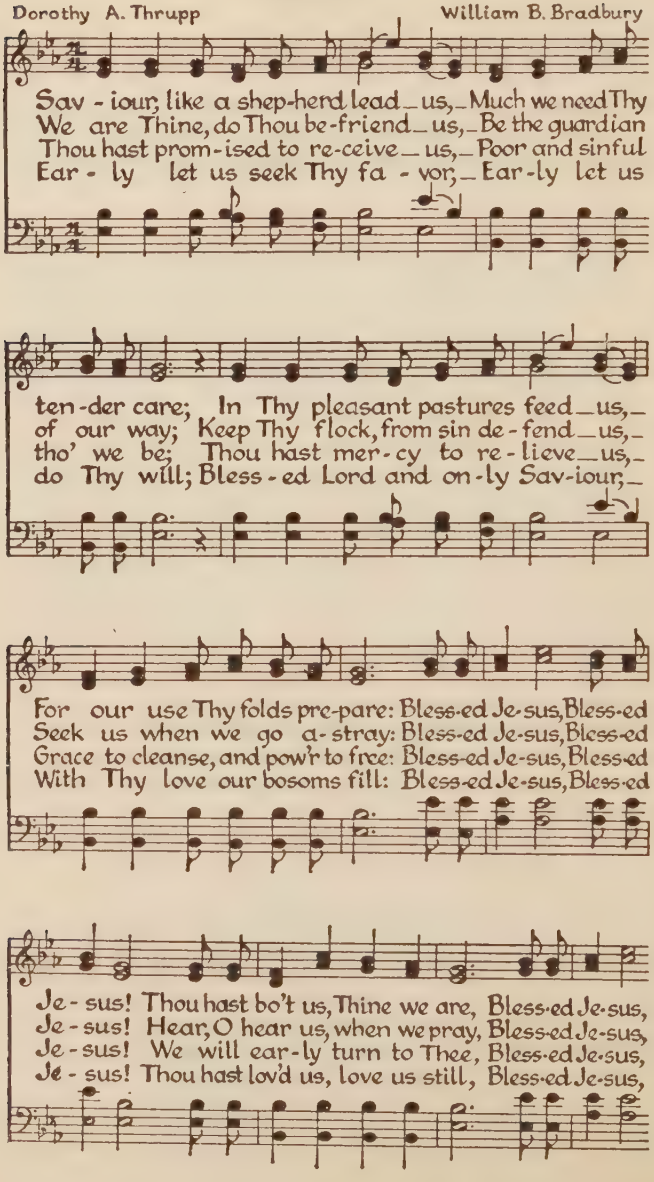
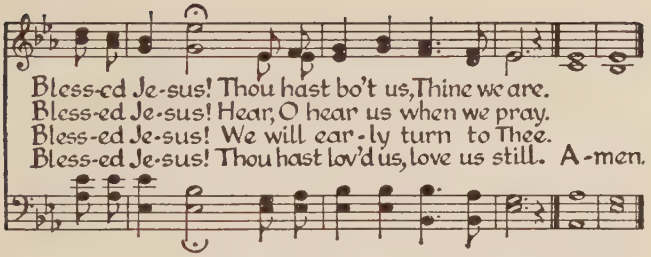
4

In hope that sends a shining ray
Far down the future's broadening way;
In peace that only Thou canst give,
With Thee, O Master, let me live!

Savior, Like a Shepherd Lead Us

BRADBURY

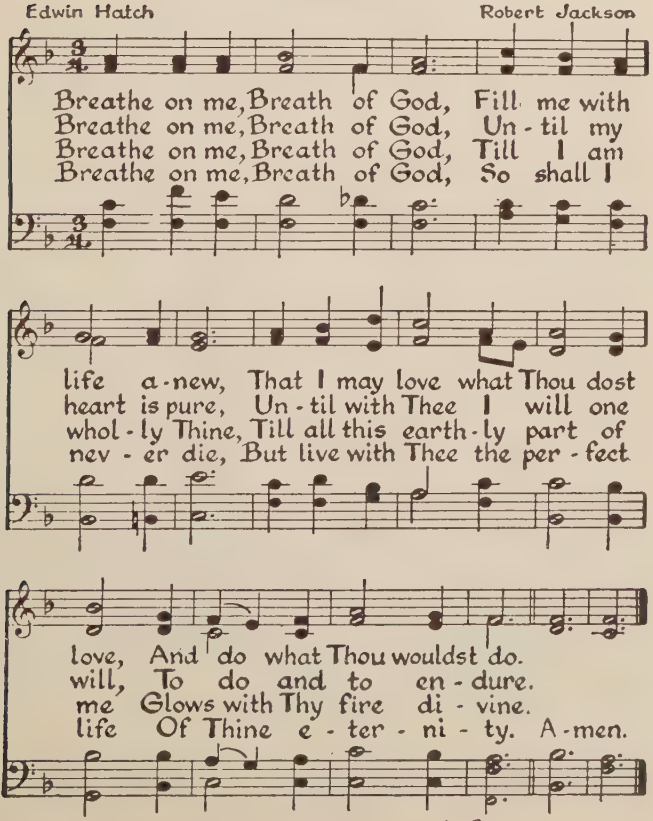
Dorothy A. Thrupp — William B. Bradbury


Sav - iour, like a shep-herd lead us, Much we need Thy
We are Thine, do Thou be-friend us, Be the guardian
Thou hast prom-ised to re-ceive us, Poor and sinful
Ear - ly let us seek Thy fa - vor, Ear-ly let us
ten-der care; In Thy pleasant pastures feed us,
of our way; Keep Thy flock, from sin de-fend us,
tho' we be; Thou hast mer-cy to re-lieve us,
do Thy will; Bless-ed Lord and on-ly Sav-iour,
For our use Thy folds pre-pare: Bless-ed Je-sus, Bless-ed
Seek us when we go a-stray: Bless-ed Je-sus, Bless-ed
Grace to cleanse, and pow'r to free: Bless-ed Je-sus, Bless-ed
With Thy love our bosoms fill: Bless-ed Je-sus, Bless-ed
Je - sus! Thou hast bo't us, Thine we are, Bless-ed Je-sus,
Je - sus! Hear, O hear us, when we pray, Bless-ed Je-sus,
Je - sus! We will ear-ly turn to Thee, Bless-ed Je-sus,
Je - sus! Thou hast lov'd us, love us still, Bless-ed Je-sus,

Bless-ed Je-sus! Thou hast bo't us, Thine we are.
Bless-ed Je-sus! Hear, O hear us when we pray.
Bless-ed Je-sus! We will ear-ly turn to Thee.
Bless-ed Je-sus! Thou hast lov'd us, love us still. A-men.

Breathe on Me

TRENTHAM

Edwin Hatch — Robert Jackson


Breathe on me, Breath of God, Fill me with
Breathe on me, Breath of God, Un-til my
Breathe on me, Breath of God, Till I am
Breathe on me, Breath of God, So shall I
life a-new, That I may love what Thou dost
heart is pure, Un-til with Thee I will one
whol-ly Thine, Till all this earth-ly part of
nev-er die, But live with Thee the per-fect
love, And do what Thou wouldst do.
will, To do and to en-dure.
me Glows with Thy fire di-vine.
life Of Thine e-ter-ni-ty. A-men.

Words permission Miss B. Hatch and Oxford University Press
Music permission Mrs Ethel Taylor

He Lives

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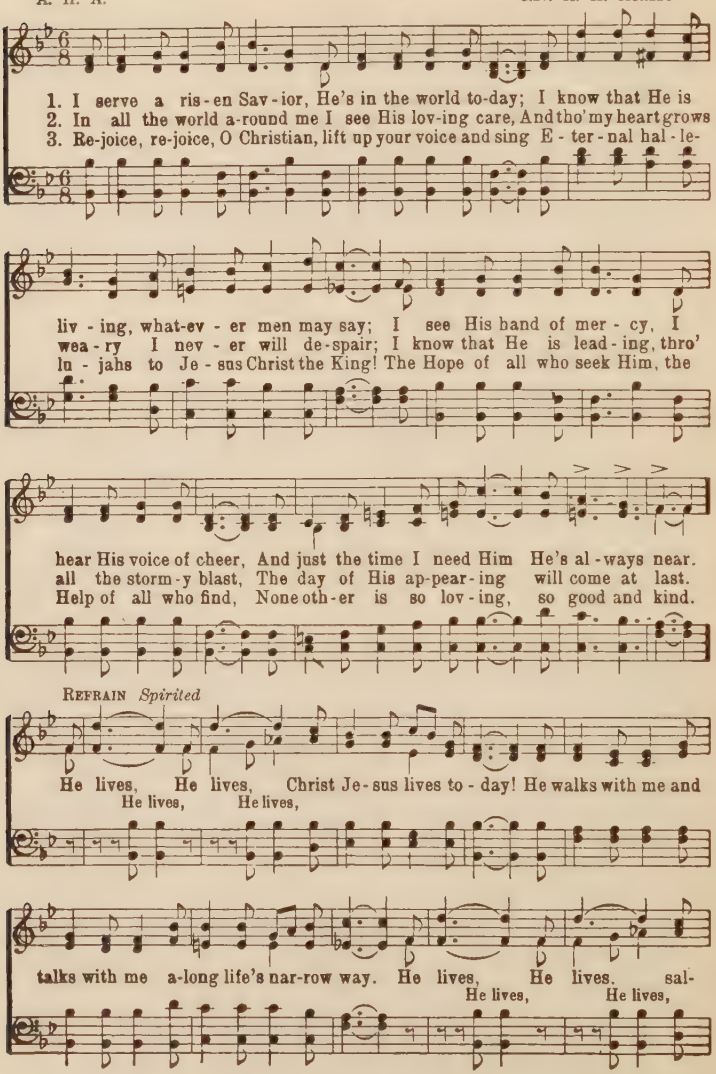
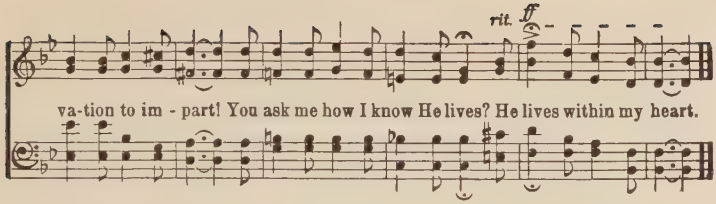
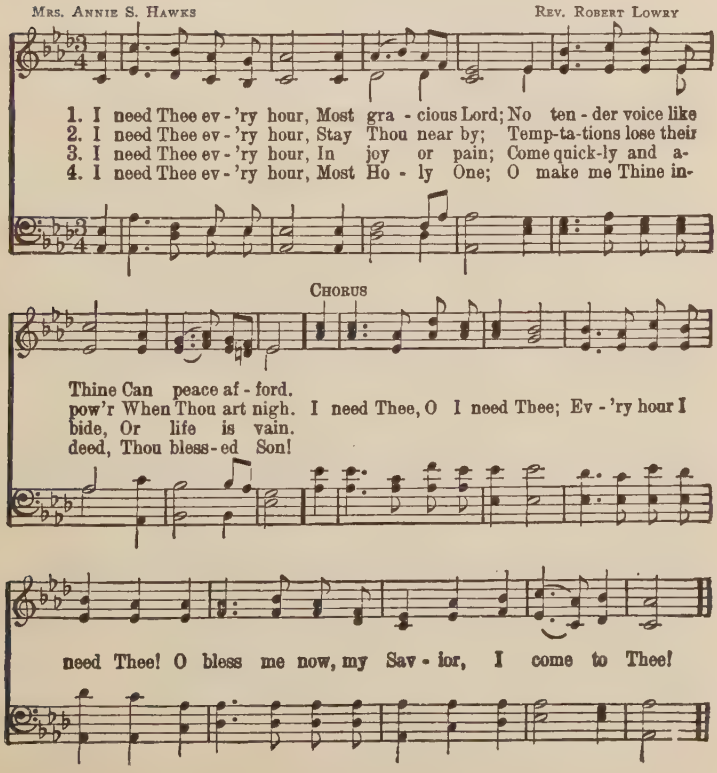
A. H. A. Rev. A. H. Ackley

1. I serve a ris - en Sav - ior, He's in the world to-day; I know that He is
2. In all the world a-round me I see His lov-ing care, And tho' my heart grows
3. Re-joice, re-joice, O Christian, lift up your voice and sing E - ter - nal hal - le-
liv - ing, what-ev - er men may say; I see His hand of mer - cy, I
wea - ry I nev - er will de-spair; I know that He is lead - ing, thro'
lu - jahs to Je - sus Christ the King! The Hope of all who seek Him, the
hear His voice of cheer, And just the time I need Him He's al - ways near.
all the storm - y blast, The day of His ap-pear - ing will come at last.
Help of all who find, None oth-er is so lov - ing, so good and kind.
Refrain Spirited
He lives, He lives, Christ Je - sus lives to - day! He walks with me and
He lives, He lives,
talks with me a-long life's nar-row way. He lives, He lives, He lives, sal-
He lives, He lives,

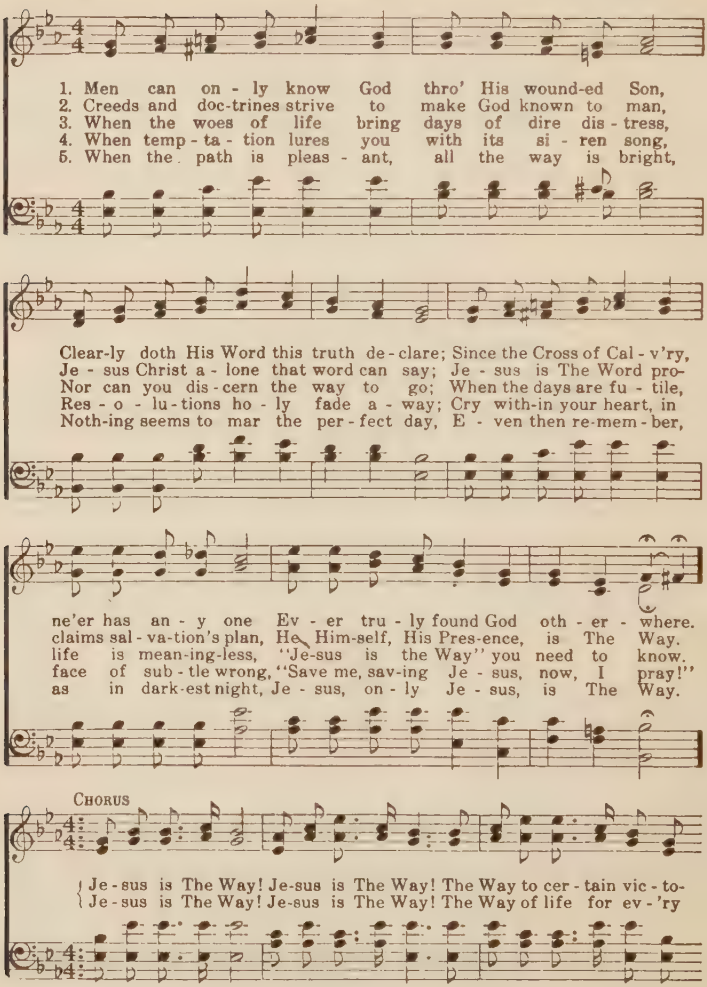
He Lives



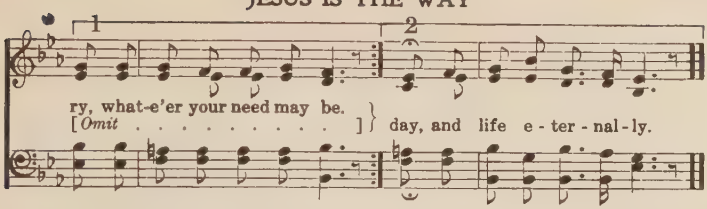
I Need Thee Every Hour

Mrs. Annie S. Hawks
Rev. Robert Lowry
1. I need Thee ev - 'ry hour, Most gra - cious Lord; No ten - der voice like
2. I need Thee ev - 'ry hour, Stay Thou near by; Temp-ta-tions lose their
3. I need Thee ev - 'ry hour, In joy or pain; Come quick-ly and a-
4. I need Thee ev - 'ry hour, Most Ho - ly One; O make me Thine in-
Chorus
Thine Can peace af - ford.
pow'r When Thou art nigh. I need Thee, O I need Thee; Ev - 'ry hour I
bide, Or life is vain.
deed, Thou bless - ed Son!
need Thee! O bless me now, my Sav - ior, I come to Thee!

JESUS IS THE WAY

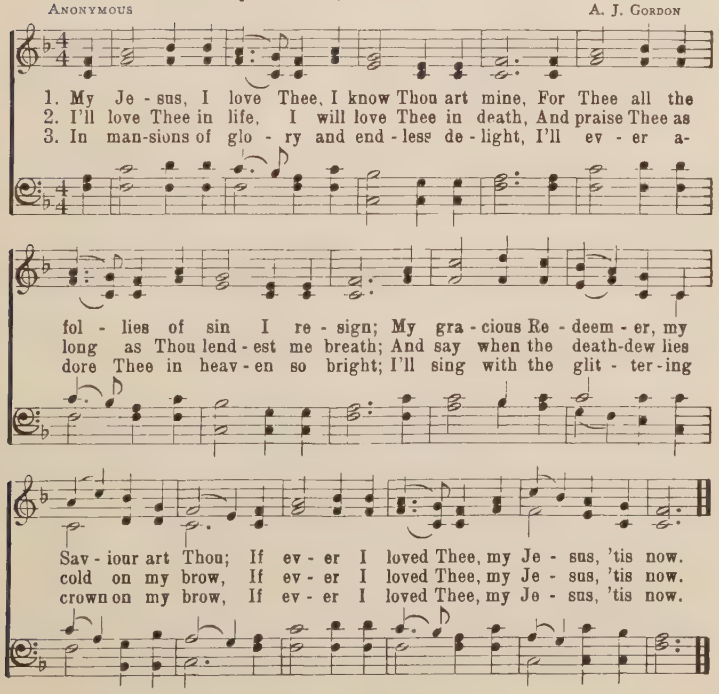
(Copyright, 1944, by Rex J. Moon)

R. J. M. (JOHN 14: 6) Rex J. Moon

1. Men can on - ly know God thro' His wound-ed Son,
2. Creeds and doc-trines strive to make God known to man,
3. When the woes of life bring days of dire dis - tress,
4. When temp - ta - tion lures you with its si - ren song,
5. When the path is pleas - ant, all the way is bright,
Clear-ly doth His Word this truth de - clare; Since the Cross of Cal - v'ry,
Je - sus Christ a - lone that word can say; Je - sus is The Word pro-
Nor can you dis - cern the way to go; When the days are fu - tile,
Res - o - lu - tions ho - ly fade a - way; Cry with-in your heart, in
Noth-ing seems to mar the per - fect day, E - ven then re-mem - ber,
ne'er has an - y one Ev - er tru - ly found God oth - er - where.
claims sal - va-tion's plan, He Him-self, His Pres-ence, is The Way.
life is mean-ing-less, "Je-sus is the Way" you need to know.
face of sub - tle wrong, "Save me, sav-ing Je - sus, now, I pray!"
as in dark-est night, Je - sus, on - ly Je - sus, is The Way.
CHORUS
Je - sus is The Way! Je-sus is The Way! The Way to cer - tain vic - to-
Je - sus is The Way! Je-sus is The Way! The Way of life for ev - 'ry

JESUS IS THE WAY



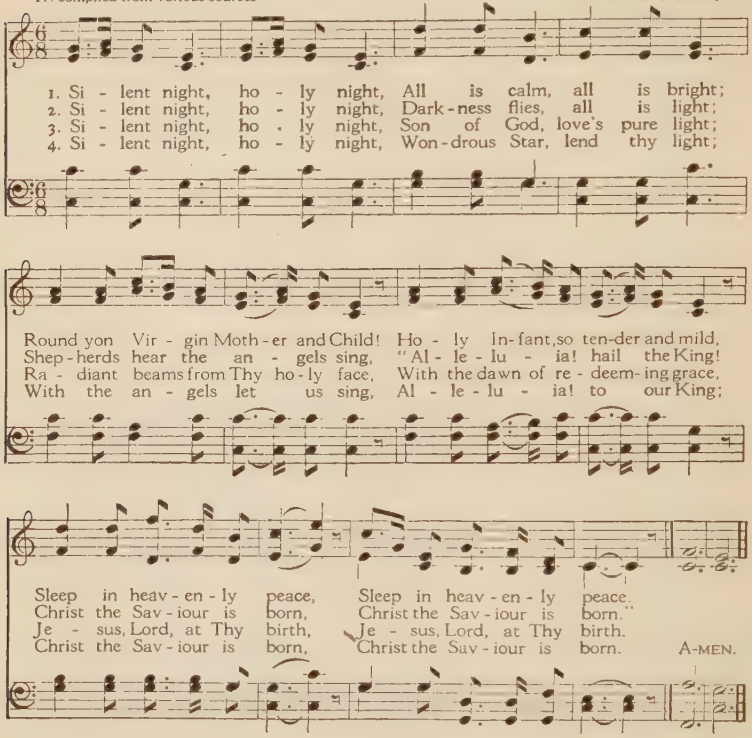
My Jesus, I Love Thee

ANONYMOUS A. J. GORDON

1. My Je - sus, I love Thee, I know Thou art mine, For Thee all the
2. I'll love Thee in life, I will love Thee in death, And praise Thee as
3. In man-sions of glo - ry and end - less de - light, I'll ev - er a-
fol - lies of sin I re - sign; My gra - cious Re - deem - er, my
long as Thou lend - est me breath; And say when the death-dew lies
dore Thee in heav - en so bright; I'll sing with the glit - ter - ing
Sav - iour art Thou; If ev - er I loved Thee, my Je - sus, 'tis now.
cold on my brow, If ev - er I loved Thee, my Je - sus, 'tis now.
crown on my brow, If ev - er I loved Thee, my Je - sus, 'tis now.

Silent Night, Holy Night

STILLE NACHT. Irregular

JOSEPH MOHR, 1792–1848
Tr. compiled from various sources

FRANZ GRUBER, 1787–1863

1. Si - lent night, ho - ly night, All is calm, all is bright;
2. Si - lent night, ho - ly night, Dark - ness flies, all is light;
3. Si - lent night, ho - ly night, Son of God, love's pure light;
4. Si - lent night, ho - ly night, Won - drous Star, lend thy light;
Round yon Vir - gin Moth - er and Child! Ho - ly In - fant, so ten - der and mild,
Shep - herds hear the an - gels sing, "Al - le - lu - ia! hail the King!
Ra - diant beams from Thy ho - ly face, With the dawn of re - deem - ing grace,
With the an - gels let us sing, Al - le - lu - ia! to our King;
Sleep in heav - en - ly peace, Sleep in heav - en - ly peace.
Christ the Sav - iour is born, Christ the Sav - iour is born."
Je - sus, Lord, at Thy birth, Je - sus, Lord, at Thy birth.
Christ the Sav - iour is born, Christ the Sav - iour is born. A-MEN.

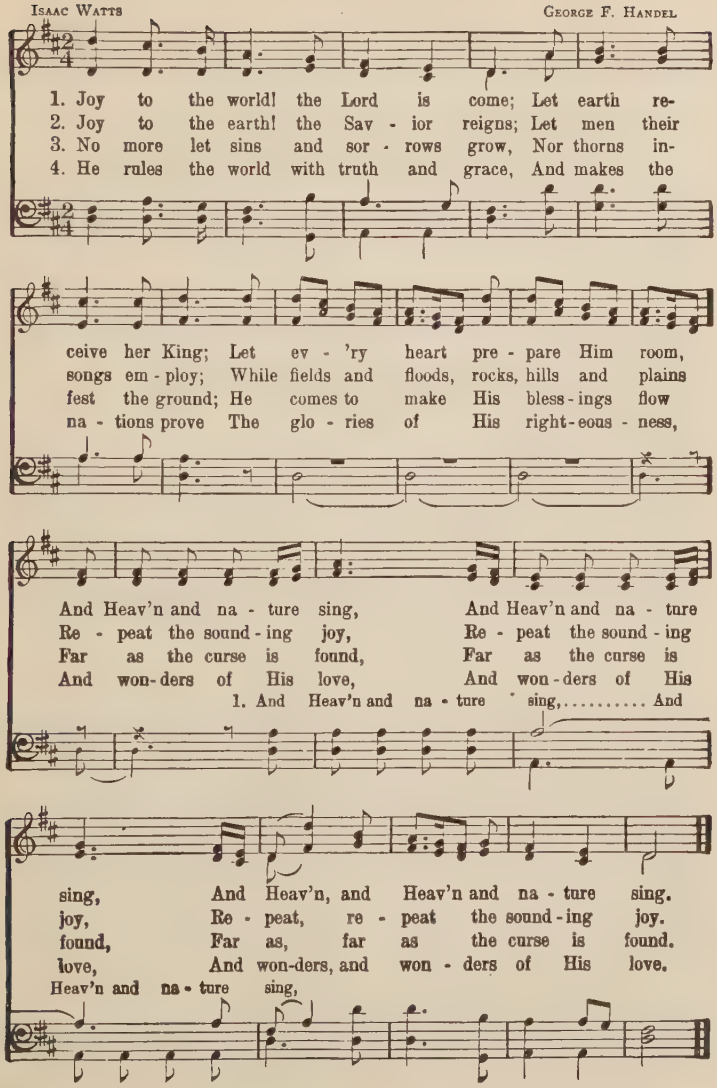
And lo, the angel of the Lord came upon them, and the glory of the Lord shone round about them: and they were sore afraid.

And the angel said unto them, Fear not: for, behold, I bring you good tidings of great joy, which shall be to all people.

For unto you is born this day in the city of David a Saviour, which is Christ the Lord.

Joy To The World!

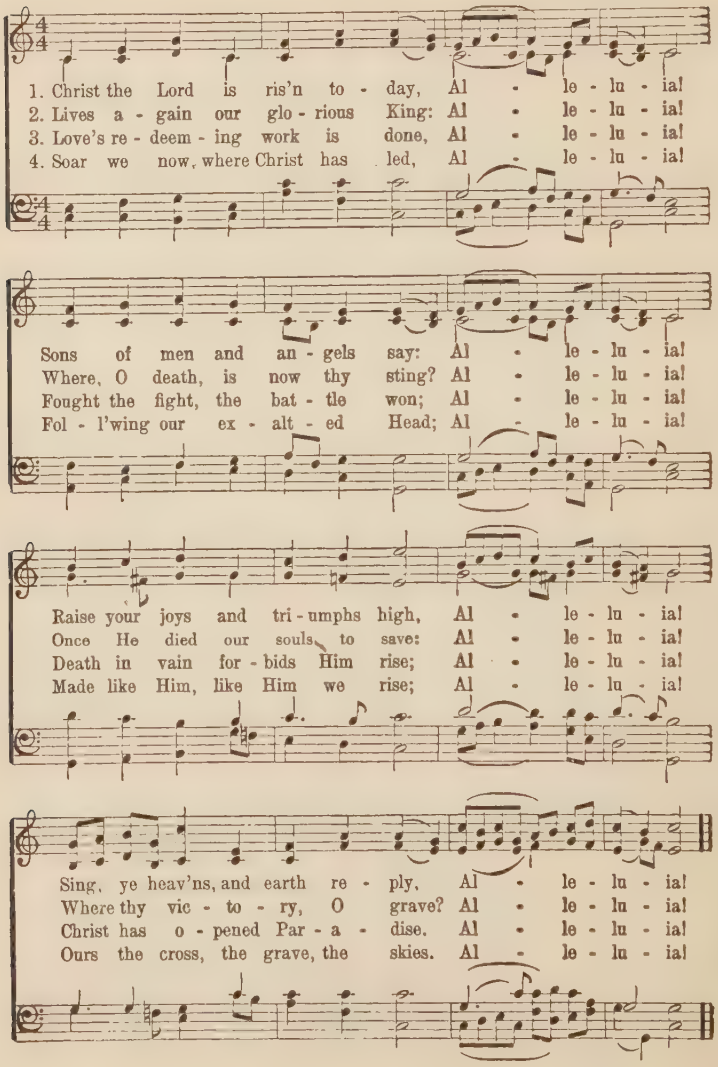
ISAAC WATTS — GEORGE F. HANDEL


1. Joy to the world! the Lord is come; Let earth re-
2. Joy to the earth! the Sav - ior reigns; Let men their
3. No more let sins and sor - rows grow, Nor thorns in-
4. He rules the world with truth and grace, And makes the
ceive her King; Let ev - 'ry heart pre - pare Him room,
songs em - ploy; While fields and floods, rocks, hills and plains
fest the ground; He comes to make His bless - ings flow
na - tions prove The glo - ries of His right - eous - ness,
And Heav'n and na - ture sing, And Heav'n and na - ture
Re - peat the sound - ing joy, Re - peat the sound - ing
Far as the curse is found, Far as the curse is
And won - ders of His love, And won - ders of His
1. And Heav'n and na - ture sing,..... And
sing, And Heav'n, and Heav'n and na - ture sing.
joy, Re - peat, re - peat the sound - ing joy.
found, Far as, far as the curse is found.
love, And won - ders, and won - ders of His love.
Heav'n and na - ture sing,

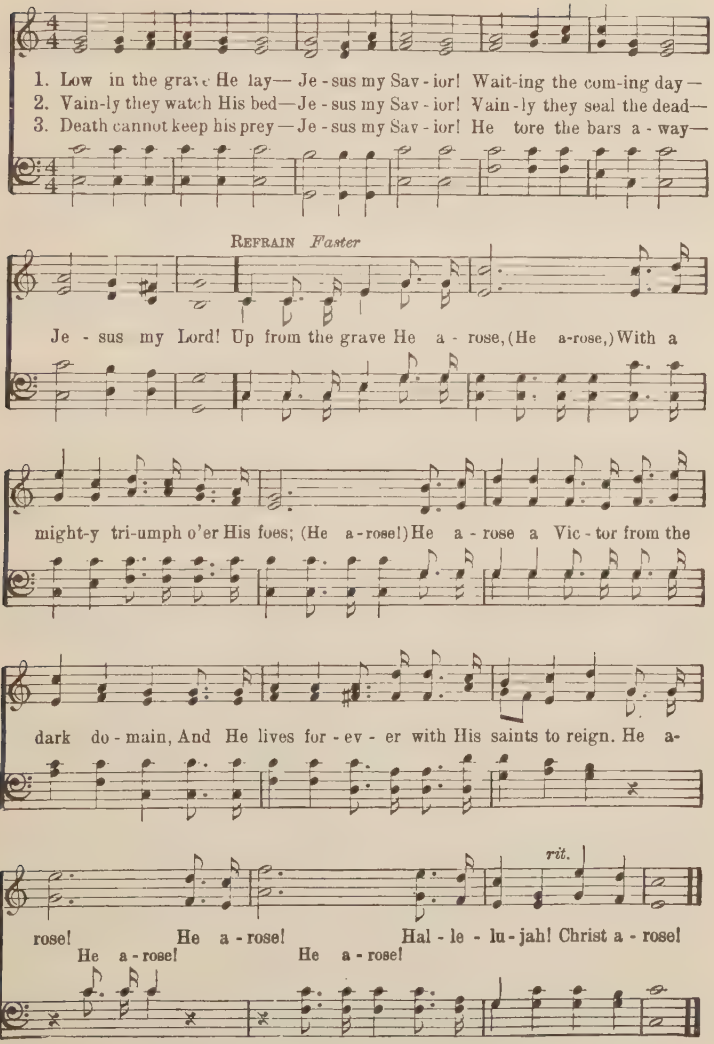
Christ The Lord Is Risen Today

7. 7. 7. 7. WITH ALLELUIAS

CHARLES WESLEY

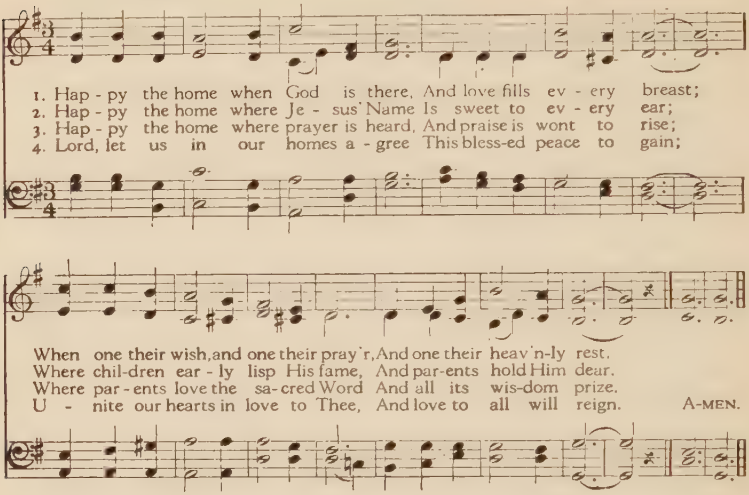
WORGAN
From LYRA DAVIDICA

1. Christ the Lord is ris'n to - day, Al - le - lu - ia!
2. Lives a - gain our glo - rious King: Al - le - lu - ia!
3. Love's re - deem - ing work is done, Al - le - lu - ia!
4. Soar we now, where Christ has led, Al - le - lu - ia!
Sons of men and an - gels say: Al - le - lu - ia!
Where, O death, is now thy sting? Al - le - lu - ia!
Fought the fight, the bat - tle won; Al - le - lu - ia!
Fol - l'wing our ex - alt - ed Head; Al - le - lu - ia!
Raise your joys and tri - umphs high, Al - le - lu - ia!
Once He died our souls to save: Al - le - lu - ia!
Death in vain for - bids Him rise; Al - le - lu - ia!
Made like Him, like Him we rise; Al - le - lu - ia!
Sing, ye heav'ns, and earth re - ply, Al - le - lu - ia!
Where thy vic - to - ry, O grave? Al - le - lu - ia!
Christ has o - pened Par - a - dise. Al - le - lu - ia!
Ours the cross, the grave, the skies. Al - le - lu - ia!

Christ Arose

ROBERT LOWRY ROBERT LOWRY

1. Low in the grave He lay— Je - sus my Sav - ior! Wait-ing the com-ing day —
2. Vain-ly they watch His bed—Je - sus my Sav - ior! Vain - ly they seal the dead—
3. Death cannot keep his prey — Je - sus my Sav - ior! He tore the bars a - way—
REFRAIN Faster
Je - sus my Lord! Up from the grave He a - rose, (He a-rose,) With a
might-y tri-umph o'er His foes; (He a-rose!) He a - rose a Vic - tor from the
dark do - main, And He lives for - ev - er with His saints to reign. He a-
rit.
rose! He a - rose! Hal - le - lu - jah! Christ a - rose!
He a - rose! He a - rose!

Happy the Home When God Is There

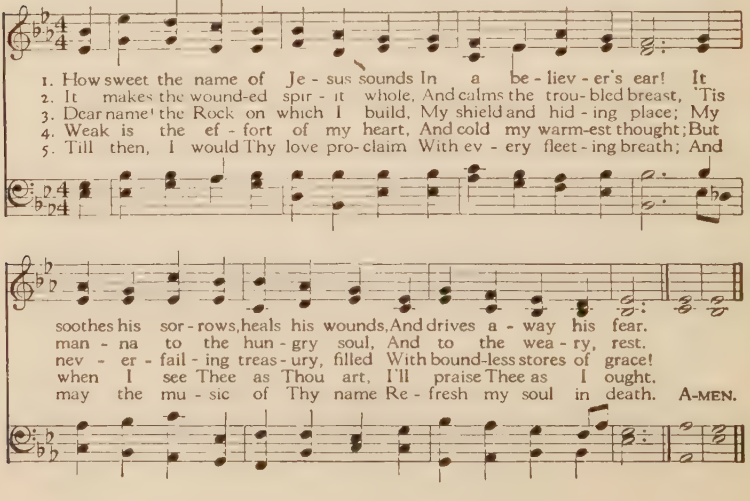
ST. AGNES. C.M.

HENRY WARE, the younger, 1794–1843 — JOHN B. DYKES, 1823–1876

1. Hap - py the home when God is there, And love fills ev - ery breast;
2. Hap - py the home where Je - sus' Name Is sweet to ev - ery ear;
3. Hap - py the home where prayer is heard, And praise is wont to rise;
4. Lord, let us in our homes a - gree This bless-ed peace to gain;
When one their wish, and one their pray'r, And one their heav'n-ly rest.
Where chil-dren ear - ly lisp His fame, And par-ents hold Him dear.
Where par - ents love the sa-cred Word And all its wis-dom prize.
U - nite our hearts in love to Thee, And love to all will reign.
A-MEN.

How Sweet the Name of Jesus Sounds

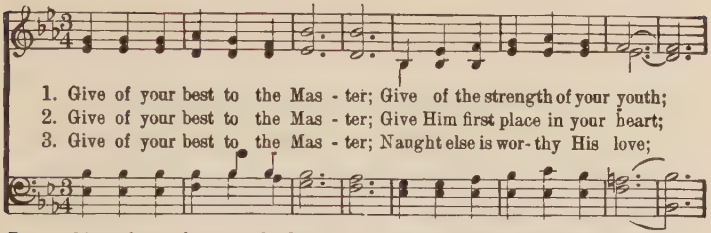
ST. PETER'S, OXFORD. C.M.

JOHN NEWTON, 1725–1807 — ALEXANDER R. REINAGLE, 1799–1877

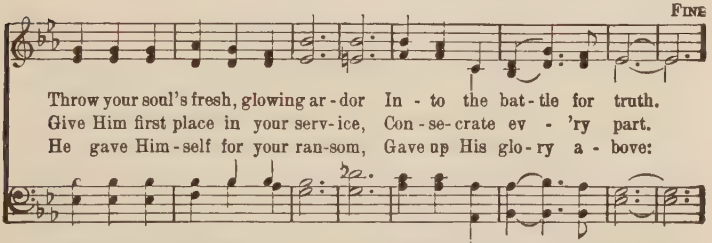

1. How sweet the name of Je - sus sounds In a be - liev - er's ear! It
2. It makes the wound-ed spir - it whole, And calms the trou- bled breast, 'Tis
3. Dear name! the Rock on which I build, My shield and hid - ing place; My
4. Weak is the ef - fort of my heart, And cold my warm-est thought; But
5. Till then, I would Thy love pro-claim With ev - ery fleet - ing breath; And
soothes his sor - rows, heals his wounds, And drives a - way his fear.
man - na to the hun - gry soul, And to the wea - ry, rest.
nev - er - fail - ing treas - ury, filled With bound-less stores of grace!
when I see Thee as Thou art, I'll praise Thee as I ought.
may the mu - sic of Thy name Re - fresh my soul in death.
A-MEN.

Give Of Your Best To The Master

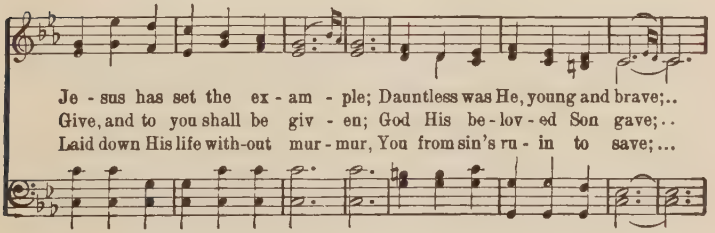
H. B. G. MRS. CHARLES BARNARD

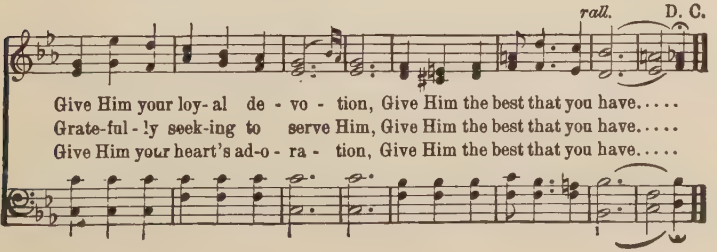

1. Give of your best to the Mas - ter; Give of the strength of your youth;
2. Give of your best to the Mas - ter; Give Him first place in your heart;
3. Give of your best to the Mas - ter; Naught else is wor - thy His love;

REF.—*Give of your best to the Mas - ter; Give of the strength of your youth;*


FINE
Throw your soul's fresh, glowing ar - dor In - to the bat - tle for truth.
Give Him first place in your serv - ice, Con - se - crate ev - 'ry part.
He gave Him - self for your ran - som, Gave up His glo - ry a - bove:

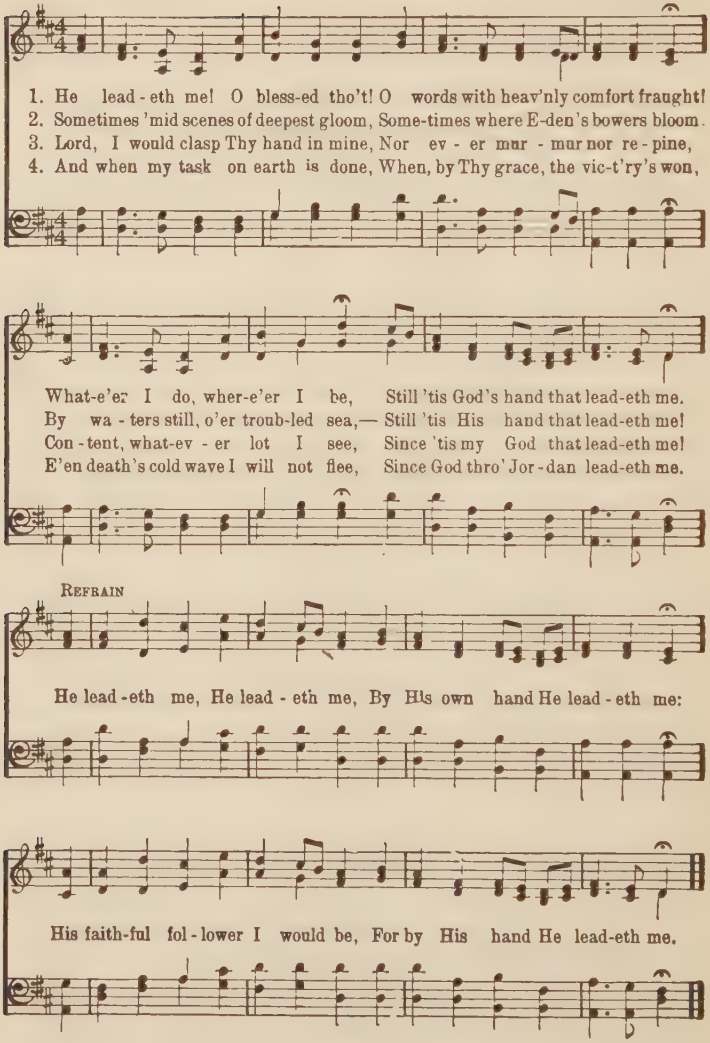
Clad in sal - va-tion's full ar - mor, Join in the bat - tle for truth.

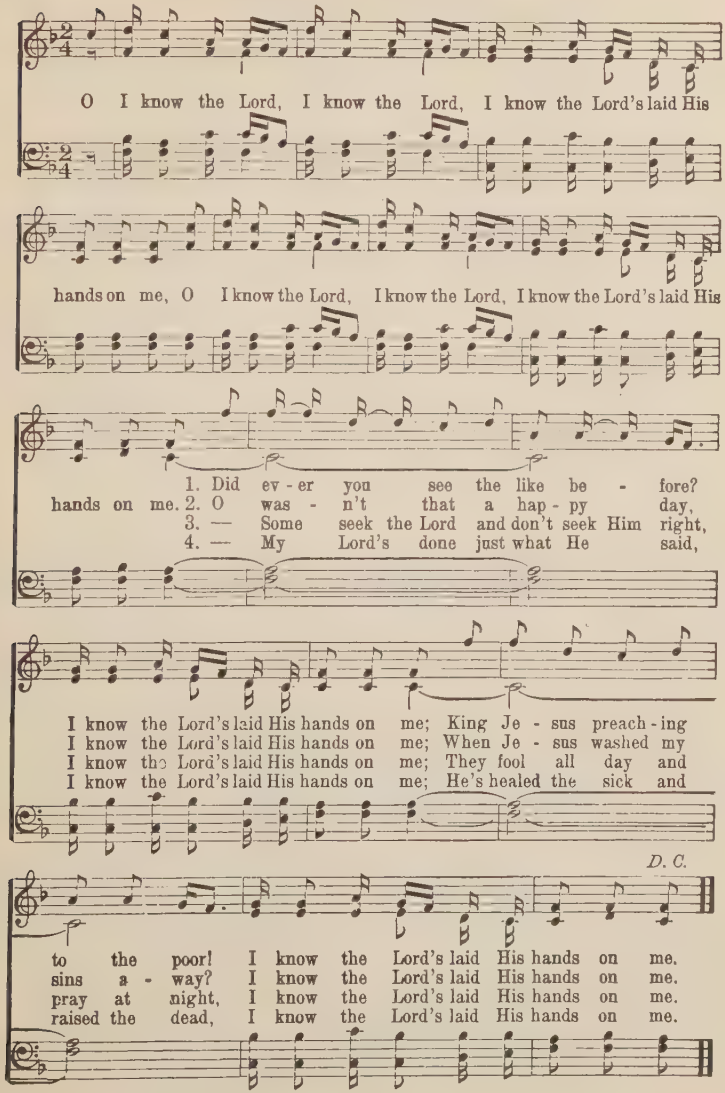

Je - sus has set the ex - am - ple; Dauntless was He, young and brave;..
Give, and to you shall be giv - en; God His be - lov - ed Son gave;..
Laid down His life with-out mur - mur, You from sin's ru - in to save;...


rall. D. C.
Give Him your loy - al de - vo - tion, Give Him the best that you have.....
Grate-ful - ly seek-ing to serve Him, Give Him the best that you have.....
Give Him your heart's ad-o - ra - tion, Give Him the best that you have.....

He Leadeth Me

JOSEPH H. GILMORE — WILLIAM B. BRADBURY

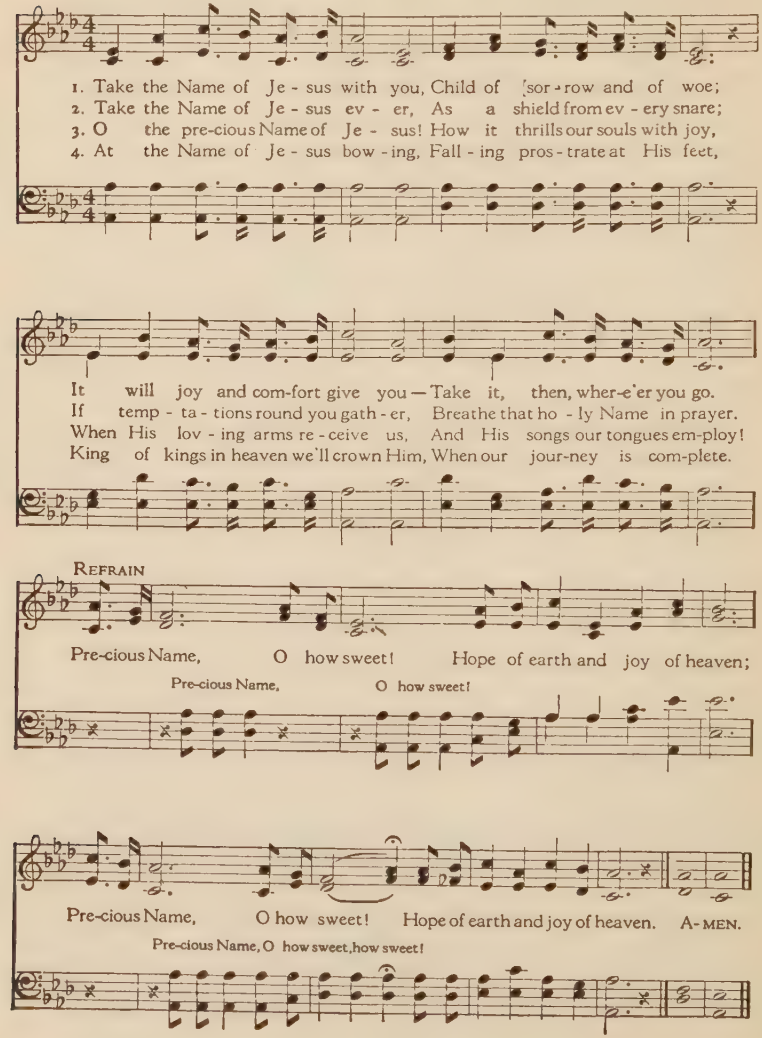

1. He lead - eth me! O bless-ed tho't! O words with heav'nly comfort fraught!
2. Sometimes 'mid scenes of deepest gloom, Some-times where E-den's bowers bloom.
3. Lord, I would clasp Thy hand in mine, Nor ev - er mur - mur nor re - pine,
4. And when my task on earth is done, When, by Thy grace, the vic-t'ry's won,
What-e'er I do, wher-e'er I be, Still 'tis God's hand that lead-eth me.
By wa - ters still, o'er troub-led sea,— Still 'tis His hand that lead-eth me!
Con - tent, what-ev - er lot I see, Since 'tis my God that lead-eth me!
E'en death's cold wave I will not flee, Since God thro' Jor - dan lead-eth me.
REFRAIN
He lead - eth me, He lead - eth me, By His own hand He lead - eth me:
His faith-ful fol - lower I would be, For by His hand He lead-eth me.

I Know The Lord's Laid His Hands On Me

O I know the Lord, I know the Lord, I know the Lord's laid His
hands on me, O I know the Lord, I know the Lord, I know the Lord's laid His
1. Did ev - er you see the like be - fore?
hands on me. 2. O was - n't that a hap - py day,
3. — Some seek the Lord and don't seek Him right,
4. — My Lord's done just what He said,
I know the Lord's laid His hands on me; King Je - sus preach - ing
I know the Lord's laid His hands on me; When Je - sus washed my
I know the Lord's laid His hands on me; They fool all day and
I know the Lord's laid His hands on me; He's healed the sick and
D. C.
to the poor! I know the Lord's laid His hands on me.
sins a - way? I know the Lord's laid His hands on me.
pray at night, I know the Lord's laid His hands on me.
raised the dead, I know the Lord's laid His hands on me.

Take the Name of Jesus With You

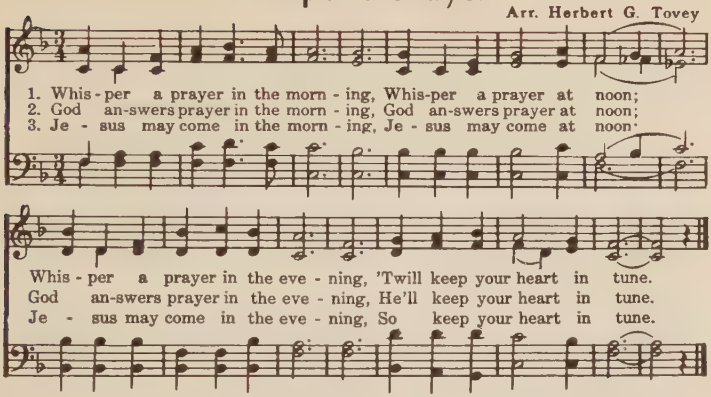
PRECIOUS NAME. 8. 7. 8. 7. with Refrain

LYDIA BAXTER, 1809–1874 — WILLIAM H. DOANE, 1832–1915


1. Take the Name of Je - sus with you, Child of sor - row and of woe;
2. Take the Name of Je - sus ev - er, As a shield from ev - ery snare;
3. O the pre-cious Name of Je - sus! How it thrills our souls with joy,
4. At the Name of Je - sus bow - ing, Fall - ing pros - trate at His feet,
It will joy and com-fort give you — Take it, then, wher-e'er you go.
If temp - ta - tions round you gath - er, Breathe that ho - ly Name in prayer.
When His lov - ing arms re - ceive us, And His songs our tongues em-ploy!
King of kings in heaven we'll crown Him, When our jour-ney is com-plete.
REFRAIN
Pre-cious Name, O how sweet! Hope of earth and joy of heaven;
Pre-cious Name, O how sweet!
Pre-cious Name, O how sweet! Hope of earth and joy of heaven. A-MEN.
Pre-cious Name, O how sweet, how sweet!

Whisper a Prayer

Arr. Herbert G. Tovey

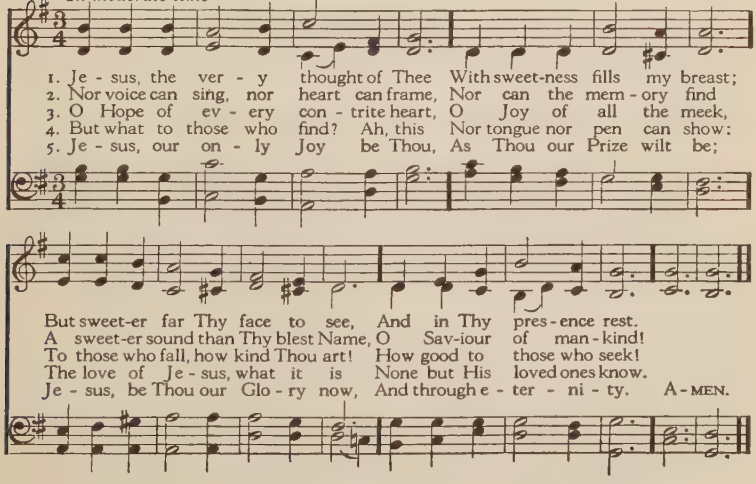

1. Whis - per a prayer in the morn - ing, Whis-per a prayer at noon;
2. God an-swers prayer in the morn - ing, God an-swers prayer at noon;
3. Je - sus may come in the morn - ing, Je - sus may come at noon;
Whis - per a prayer in the eve - ning, 'Twill keep your heart in tune.
God an-swers prayer in the eve - ning, He'll keep your heart in tune.
Je - sus may come in the eve - ning, So keep your heart in tune.

Jesus, the Very Thought of Thee

Latin, 11th century
Trans. by Rev. Edward Caswall, 1849

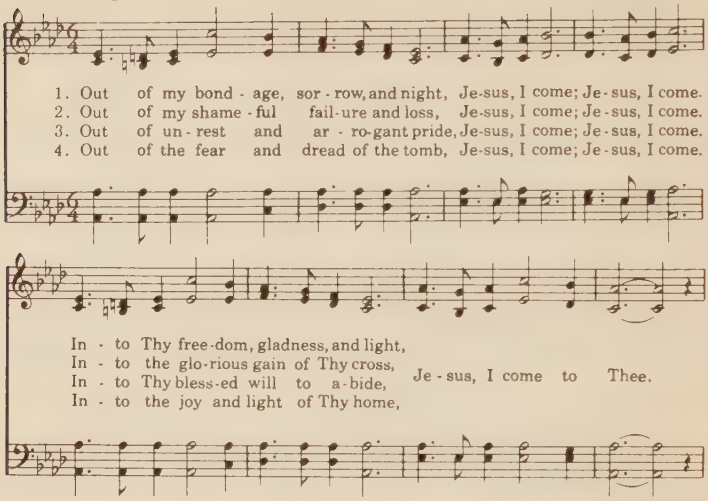
C. M.

ST. AGNES
Rev. John B. Dykes, 1866

In moderate time

1. Je - sus, the ver - y thought of Thee With sweet-ness fills my breast;
2. Nor voice can sing, nor heart can frame, Nor can the mem - ory find
3. O Hope of ev - ery con - trite heart, O Joy of all the meek,
4. But what to those who find? Ah, this Nor tongue nor pen can show:
5. Je - sus, our on - ly Joy be Thou, As Thou our Prize wilt be;
But sweet-er far Thy face to see, And in Thy pres - ence rest.
A sweet-er sound than Thy blest Name, O Sav-iour of man - kind!
To those who fall, how kind Thou art! How good to those who seek!
The love of Je - sus, what it is None but His loved ones know.
Je - sus, be Thou our Glo - ry now, And through e - ter - ni - ty. A - MEN.

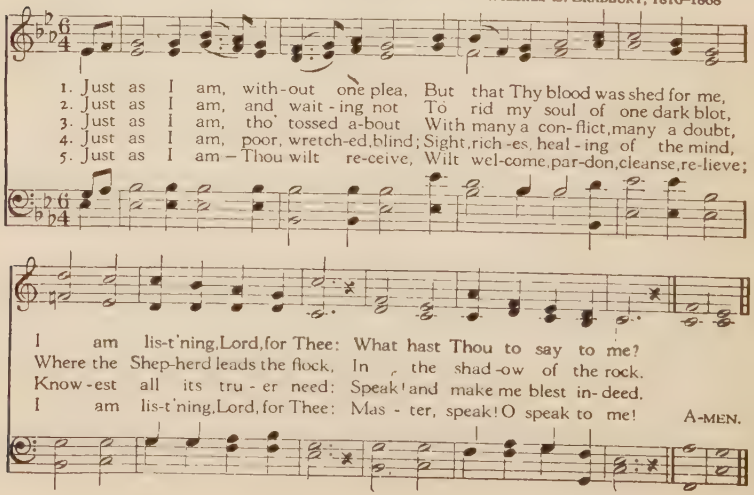
Jesus, I Come

W. T. Sleeper — Geo. C. Stebbins


1. Out of my bond - age, sor - row, and night, Je-sus, I come; Je - sus, I come.
2. Out of my shame - ful fail-ure and loss, Je-sus, I come; Je - sus, I come.
3. Out of un - rest and ar - ro-gant pride, Je-sus, I come; Je - sus, I come.
4. Out of the fear and dread of the tomb, Je-sus, I come; Je - sus, I come.
In - to Thy free-dom, gladness, and light,
In - to the glo-rious gain of Thy cross,
In - to Thy bless-ed will to a-bide,
In - to the joy and light of Thy home,
Je - sus, I come to Thee.

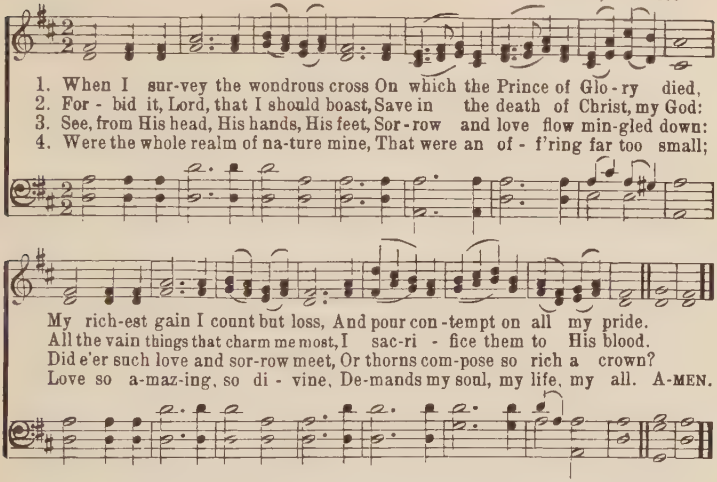
Just As I Am

CHARLOTTE ELLIOTT, 1789–1871 — WOODWORTH. L. M. — WILLIAM B. BRADBURY, 1816–1868

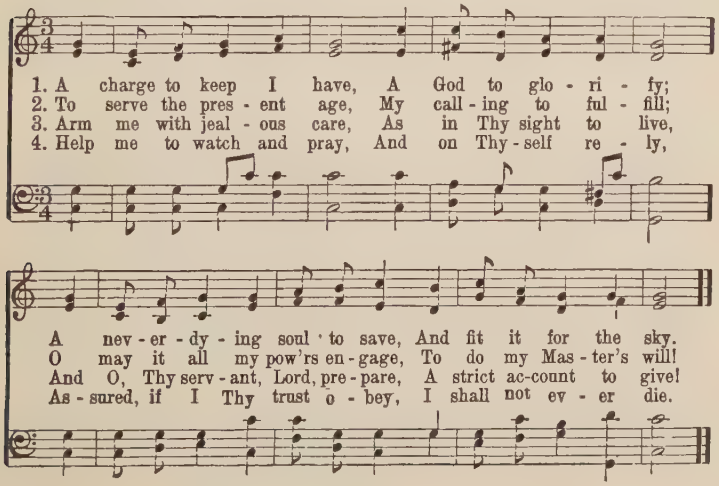

1. Just as I am, with-out one plea, But that Thy blood was shed for me,
2. Just as I am, and wait - ing not To rid my soul of one dark blot,
3. Just as I am, tho' tossed a-bout With many a con-flict, many a doubt,
4. Just as I am, poor, wretch-ed, blind; Sight, rich-es, heal - ing of the mind,
5. Just as I am — Thou wilt re-ceive, Wilt wel-come, par-don, cleanse, re-lieve;
I am lis-t'ning, Lord, for Thee: What hast Thou to say to me?
Where the Shep-herd leads the flock, In the shad-ow of the rock.
Know-est all its tru - er need: Speak! and make me blest in-deed.
I am lis-t'ning, Lord, for Thee: Mas - ter, speak! O speak to me!
A-MEN.

When I Survey The Wondrous Cross

ISAAC WATTS, 1674-1748 — ISAAC B. WOODBURY, 1819-1858

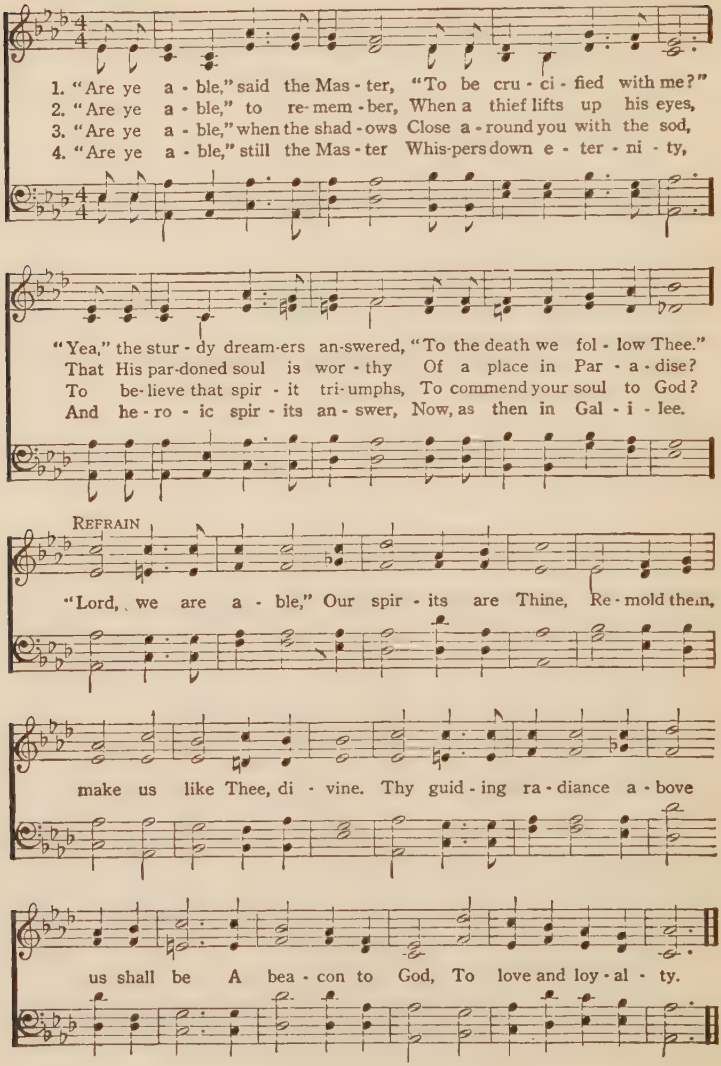

1. When I sur-vey the wondrous cross On which the Prince of Glo-ry died,
2. For - bid it, Lord, that I should boast, Save in the death of Christ, my God:
3. See, from His head, His hands, His feet, Sor-row and love flow min-gled down:
4. Were the whole realm of na-ture mine, That were an of - f'ring far too small;
My rich-est gain I count but loss, And pour con-tempt on all my pride.
All the vain things that charm me most, I sac-ri - fice them to His blood.
Did e'er such love and sor-row meet, Or thorns com-pose so rich a crown?
Love so a-maz-ing, so di - vine, De-mands my soul, my life, my all. A-MEN.

A Charge To Keep

CHARLES WESLEY — LOWELL MASON

1. A charge to keep I have, A God to glo - ri - fy;
2. To serve the pres - ent age, My call - ing to ful - fill;
3. Arm me with jeal - ous care, As in Thy sight to live,
4. Help me to watch and pray, And on Thy - self re - ly,
A nev - er - dy - ing soul to save, And fit it for the sky.
O may it all my pow'rs en - gage, To do my Mas - ter's will!
And O, Thy serv - ant, Lord, pre - pare, A strict ac-count to give!
As - sured, if I Thy trust o - bey, I shall not ev - er die.

Are Ye Able, Said The Master

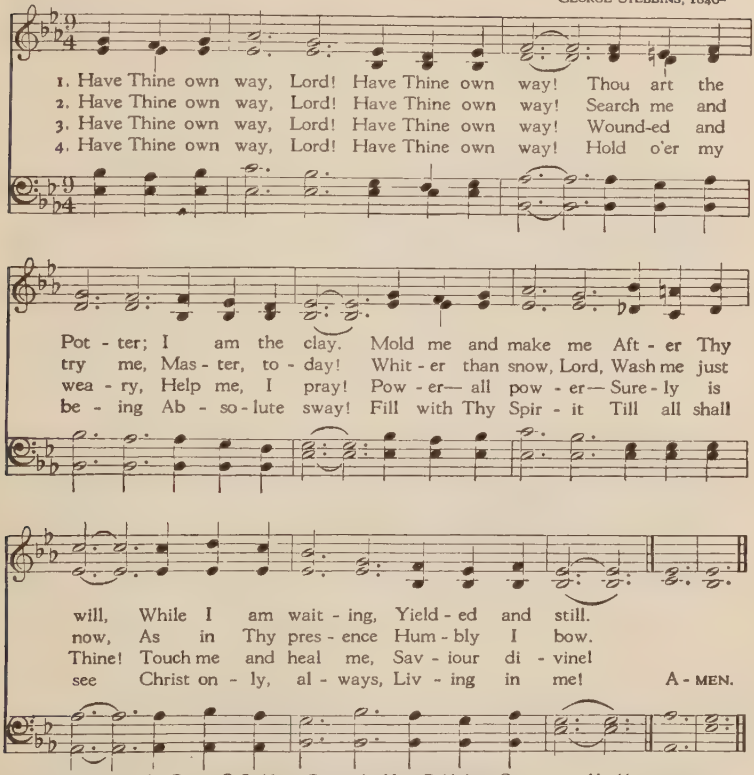
EARL MARLATT HARRY S. MASON


1. "Are ye a - ble," said the Mas - ter, "To be cru - ci - fied with me?"
2. "Are ye a - ble," to re-mem - ber, When a thief lifts up his eyes,
3. "Are ye a - ble," when the shad - ows Close a - round you with the sod,
4. "Are ye a - ble," still the Mas - ter Whis-pers down e - ter - ni - ty,
"Yea," the stur - dy dream-ers an-swered, "To the death we fol - low Thee."
That His par-doned soul is wor - thy Of a place in Par - a - dise?
To be-lieve that spir - it tri-umphs, To commend your soul to God?
And he - ro - ic spir - its an - swer, Now, as then in Gal - i - lee.
REFRAIN
"Lord, we are a - ble," Our spir - its are Thine, Re - mold them,
make us like Thee, di - vine. Thy guid - ing ra - diance a - bove
us shall be A bea - con to God, To love and loy - al - ty.

Have Thine Own Way, Lord

ADELAIDE A. POLLARD

5. 4. 5. 4. 5. 4.

GEORGE STEBBINS, 1846–

1. Have Thine own way, Lord! Have Thine own way! Thou art the
2. Have Thine own way, Lord! Have Thine own way! Search me and
3. Have Thine own way, Lord! Have Thine own way! Wound-ed and
4. Have Thine own way, Lord! Have Thine own way! Hold o'er my
Pot - ter; I am the clay. Mold me and make me Aft - er Thy
try me, Mas - ter, to - day! Whit - er than snow, Lord, Wash me just
wea - ry, Help me, I pray! Pow - er— all pow - er— Sure - ly is
be - ing Ab - so - lute sway! Fill with Thy Spir - it Till all shall
will, While I am wait - ing, Yield - ed and still.
now, As in Thy pres - ence Hum - bly I bow.
Thine! Touch me and heal me, Sav - iour di - vine!
see Christ on - ly, al - ways, Liv - ing in me! A - MEN.

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We Love You, Love You, Love You

(Tune: Springtime in the Rockies)

Author, Ruth Slade

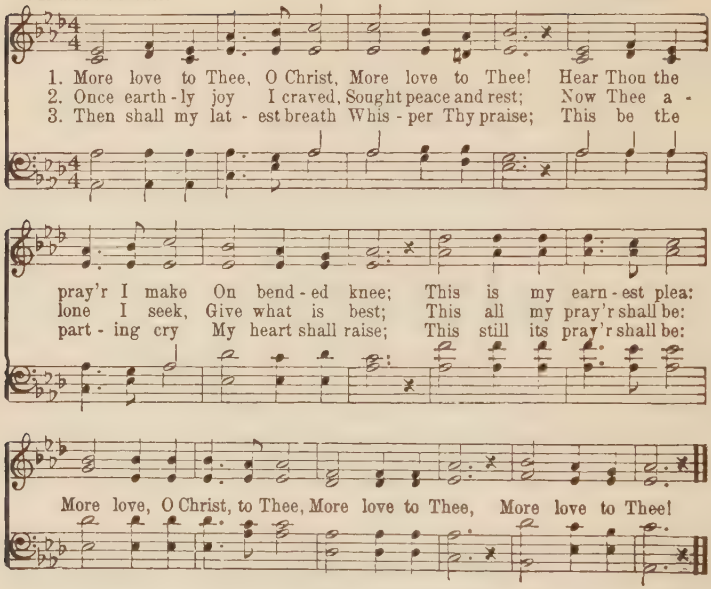
O, we love you, love you, love you; We sing it once again.
O, we love you, love you, love you; Comes back the glad refrain.
From the mountain to the prairies; From the islands of the sea,
You can hear our voices ringing, This joyous melody.

Alternate closing lines:

And we bless you, bless you, bless you; With hearts so full and free;
And we thank you, thank you, thank you For a blessed m-e-m-o-r-y.

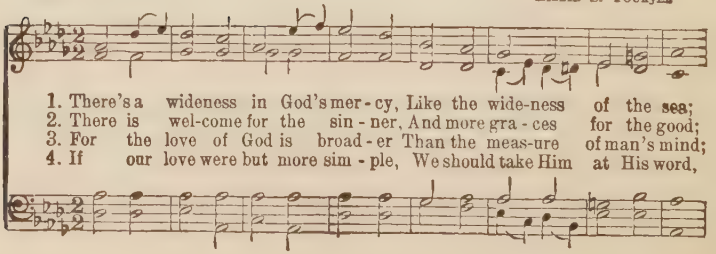
More Love To Thee

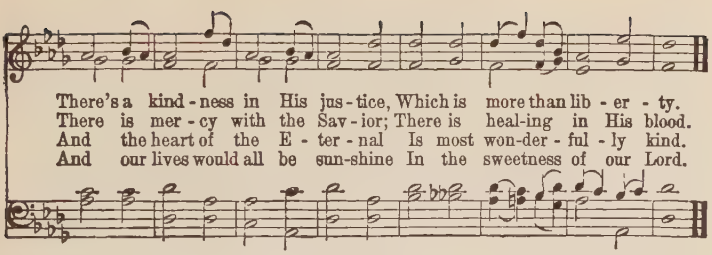
ELIZABETH PRENTISS — W. H. DOANE


1. More love to Thee, O Christ, More love to Thee! Hear Thou the
2. Once earth-ly joy I craved, Sought peace and rest; Now Thee a-
3. Then shall my lat-est breath Whis-per Thy praise; This be the
pray'r I make On bend-ed knee; This is my earn-est plea:
lone I seek, Give what is best; This all my pray'r shall be:
part-ing cry My heart shall raise; This still its pray'r shall be:
More love, O Christ, to Thee, More love to Thee, More love to Thee!

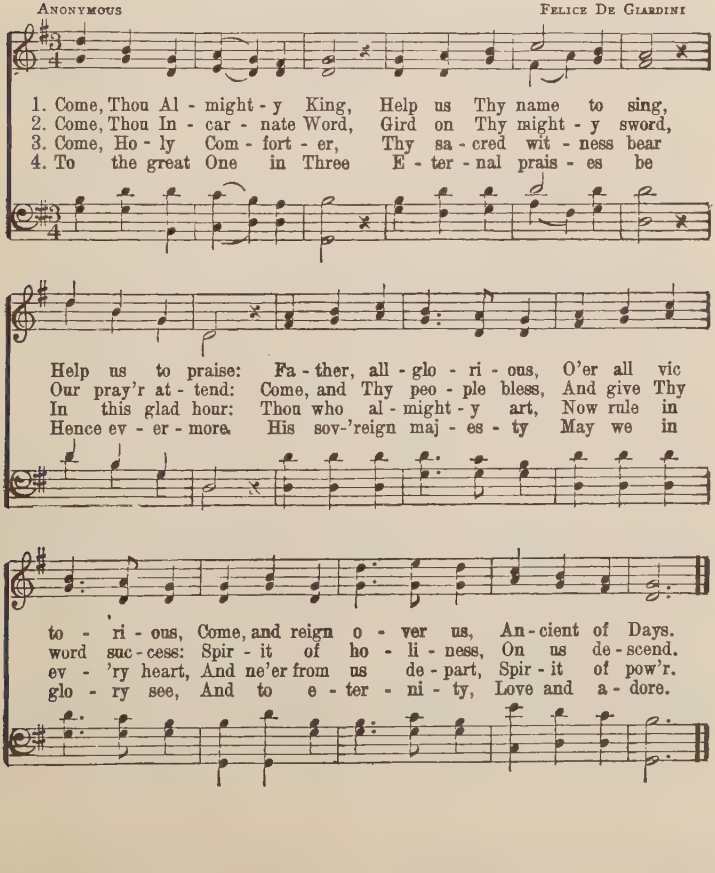
There's A Wideness

FREDERICK W. FABER — LIZZIE S. TOURJEE


1. There's a wideness in God's mer-cy, Like the wide-ness of the sea;
2. There is wel-come for the sin-ner, And more gra-ces for the good;
3. For the love of God is broad-er Than the meas-ure of man's mind;
4. If our love were but more sim-ple, We should take Him at His word,


There's a kind - ness in His jus - tice, Which is more than lib - er - ty.
There is mer - cy with the Sav - ior; There is heal-ing in His blood.
And the heart of the E - ter - nal Is most won-der - ful - ly kind.
And our lives would all be sun-shine In the sweetness of our Lord.

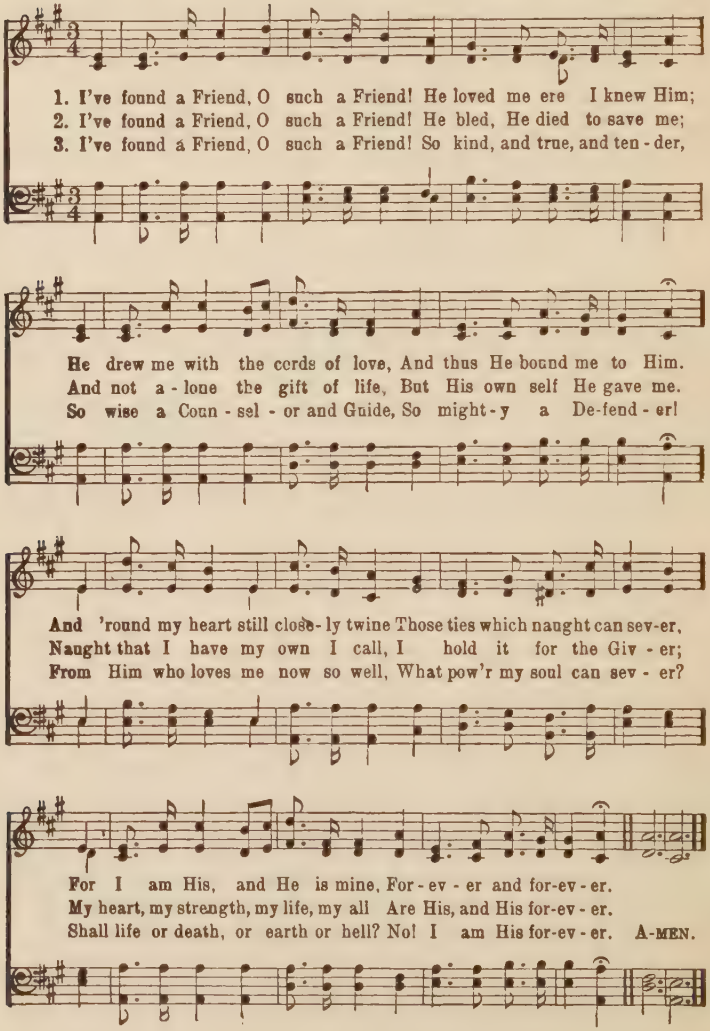
Come, Thou Almighty King

ANONYMOUS — FELICE DE GIARDINI

1. Come, Thou Al - might - y King, Help us Thy name to sing,
2. Come, Thou In - car - nate Word, Gird on Thy might - y sword,
3. Come, Ho - ly Com - fort - er, Thy sa - cred wit - ness bear
4. To the great One in Three E - ter - nal prais - es be
Help us to praise: Fa - ther, all - glo - ri - ous, O'er all vic
Our pray'r at - tend: Come, and Thy peo - ple bless, And give Thy
In this glad hour: Thou who al - might - y art, Now rule in
Hence ev - er - more. His sov-'reign maj - es - ty May we in
to - ri - ous, Come, and reign o - ver us, An - cient of Days.
word suc - cess: Spir - it of ho - li - ness, On us de - scend.
ev - 'ry heart, And ne'er from us de - part, Spir - it of pow'r.
glo - ry see, And to e - ter - ni - ty, Love and a - dore.

I've Found A Friend

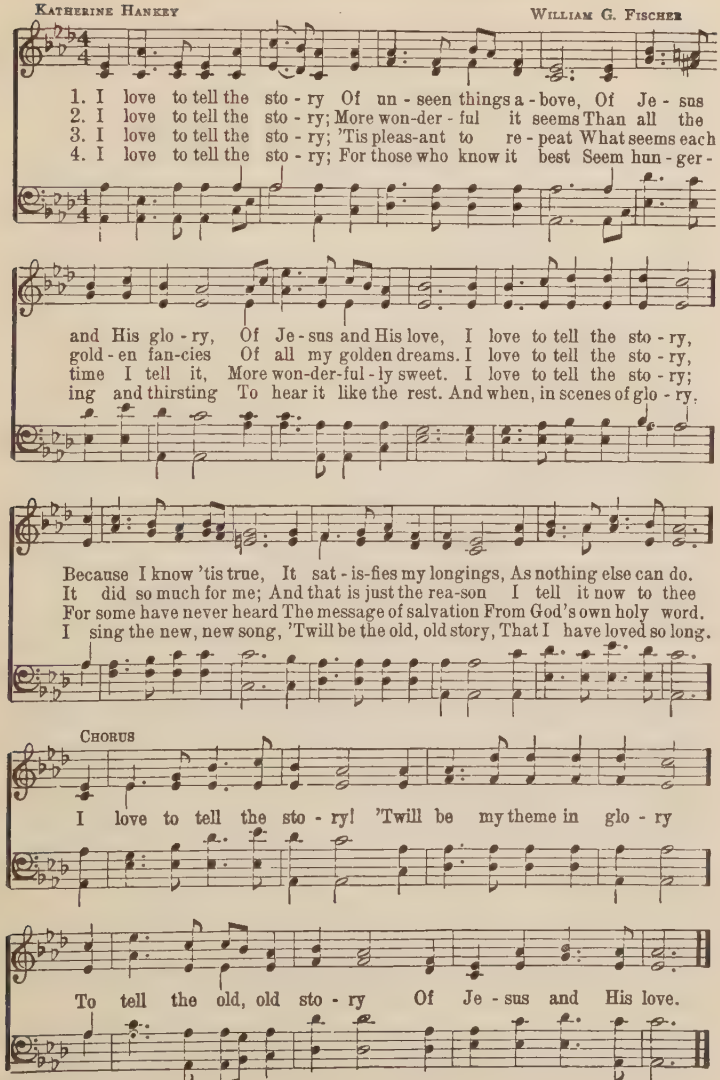
FRIEND. 8. 7. 8. 7. D.

JAMES G. SMALL, 1817-1888 GEORGE C. STEBBINS, 1846-

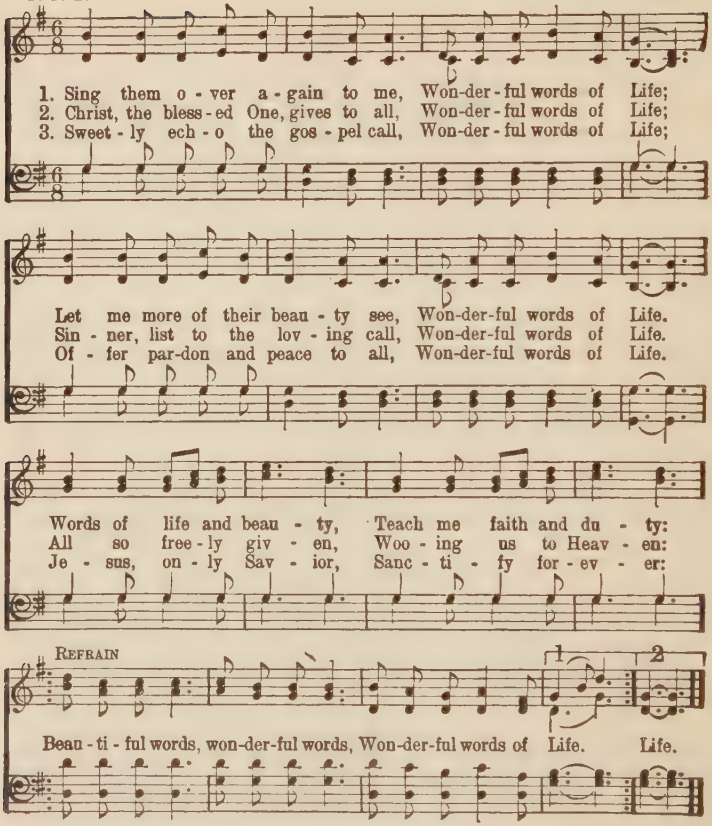

1. I've found a Friend, O such a Friend! He loved me ere I knew Him;
2. I've found a Friend, O such a Friend! He bled, He died to save me;
3. I've found a Friend, O such a Friend! So kind, and true, and ten - der,
He drew me with the cords of love, And thus He bound me to Him.
And not a - lone the gift of life, But His own self He gave me.
So wise a Coun - sel - or and Guide, So might - y a De-fend - er!
And 'round my heart still close - ly twine Those ties which naught can sev-er,
Naught that I have my own I call, I hold it for the Giv - er;
From Him who loves me now so well, What pow'r my soul can sev - er?
For I am His, and He is mine, For - ev - er and for-ev - er.
My heart, my strength, my life, my all Are His, and His for-ev - er.
Shall life or death, or earth or hell? No! I am His for-ev - er. A-MEN.

I Love To Tell The Story

KATHERINE HANKEY — WILLIAM G. FISCHER


1. I love to tell the sto - ry Of un - seen things a - bove, Of Je - sus
2. I love to tell the sto - ry; More won-der - ful it seems Than all the
3. I love to tell the sto - ry; 'Tis pleas-ant to re - peat What seems each
4. I love to tell the sto - ry; For those who know it best Seem hun - ger -
and His glo - ry, Of Je - sus and His love, I love to tell the sto - ry,
gold - en fan-cies Of all my golden dreams. I love to tell the sto - ry,
time I tell it, More won-der-ful - ly sweet. I love to tell the sto - ry;
ing and thirsting To hear it like the rest. And when, in scenes of glo - ry,
Because I know 'tis true, It sat - is-fies my longings, As nothing else can do.
It did so much for me; And that is just the rea-son I tell it now to thee
For some have never heard The message of salvation From God's own holy word.
I sing the new, new song, 'Twill be the old, old story, That I have loved so long.
CHORUS
I love to tell the sto - ry! 'Twill be my theme in glo - ry
To tell the old, old sto - ry Of Je - sus and His love.

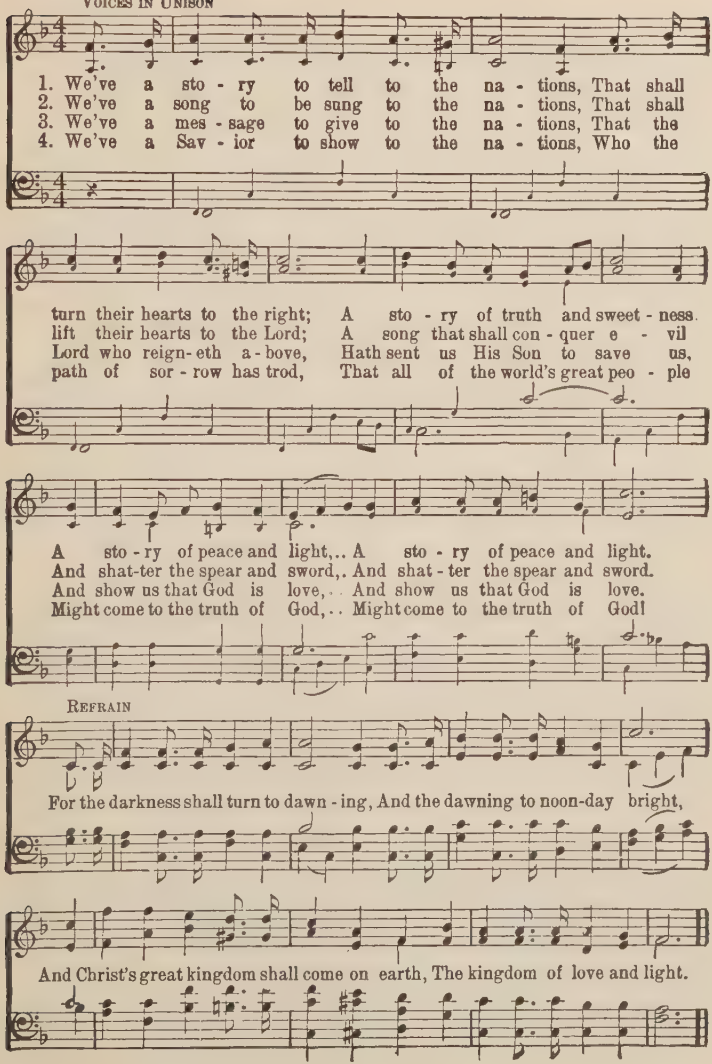
Wonderful Words Of Life

P. P. B. P. P. Bliss

1. Sing them o - ver a - gain to me, Won-der-ful words of Life;
2. Christ, the bless-ed One, gives to all, Won-der-ful words of Life;
3. Sweet - ly ech - o the gos - pel call, Won-der-ful words of Life;
Let me more of their beau - ty see, Won-der-ful words of Life.
Sin - ner, list to the lov - ing call, Won-der-ful words of Life.
Of - fer par-don and peace to all, Won-der-ful words of Life.
Words of life and beau - ty, Teach me faith and du - ty:
All so free - ly giv - en, Woo - ing us to Heav - en:
Je - sus, on - ly Sav - ior, Sanc - ti - fy for - ev - er:
Refrain
1
2
Beau - ti - ful words, won-der-ful words, Won-der-ful words of Life. Life.

If ye abide in me, and my words abide in you, ye shall ask what ye will, and it shall be done unto you.

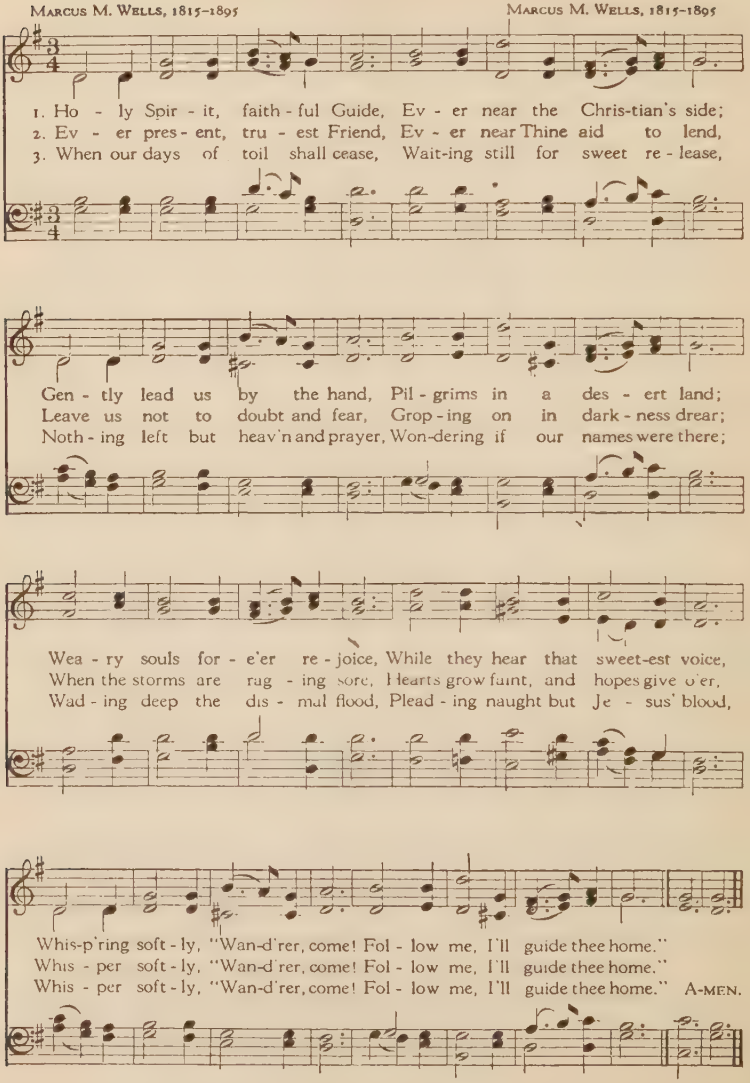
We've A Story To Tell

COLIN STERNE
VOICES IN UNISON

H. E. NICHOL

1. We've a sto - ry to tell to the na - tions, That shall
2. We've a song to be sung to the na - tions, That shall
3. We've a mes - sage to give to the na - tions, That the
4. We've a Sav - ior to show to the na - tions, Who the
turn their hearts to the right; A sto - ry of truth and sweet - ness.
lift their hearts to the Lord; A song that shall con - quer e - vil
Lord who reign- eth a - bove, Hath sent us His Son to save us,
path of sor - row has trod, That all of the world's great peo - ple
A sto - ry of peace and light,.. A sto - ry of peace and light.
And shat-ter the spear and sword,. And shat - ter the spear and sword.
And show us that God is love,.. And show us that God is love.
Might come to the truth of God,.. Might come to the truth of God!
REFRAIN
For the darkness shall turn to dawn - ing, And the dawning to noon-day bright,
And Christ's great kingdom shall come on earth, The kingdom of love and light.

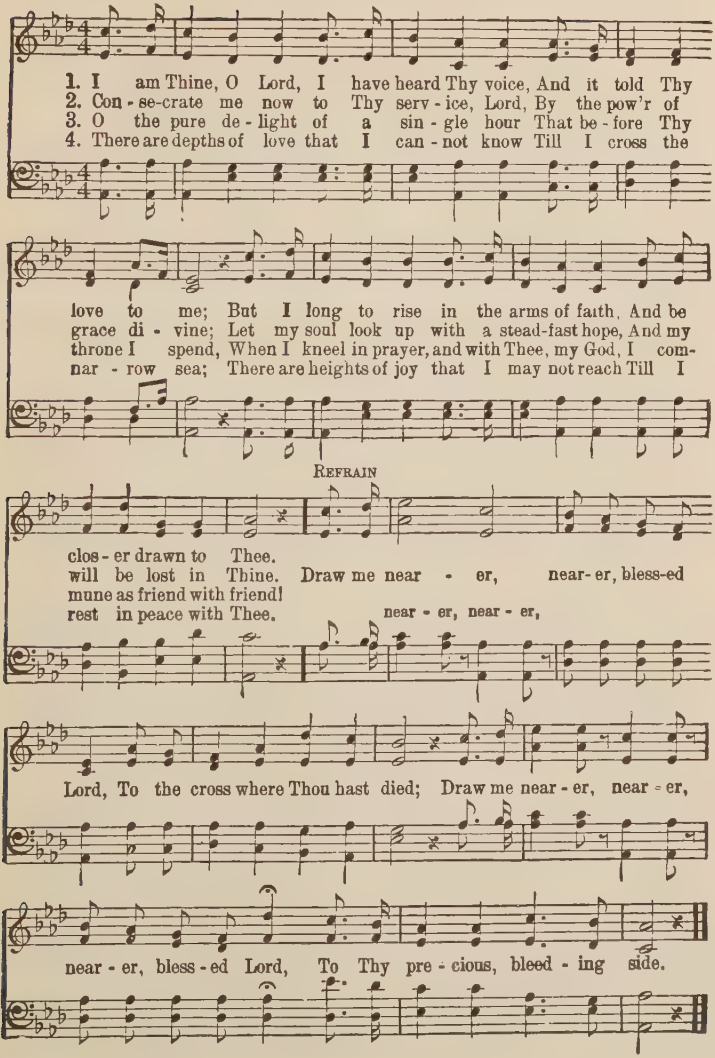
Holy Spirit, Faithful Guide

HOLY SPIRIT, FAITHFUL GUIDE. 7. 7. 7. 7. D.

MARCUS M. WELLS, 1815–1895

MARCUS M. WELLS, 1815–1895
1. Ho - ly Spir - it, faith - ful Guide, Ev - er near the Chris-tian's side;
2. Ev - er pres - ent, tru - est Friend, Ev - er near Thine aid to lend,
3. When our days of toil shall cease, Wait-ing still for sweet re - lease,
Gen - tly lead us by the hand, Pil - grims in a des - ert land;
Leave us not to doubt and fear, Grop - ing on in dark - ness drear;
Noth - ing left but heav'n and prayer, Won-dering if our names were there;
Wea - ry souls for - e'er re - joice, While they hear that sweet-est voice,
When the storms are rag - ing sore, Hearts grow faint, and hopes give o'er,
Wad - ing deep the dis - mal flood, Plead - ing naught but Je - sus' blood,
Whis-p'ring soft - ly, "Wan-d'rer, come! Fol - low me, I'll guide thee home."
Whis - per soft - ly, "Wan-d'rer, come! Fol - low me, I'll guide thee home."
Whis - per soft - ly, "Wan-d'rer, come! Fol - low me, I'll guide thee home." A-MEN.

I Am Thine, O Lord

FANNY J. CROSBY W. H. DOANE


1. I am Thine, O Lord, I have heard Thy voice, And it told Thy
2. Con - se-crate me now to Thy serv - ice, Lord, By the pow'r of
3. O the pure de - light of a sin - gle hour That be - fore Thy
4. There are depths of love that I can - not know Till I cross the
love to me; But I long to rise in the arms of faith, And be
grace di - vine; Let my soul look up with a stead-fast hope, And my
throne I spend, When I kneel in prayer, and with Thee, my God, I com-
nar - row sea; There are heights of joy that I may not reach Till I
REFRAIN
clos - er drawn to Thee.
will be lost in Thine. Draw me near - er, near-er, bless-ed
mune as friend with friend!
rest in peace with Thee.
near - er, near - er,
Lord, To the cross where Thou hast died; Draw me near - er, near - er,
near - er, bless - ed Lord, To Thy pre - cious, bleed - ing side.

Softly And Tenderly

W. L. T. — Will L. Thompson

Very slow ***pp*** *m*

1. Soft - ly and ten-der - ly Je - sus is call-ing, Call - ing for you and for me;
2. Why should we tarry when Jesus is plead-ing, Pleading for you and for me?
3. Time is now fleeting, the moments are passing, Passing from you and from me;
4. Oh! for the won-der-ful love He has promised, Promised for you and for me;

See, on the portals He's waiting and watching, Watching for you and for me.
Why should we linger and heed not His mercies, Mer-cies for you and for me?
Shadows are gathering, death-beds are coming, Com-ing for you and for me.
Tho' we have sinned, He has mercy and pardon, Par-don for you and for me.

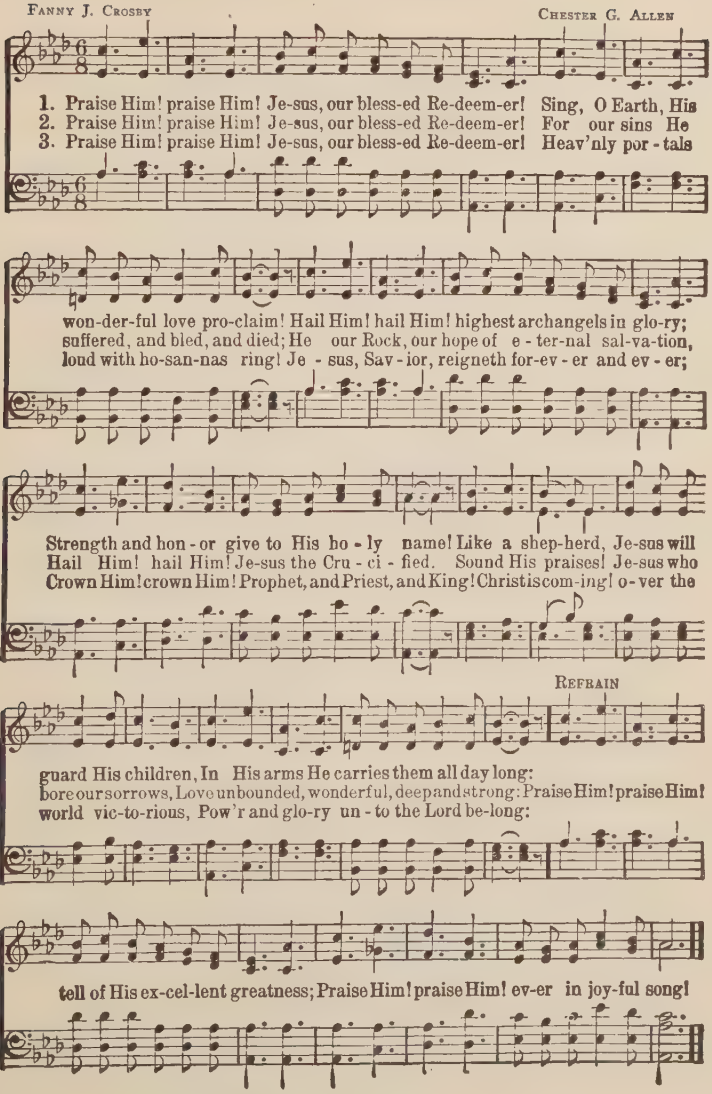
Chorus *m* *cresc.*

Come home,.. come home,..... Ye who are wear-y, come home;...
Come home, come home.

pp ***ppp*** *rit.* ***pp***

Ear-nest-ly, ten-der-ly, Je - sus is call-ing, Call-ing, O sin-ner, come home!

Praise Him! Praise Him!

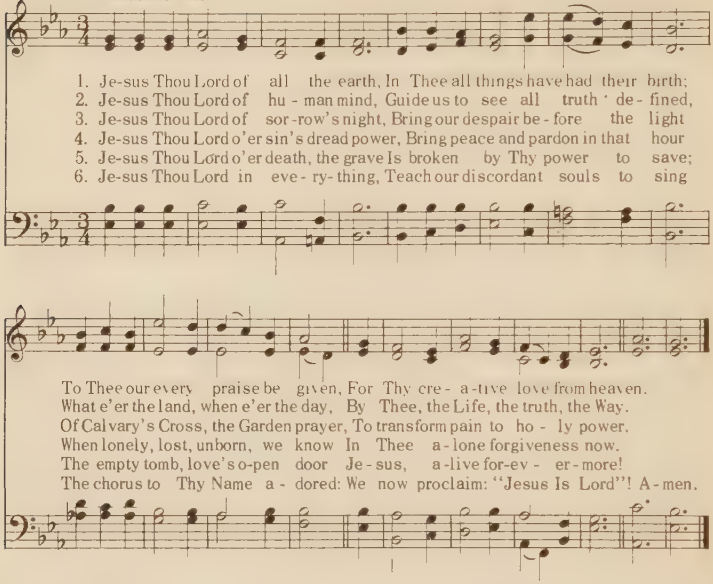
FANNY J. CROSBY CHESTER G. ALLEN

1. Praise Him! praise Him! Je-sus, our bless-ed Re-deem-er! Sing, O Earth, His
2. Praise Him! praise Him! Je-sus, our bless-ed Re-deem-er! For our sins He
3. Praise Him! praise Him! Je-sus, our bless-ed Re-deem-er! Heav'nly por-tals
won-der-ful love pro-claim! Hail Him! hail Him! highest archangels in glo-ry;
suffered, and bled, and died; He our Rock, our hope of e-ter-nal sal-va-tion,
loud with ho-san-nas ring! Je-sus, Sav-ior, reigneth for-ev-er and ev-er;
Strength and hon-or give to His ho-ly name! Like a shep-herd, Je-sus will
Hail Him! hail Him! Je-sus the Cru-ci-fied. Sound His praises! Je-sus who
Crown Him! crown Him! Prophet, and Priest, and King! Christ is com-ing! o-ver the
REFRAIN
guard His children, In His arms He carries them all day long:
bore our sorrows, Love unbounded, wonderful, deep and strong: Praise Him! praise Him!
world vic-to-rious, Pow'r and glo-ry un-to the Lord be-long:
tell of His ex-cel-lent greatness; Praise Him! praise Him! ev-er in joy-ful song!

Jesus, Thou Lord

Rev. Claude Thompson

Rev. Henry Percy Smith, 1874

In moderate time


1. Je-sus Thou Lord of all the earth, In Thee all things have had their birth;
2. Je-sus Thou Lord of hu - man mind, Guide us to see all truth de - fined,
3. Je-sus Thou Lord of sor-row's night, Bring our despair be - fore the light
4. Je-sus Thou Lord o'er sin's dread power, Bring peace and pardon in that hour
5. Je-sus Thou Lord o'er death, the grave Is broken by Thy power to save;
6. Je-sus Thou Lord in eve - ry-thing, Teach our discordant souls to sing
To Thee our every praise be given, For Thy cre - a-tive love from heaven.
What e'er the land, when e'er the day, By Thee, the Life, the truth, the Way.
Of Calvary's Cross, the Garden prayer, To transform pain to ho - ly power.
When lonely, lost, unborn, we know In Thee a-lone forgiveness now.
The empty tomb, love's o-pen door Je-sus, a-live for-ev - er-more!
The chorus to Thy Name a - dored: We now proclaim: "Jesus Is Lord"! A-men.

Love suffereth long, and is kind; love envieth not;

Love vaunteth not itself, is not puffed up;

Doth not behave itself unseemly, seeketh not its own,

Is not easily provoked, thinketh no evil;

Rejoiceth not in iniquity, but rejoiceth in the truth;

Beareth all things, believeth all things, hopeth all things, endureth all things.

Love never faileth:

My Prayer of Affirmation

Tune: O Master Let Me Walk With Thee

1. My Father fashioned all of me
   In His Own image—perfect-free.
   When I'm not well, it's not His will;
   He'll re-create me, if I'm still

2. And trust Him, while He works within;
   To cleanse and heal me of all sin—
   For life is changed within, you know,
   Before results outside can show.

3. So, I must trust, be calm, and pray
   And KNOW His strength is mine each day.
   Christ lives in me, how can I fear,
   Mere human woes, when He is here

4. With Power Divine to make anew
   Each part that fails to function true?
   Dear Lord, I give my life to Thee
   To mould as You would have it be.

5. My grateful heart to Thee, I bring,
   My Jesus, Saviour, Lord and King.
   My grateful heart to Thee, I bring,
   My Jesus Saviour, Lord and King.

Written by Louise W. Eggleston to strengthen those who seek His Healing Love.
Used by permission of Mrs. Eggleston.

Meet Christ in the Morning

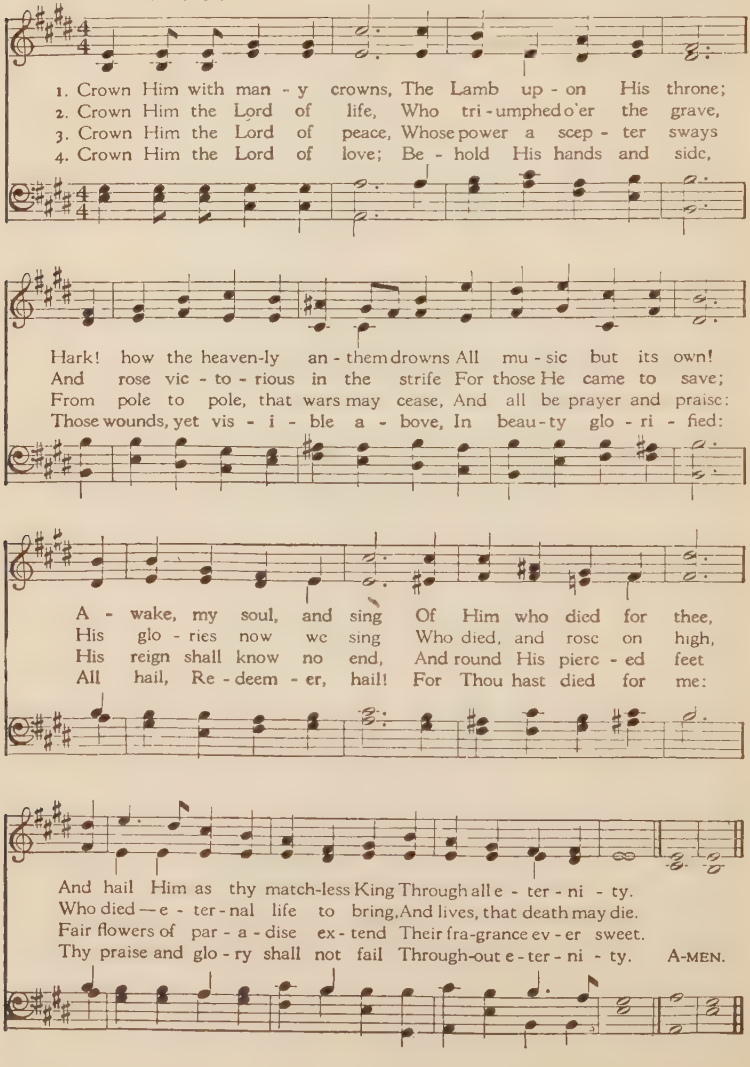
(Tune: Bells of St. Mary)

Meet Christ in the morning, When new days are dawning:
Meet Christ in the evening, He values your prayer.
The world will alarm you, But Jesus will calm you,
Spend much time in the secret place, He'll meet you there.

Crown Him With Many Crowns

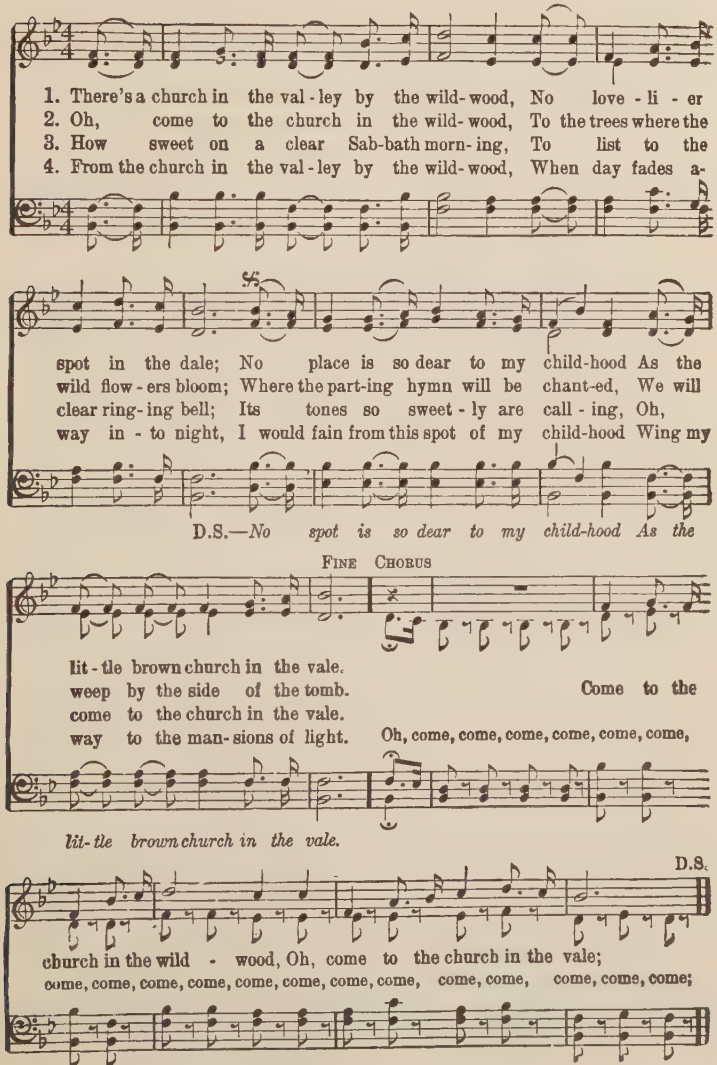
DIADEMATA. S. M. D.

MATTHEW BRIDGES, 1800–1894 and GODFREY THRING, 1823–1903

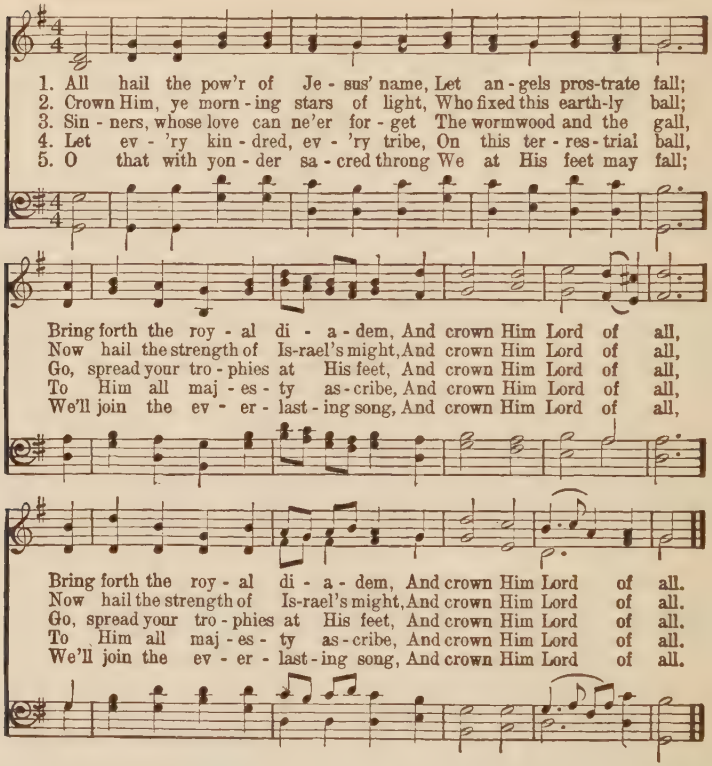
GEORGE J. ELVEY, 1816–1893

1. Crown Him with man - y crowns, The Lamb up - on His throne;
2. Crown Him the Lord of life, Who tri - umphed o'er the grave,
3. Crown Him the Lord of peace, Whose power a scep - ter sways
4. Crown Him the Lord of love; Be - hold His hands and side,
Hark! how the heaven-ly an - them drowns All mu - sic but its own!
And rose vic - to - rious in the strife For those He came to save;
From pole to pole, that wars may cease, And all be prayer and praise:
Those wounds, yet vis - i - ble a - bove, In beau - ty glo - ri - fied:
A - wake, my soul, and sing Of Him who died for thee,
His glo - ries now we sing Who died, and rose on high,
His reign shall know no end, And round His pierc - ed feet
All hail, Re - deem - er, hail! For Thou hast died for me:
And hail Him as thy match-less King Through all e - ter - ni - ty.
Who died — e - ter - nal life to bring, And lives, that death may die.
Fair flowers of par - a - dise ex - tend Their fra-grance ev - er sweet.
Thy praise and glo - ry shall not fail Through-out e - ter - ni - ty. A-MEN.

The Church In The Wildwood

W. S. P. DR. WM. S. PITTS

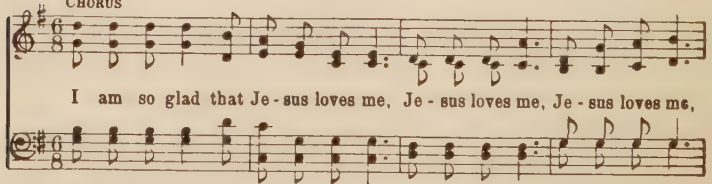
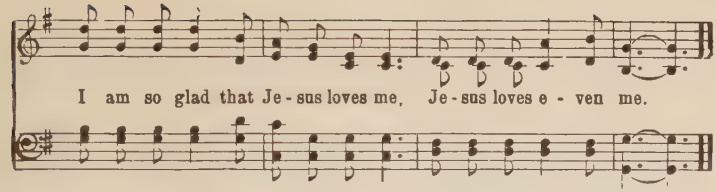

1. There's a church in the val - ley by the wild - wood, No love - li - er
2. Oh, come to the church in the wild - wood, To the trees where the
3. How sweet on a clear Sab-bath morn - ing, To list to the
4. From the church in the val - ley by the wild - wood, When day fades a-
spot in the dale; No place is so dear to my child-hood As the
wild flow - ers bloom; Where the part-ing hymn will be chant-ed, We will
clear ring - ing bell; Its tones so sweet - ly are call - ing, Oh,
way in - to night, I would fain from this spot of my child-hood Wing my
D.S.—*No spot is so dear to my child-hood As the*
FINE CHORUS
lit - tle brown church in the vale.
weep by the side of the tomb.
come to the church in the vale.
way to the man - sions of light.
Come to the
Oh, come, come, come, come, come, come,
lit - tle brown church in the vale.
D.S.
church in the wild - wood, Oh, come to the church in the vale;
come, come, come, come, come, come, come, come, come, come, come, come;

All Hail The Power Of Jesus' Name

EDWARD PERRONET — OLIVER HOLDEN

1. All hail the pow'r of Je - sus' name, Let an - gels pros-trate fall;
2. Crown Him, ye morn - ing stars of light, Who fixed this earth-ly ball;
3. Sin - ners, whose love can ne'er for - get The wormwood and the gall,
4. Let ev - 'ry kin - dred, ev - 'ry tribe, On this ter - res - trial ball,
5. O that with yon - der sa - cred throng We at His feet may fall;
Bring forth the roy - al di - a - dem, And crown Him Lord of all,
Now hail the strength of Is-rael's might, And crown Him Lord of all,
Go, spread your tro - phies at His feet, And crown Him Lord of all,
To Him all maj - es - ty as - cribe, And crown Him Lord of all,
We'll join the ev - er - last - ing song, And crown Him Lord of all,
Bring forth the roy - al di - a - dem, And crown Him Lord of all.
Now hail the strength of Is-rael's might, And crown Him Lord of all.
Go, spread your tro - phies at His feet, And crown Him Lord of all.
To Him all maj - es - ty as - cribe, And crown Him Lord of all.
We'll join the ev - er - last - ing song, And crown Him Lord of all.

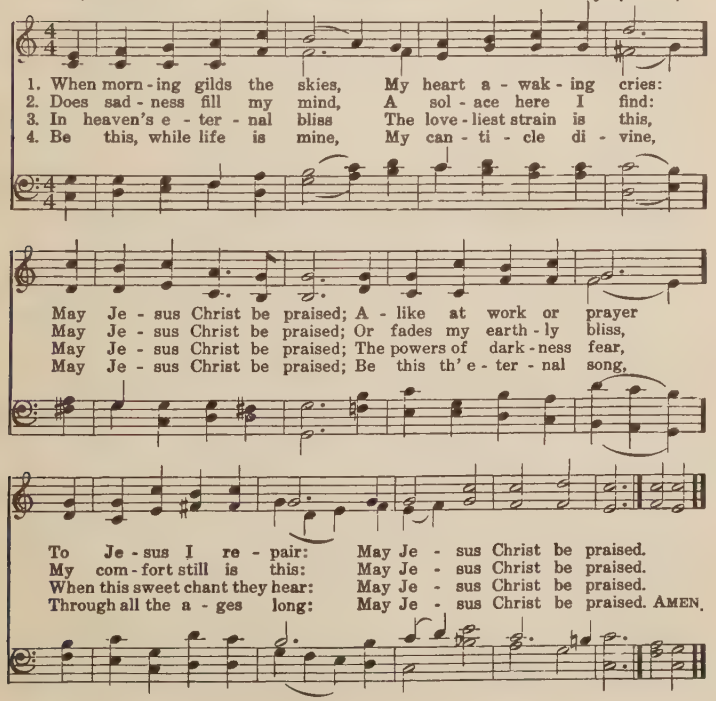
Jesus Loves Even Me

P. P. B. — P. P. BLISS

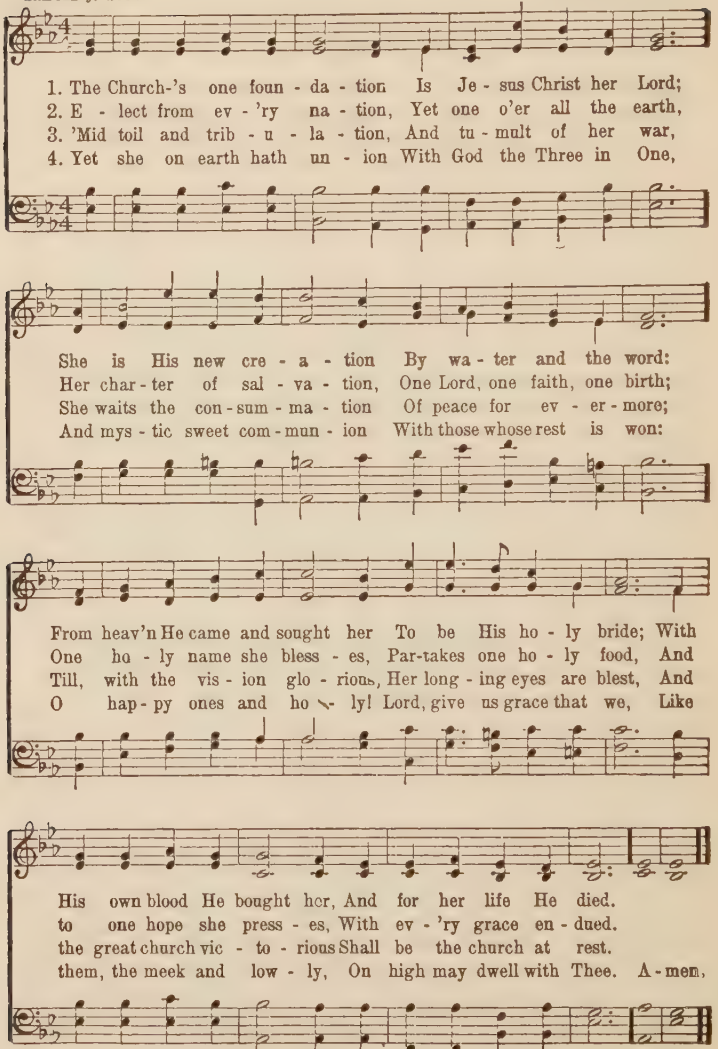
CHORUS

May Jesus Christ Be Praised

From the German
Tr. by Edward Caswall

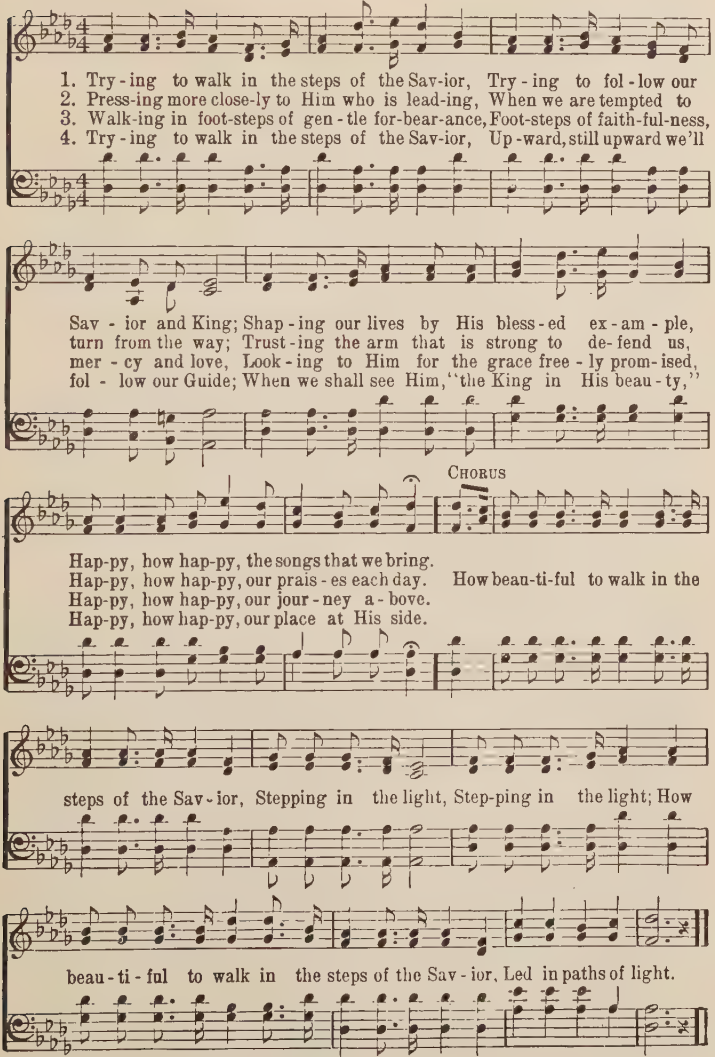
LAUDES DOMINI

Joseph Barnby

1. When morn - ing gilds the skies, My heart a - wak - ing cries:
2. Does sad - ness fill my mind, A sol - ace here I find:
3. In heaven's e - ter - nal bliss The love - liest strain is this,
4. Be this, while life is mine, My can - ti - cle di - vine,
May Je - sus Christ be praised; A - like at work or prayer
May Je - sus Christ be praised; Or fades my earth - ly bliss,
May Je - sus Christ be praised; The powers of dark - ness fear,
May Je - sus Christ be praised; Be this th' e - ter - nal song,
To Je - sus I re - pair: May Je - sus Christ be praised.
My com - fort still is this: May Je - sus Christ be praised.
When this sweet chant they hear: May Je - sus Christ be praised.
Through all the a - ges long: May Je - sus Christ be praised. AMEN.

The Church's One Foundation

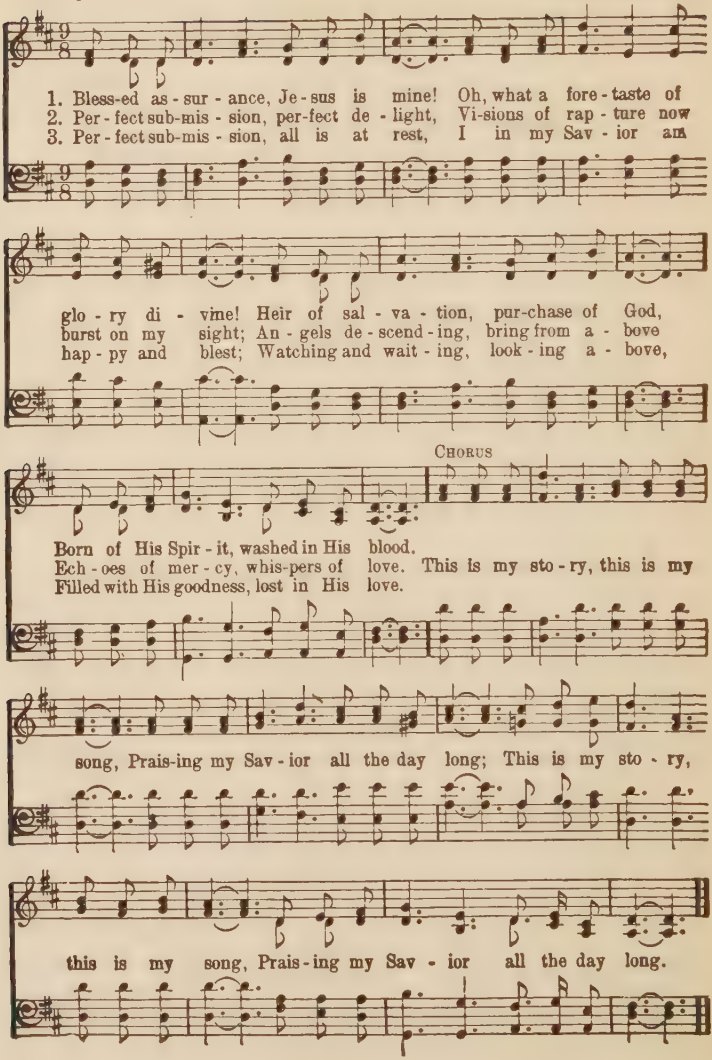
SAMUEL J. STONE — SAMUEL S. WESLEY

1. The Church-'s one foun - da - tion Is Je - sus Christ her Lord;
2. E - lect from ev - 'ry na - tion, Yet one o'er all the earth,
3. 'Mid toil and trib - u - la - tion, And tu - mult of her war,
4. Yet she on earth hath un - ion With God the Three in One,
She is His new cre - a - tion By wa - ter and the word:
Her char - ter of sal - va - tion, One Lord, one faith, one birth;
She waits the con - sum - ma - tion Of peace for ev - er - more;
And mys - tic sweet com - mun - ion With those whose rest is won:
From heav'n He came and sought her To be His ho - ly bride; With
One ho - ly name she bless - es, Par-takes one ho - ly food, And
Till, with the vis - ion glo - rious, Her long - ing eyes are blest, And
O hap - py ones and ho - ly! Lord, give us grace that we, Like
His own blood He bought her, And for her life He died.
to one hope she press - es, With ev - 'ry grace en - dued.
the great church vic - to - rious Shall be the church at rest.
them, the meek and low - ly, On high may dwell with Thee. A - men.

Stepping in the Light

E. E. Hewitt — Wm. J. Kirkpatrick

1. Try - ing to walk in the steps of the Sav-ior, Try - ing to fol - low our
2. Press-ing more close-ly to Him who is lead-ing, When we are tempted to
3. Walk-ing in foot-steps of gen - tle for-bear-ance, Foot-steps of faith-ful-ness,
4. Try - ing to walk in the steps of the Sav-ior, Up - ward, still upward we'll
Sav - ior and King; Shap - ing our lives by His bless - ed ex - am - ple,
turn from the way; Trust - ing the arm that is strong to de - fend us,
mer - cy and love, Look - ing to Him for the grace free - ly prom - ised,
fol - low our Guide; When we shall see Him, "the King in His beau - ty,"
Chorus
Hap-py, how hap-py, the songs that we bring.
Hap-py, how hap-py, our prais - es each day. How beau-ti-ful to walk in the
Hap-py, how hap-py, our jour - ney a - bove.
Hap-py, how hap-py, our place at His side.
steps of the Sav - ior, Stepping in the light, Step-ping in the light; How
beau - ti - ful to walk in the steps of the Sav - ior, Led in paths of light.

Blessed Assurance

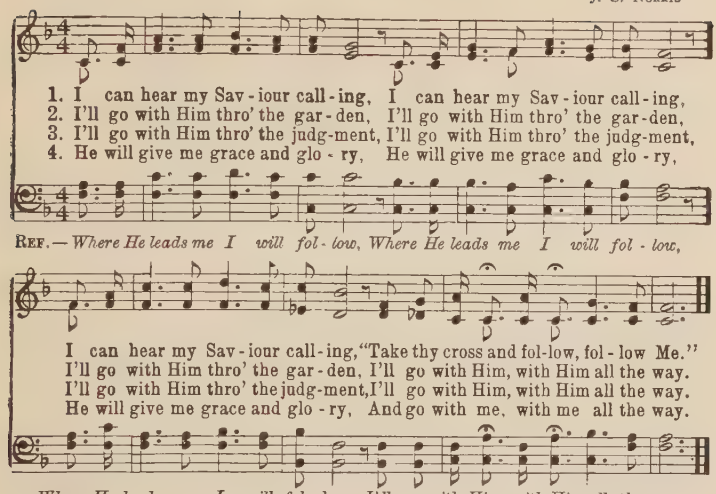
FANNY J. CROSBY — MRS. J. F. KNAPP


1. Bless-ed as-sur-ance, Je-sus is mine! Oh, what a fore-taste of
2. Per-fect sub-mis-sion, per-fect de-light, Vi-sions of rap-ture now
3. Per-fect sub-mis-sion, all is at rest, I in my Sav-ior am
glo-ry di-vine! Heir of sal-va-tion, pur-chase of God,
burst on my sight; An-gels de-scend-ing, bring from a-bove
hap-py and blest; Watching and wait-ing, look-ing a-bove,
CHORUS
Born of His Spir-it, washed in His blood.
Ech-oes of mer-cy, whis-pers of love. This is my sto-ry, this is my
Filled with His goodness, lost in His love.
song, Prais-ing my Sav-ior all the day long; This is my sto-ry,
this is my song, Prais-ing my Sav-ior all the day long.

Where He Leads Me

E. W. Blandly

J. S. Norris

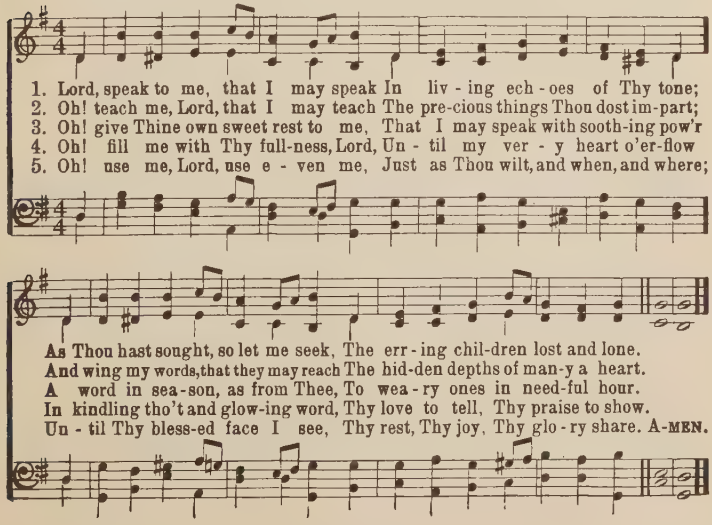

1. I can hear my Sav - iour call - ing, I can hear my Sav - iour call - ing,
2. I'll go with Him thro' the gar - den, I'll go with Him thro' the gar - den,
3. I'll go with Him thro' the judg - ment, I'll go with Him thro' the judg - ment,
4. He will give me grace and glo - ry, He will give me grace and glo - ry,
Ref.— Where He leads me I will fol - low, Where He leads me I will fol - low,
I can hear my Sav - iour call - ing, "Take thy cross and fol - low, fol - low Me."
I'll go with Him thro' the gar - den, I'll go with Him, with Him all the way.
I'll go with Him thro' the judg - ment, I'll go with Him, with Him all the way.
He will give me grace and glo - ry, And go with me, with me all the way.
Where He leads me I will fol - low, I'll go with Him, with Him all the way.

Lord, Speak To Me, That I May Speak

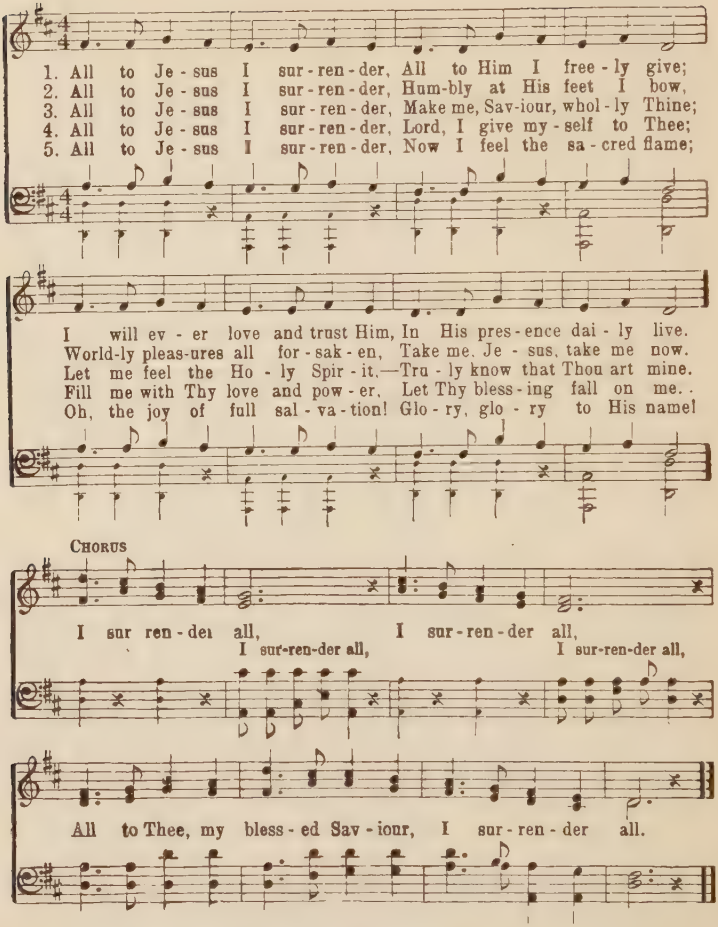
Frances R. Havergal

CANONBURY. L. M.

Robert A. Schumann


1. Lord, speak to me, that I may speak In liv - ing ech - oes of Thy tone;
2. Oh! teach me, Lord, that I may teach The pre - cious things Thou dost im - part;
3. Oh! give Thine own sweet rest to me, That I may speak with sooth - ing pow'r
4. Oh! fill me with Thy full - ness, Lord, Un - til my ver - y heart o'er - flow
5. Oh! use me, Lord, use e - ven me, Just as Thou wilt, and when, and where;
As Thou hast sought, so let me seek, The err - ing chil - dren lost and lone.
And wing my words, that they may reach The hid - den depths of man - y a heart.
A word in sea - son, as from Thee, To wea - ry ones in need - ful hour.
In kindling tho't and glow - ing word, Thy love to tell, Thy praise to show.
Un - til Thy bless - ed face I see, Thy rest, Thy joy, Thy glo - ry share. A - MEN.

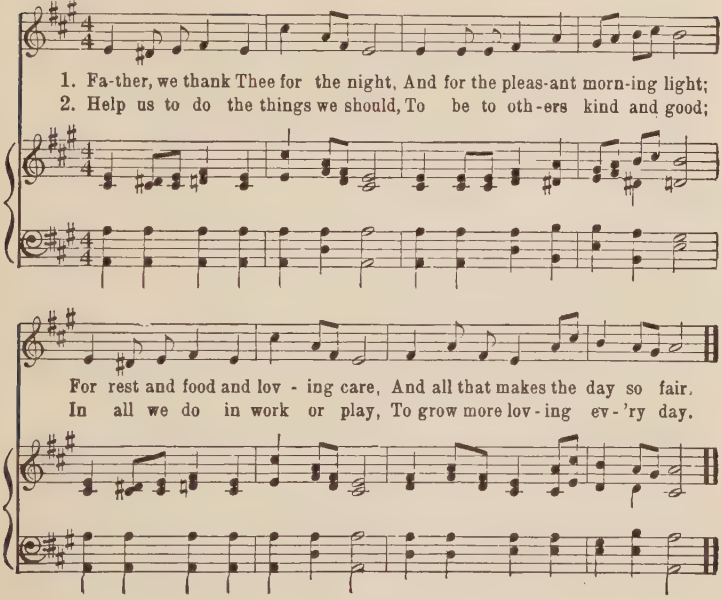
I Surrender All

J. W. Van Deventer — W. S. Weeden

1. All to Je - sus I sur - ren - der, All to Him I free - ly give;
2. All to Je - sus I sur - ren - der, Hum-bly at His feet I bow,
3. All to Je - sus I sur - ren - der, Make me, Sav-iour, whol - ly Thine;
4. All to Je - sus I sur - ren - der, Lord, I give my - self to Thee;
5. All to Je - sus I sur - ren - der, Now I feel the sa - cred flame;
I will ev - er love and trust Him, In His pres - ence dai - ly live.
World-ly pleas-ures all for - sak - en, Take me, Je - sus, take me now.
Let me feel the Ho - ly Spir - it,—Tru - ly know that Thou art mine.
Fill me with Thy love and pow - er, Let Thy bless - ing fall on me.
Oh, the joy of full sal - va - tion! Glo - ry, glo - ry to His name!
Chorus
I sur ren - der all, I sur - ren - der all,
I sur-ren-der all, I sur-ren-der all,
All to Thee, my bless - ed Sav - iour, I sur - ren - der all.

This is my commandment, that ye love one another, even as I have loved you.

Father, We Thank Thee

REBECCA J. WESION D. BATCHELLOR


1. Fa-ther, we thank Thee for the night, And for the pleas-ant morn-ing light;
2. Help us to do the things we should, To be to oth-ers kind and good;
For rest and food and lov - ing care, And all that makes the day so fair.
In all we do in work or play, To grow more lov-ing ev-'ry day.

Into My Heart

(MY PRAYER)

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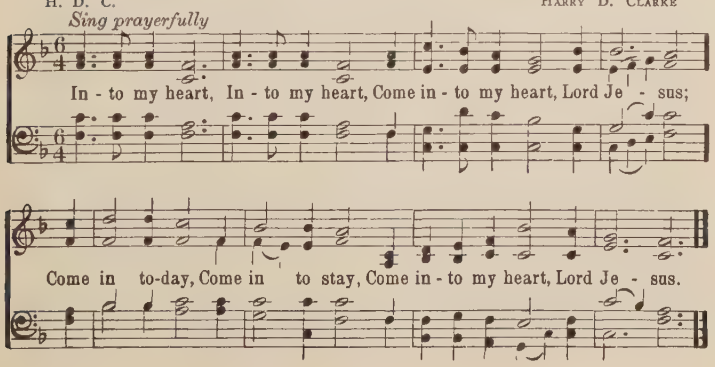
H. D. C. HARRY D. CLARKE

Sing prayerfully
In - to my heart, In - to my heart, Come in - to my heart, Lord Je - sus;
Come in to-day, Come in to stay, Come in - to my heart, Lord Je - sus.

The Beautiful Garden Of Prayer

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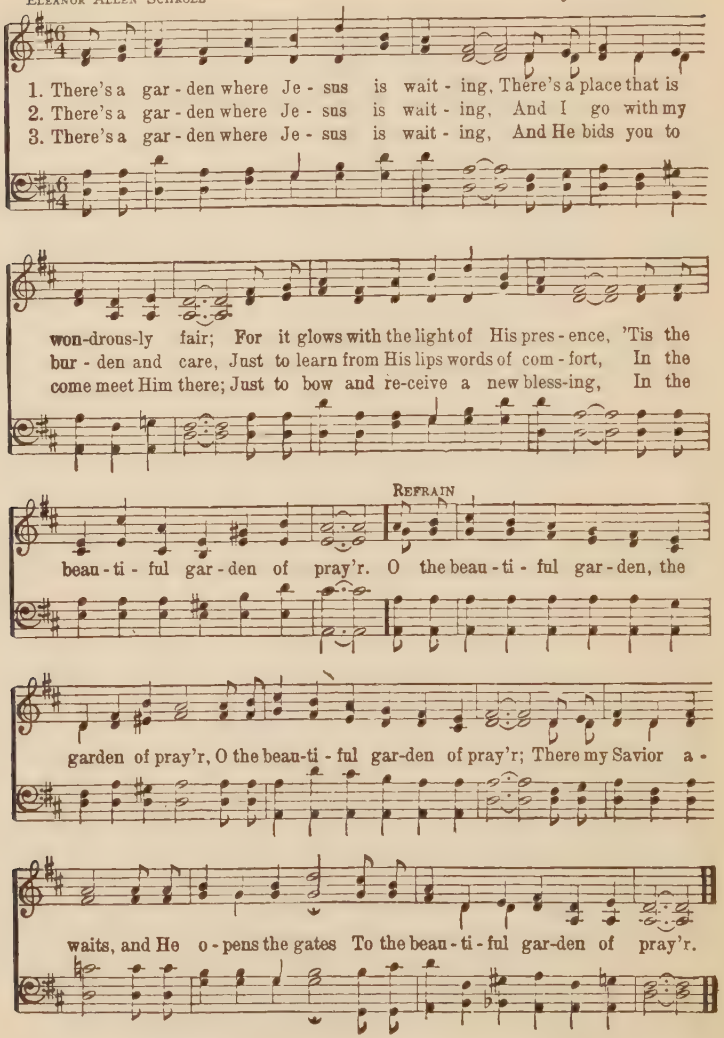
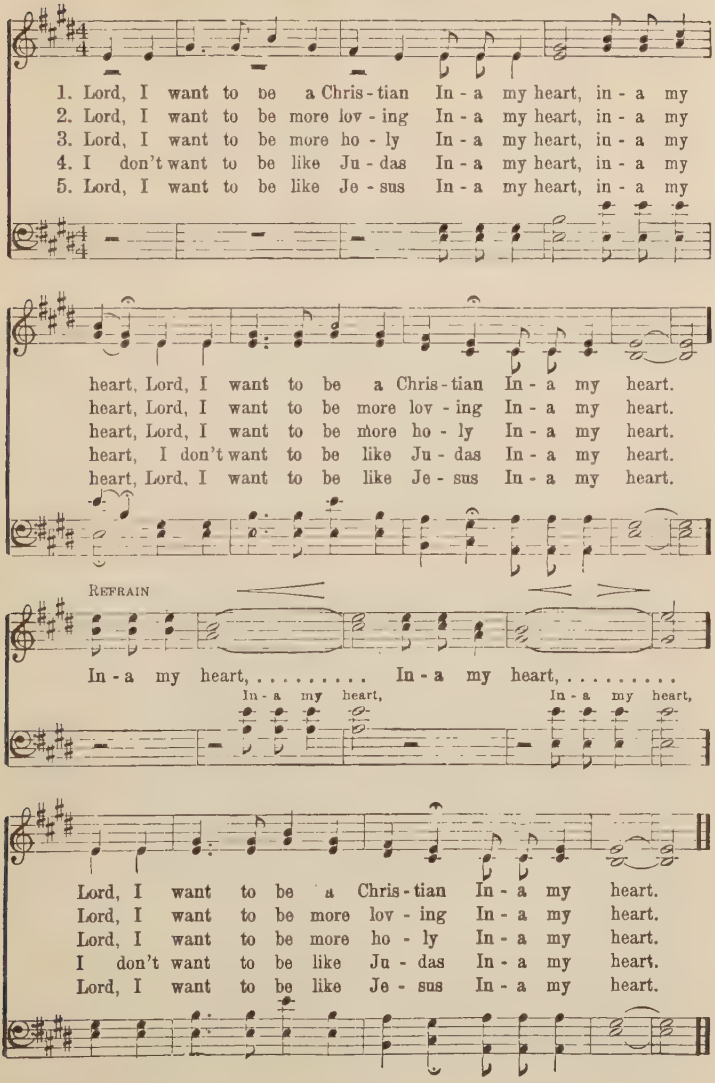
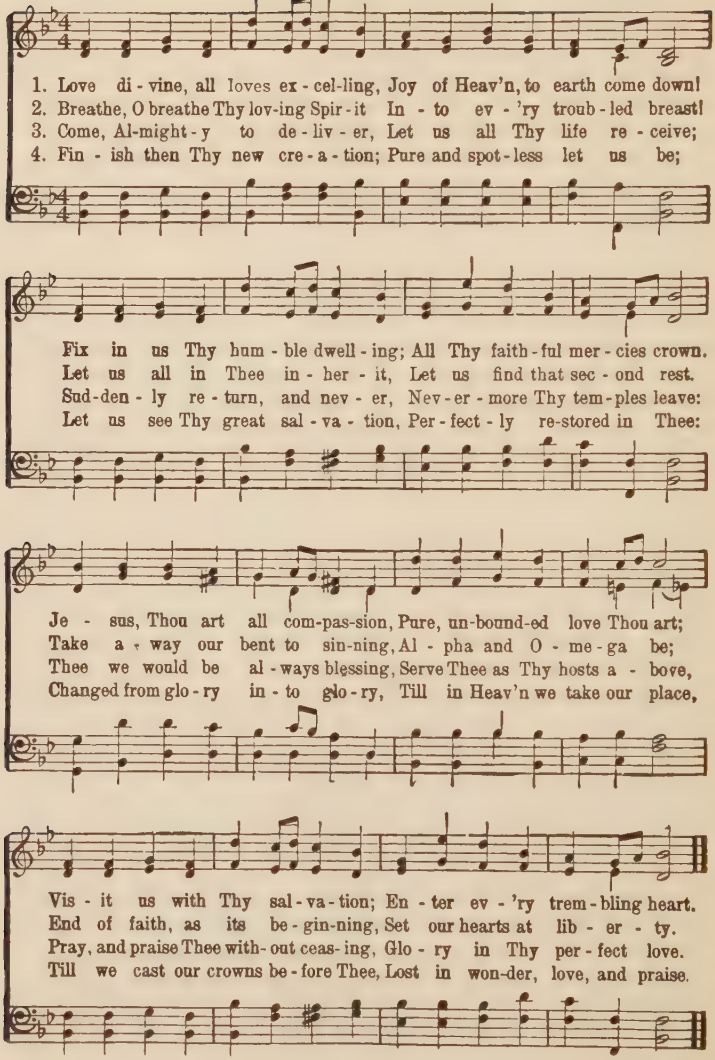
ELEANOR ALLEN SCHROLL — J. H. FILLMORE

1. There's a gar - den where Je - sus is wait - ing, There's a place that is
2. There's a gar - den where Je - sus is wait - ing, And I go with my
3. There's a gar - den where Je - sus is wait - ing, And He bids you to
won-drous-ly fair; For it glows with the light of His pres - ence, 'Tis the
bur - den and care, Just to learn from His lips words of com - fort, In the
come meet Him there; Just to bow and re-ceive a new bless-ing, In the
REFRAIN
beau - ti - ful gar - den of pray'r. O the beau - ti - ful gar - den, the
garden of pray'r, O the beau-ti - ful gar-den of pray'r; There my Savior a -
waits, and He o - pens the gates To the beau - ti - ful gar-den of pray'r.

Lord, I Want To Be A Christian

1. Lord, I want to be a Chris-tian In-a my heart, in-a my
2. Lord, I want to be more lov-ing In-a my heart, in-a my
3. Lord, I want to be more ho-ly In-a my heart, in-a my
4. I don't want to be like Ju-das In-a my heart, in-a my
5. Lord, I want to be like Je-sus In-a my heart, in-a my
heart, Lord, I want to be a Chris-tian In-a my heart.
heart, Lord, I want to be more lov-ing In-a my heart.
heart, Lord, I want to be more ho-ly In-a my heart.
heart, I don't want to be like Ju-das In-a my heart.
heart, Lord, I want to be like Je-sus In-a my heart.
Refrain
In-a my heart, ... In-a my heart, ...
In-a my heart, In-a my heart,
Lord, I want to be a Chris-tian In-a my heart.
Lord, I want to be more lov-ing In-a my heart.
Lord, I want to be more ho-ly In-a my heart.
I don't want to be like Ju-das In-a my heart.
Lord, I want to be like Je-sus In-a my heart.

Religious Folk Songs of the Negro, by permission.

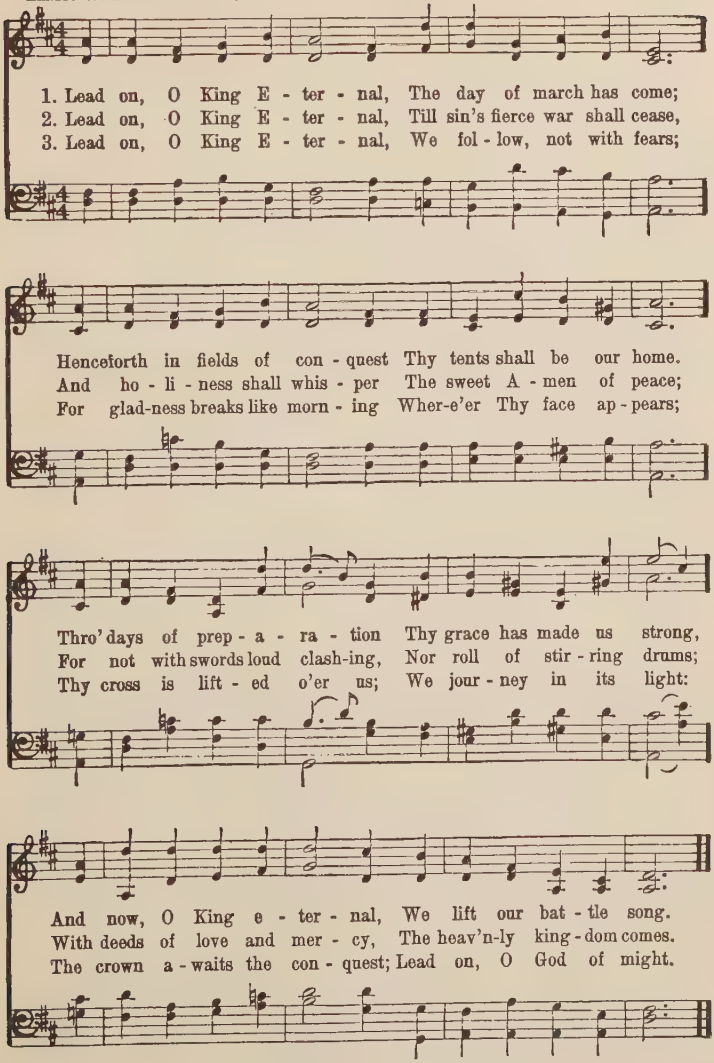
Love Divine

CHARLES WESLEY JOHN ZUNDEL

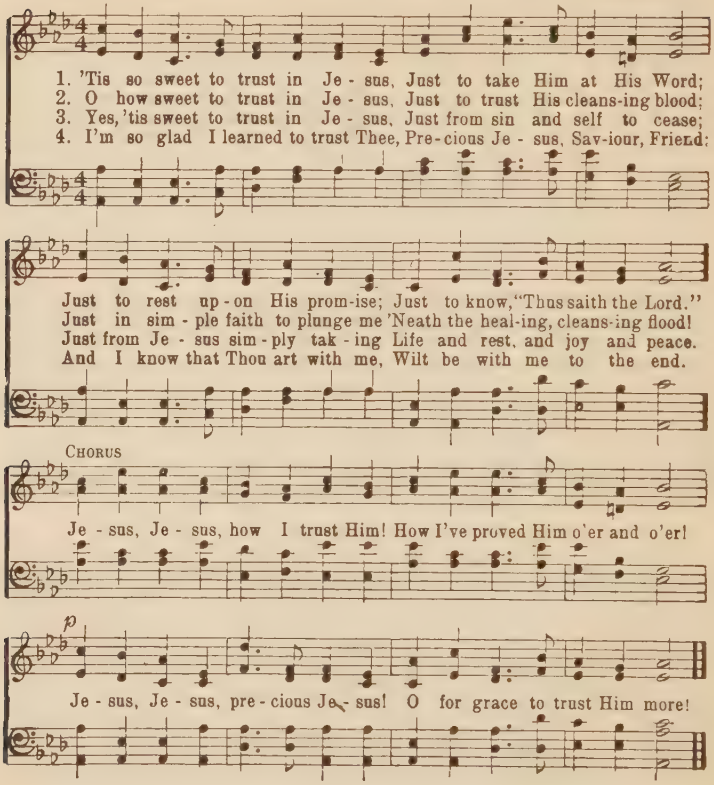

1. Love di - vine, all loves ex - cel-ling, Joy of Heav'n, to earth come down!
2. Breathe, O breathe Thy lov-ing Spir - it In - to ev - 'ry troub - led breast!
3. Come, Al-might - y to de - liv - er, Let us all Thy life re - ceive;
4. Fin - ish then Thy new cre - a - tion; Pure and spot - less let us be;
Fix in us Thy hum - ble dwell - ing; All Thy faith - ful mer - cies crown.
Let us all in Thee in - her - it, Let us find that sec - ond rest.
Sud-den - ly re - turn, and nev - er, Nev - er - more Thy tem - ples leave:
Let us see Thy great sal - va - tion, Per - fect - ly re-stored in Thee:
Je - sus, Thou art all com-pas-sion, Pure, un-bound-ed love Thou art;
Take a - way our bent to sin-ning, Al - pha and O - me - ga be;
Thee we would be al - ways blessing, Serve Thee as Thy hosts a - bove,
Changed from glo - ry in - to glo - ry, Till in Heav'n we take our place,
Vis - it us with Thy sal - va - tion; En - ter ev - 'ry trem - bling heart.
End of faith, as its be - gin-ning, Set our hearts at lib - er - ty.
Pray, and praise Thee with - out ceas - ing, Glo - ry in Thy per - fect love.
Till we cast our crowns be - fore Thee, Lost in won-der, love, and praise.

Lead On, O King Eternal

Ernest W. Shurtleff — LANCASHIRE — Henry Smart


1. Lead on, O King E - ter - nal, The day of march has come;
2. Lead on, O King E - ter - nal, Till sin's fierce war shall cease,
3. Lead on, O King E - ter - nal, We fol - low, not with fears;
Henceforth in fields of con - quest Thy tents shall be our home.
And ho - li - ness shall whis - per The sweet A - men of peace;
For glad-ness breaks like morn - ing Wher-e'er Thy face ap - pears;
Thro' days of prep - a - ra - tion Thy grace has made us strong,
For not with swords loud clash-ing, Nor roll of stir - ring drums;
Thy cross is lift - ed o'er us; We jour - ney in its light:
And now, O King e - ter - nal, We lift our bat - tle song.
With deeds of love and mer - cy, The heav'n-ly king - dom comes.
The crown a - waits the con - quest; Lead on, O God of might.

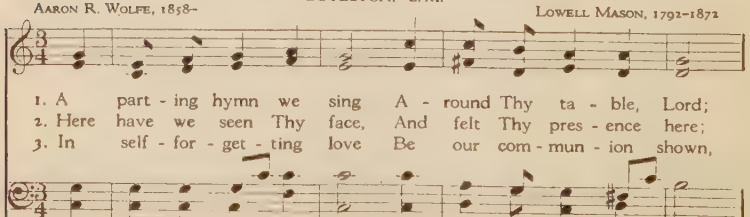
'Tis So Sweet To Trust In Jesus

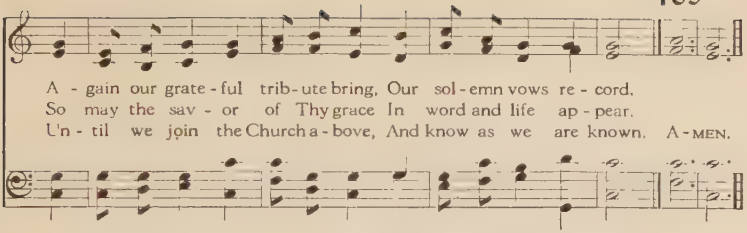
LOUISA M. R. STEAD — WM. J. KIRKPATRICK

1. 'Tis so sweet to trust in Je - sus, Just to take Him at His Word;
2. O how sweet to trust in Je - sus, Just to trust His cleans-ing blood;
3. Yes, 'tis sweet to trust in Je - sus, Just from sin and self to cease;
4. I'm so glad I learned to trust Thee, Pre-cious Je - sus, Sav-iour, Friend;
Just to rest up - on His prom-ise; Just to know, "Thus saith the Lord."
Just in sim - ple faith to plunge me 'Neath the heal-ing, cleans-ing flood!
Just from Je - sus sim - ply tak - ing Life and rest, and joy and peace.
And I know that Thou art with me, Wilt be with me to the end.
CHORUS
Je - sus, Je - sus, how I trust Him! How I've proved Him o'er and o'er!
p
Je - sus, Je - sus, pre - cious Je - sus! O for grace to trust Him more!

A Parting Hymn We Sing

BOYLSTON. S.M.

AARON R. WOLFE, 1858– — LOWELL MASON, 1792–1872

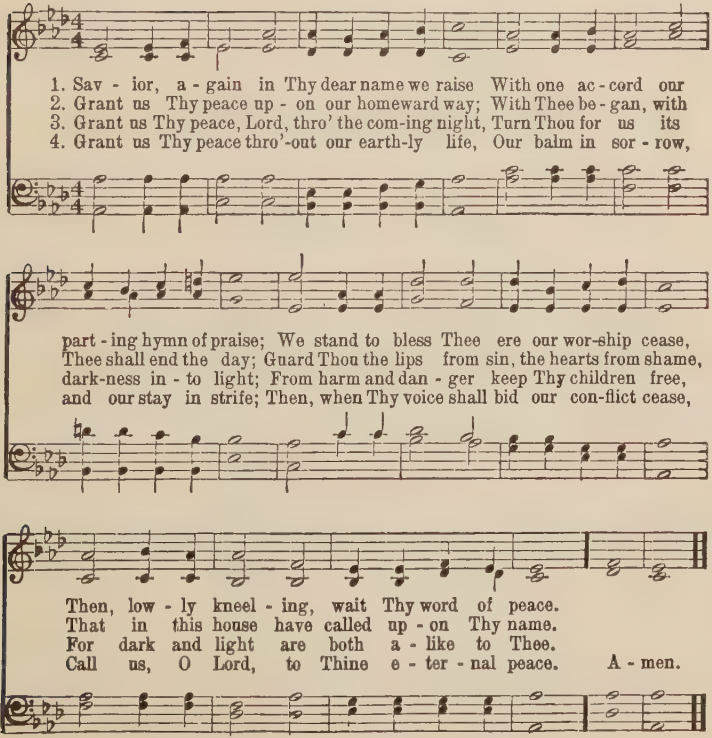

1. A part - ing hymn we sing A - round Thy ta - ble, Lord;
2. Here have we seen Thy face, And felt Thy pres - ence here;
3. In self - for - get - ting love Be our com - mun - ion shown,


A - gain our grate - ful trib - ute bring, Our sol - emn vows re - cord.
So may the sav - or of Thy grace In word and life ap - pear.
Un - til we join the Church a - bove, And know as we are known. A - MEN.

PRAYER
UPON LEAVING THE ASHRAM

Grant Us Thy Peace

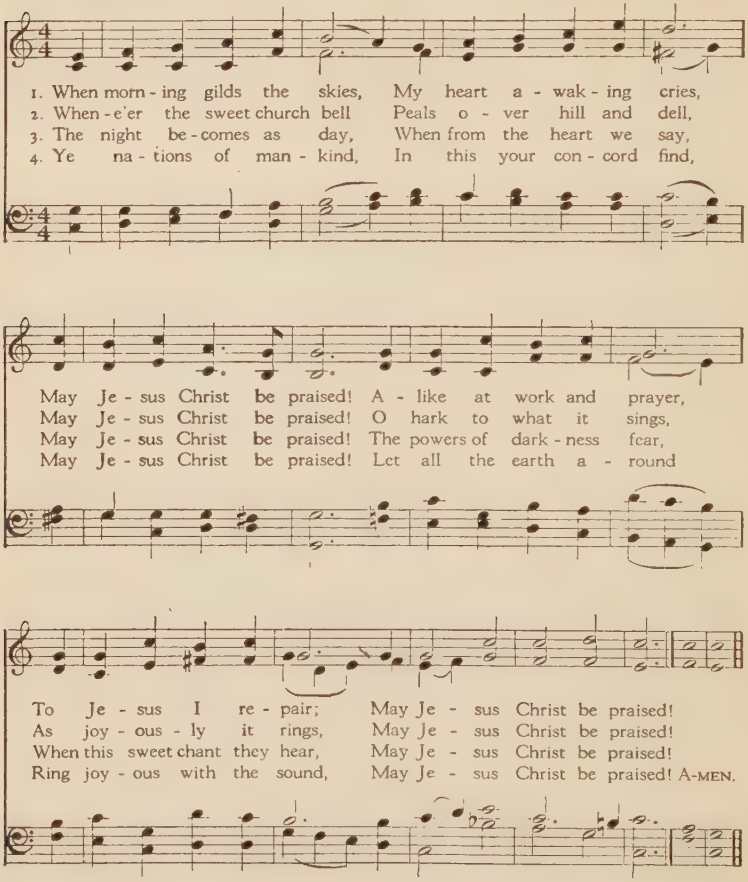
JOHN ELLERTON — ELLERS. 10s — EDWARD J. HOPKINS


1. Sav - ior, a - gain in Thy dear name we raise With one ac - cord our
2. Grant us Thy peace up - on our homeward way; With Thee be - gan, with
3. Grant us Thy peace, Lord, thro' the com-ing night, Turn Thou for us its
4. Grant us Thy peace thro'-out our earth-ly life, Our balm in sor - row,
part - ing hymn of praise; We stand to bless Thee ere our wor-ship cease,
Thee shall end the day; Guard Thou the lips from sin, the hearts from shame,
dark-ness in - to light; From harm and dan - ger keep Thy children free,
and our stay in strife; Then, when Thy voice shall bid our con-flict cease,
Then, low - ly kneel - ing, wait Thy word of peace.
That in this house have called up - on Thy name.
For dark and light are both a - like to Thee.
Call us, O Lord, to Thine e - ter - nal peace. A - men.

When Morning Gilds the Skies

LAUDES DOMINI. 6. 6. 6. 6. 6. 6.

From the German, c. 1800
Tr. by EDWARD CASWALL, 1814–1878

JOSEPH BARNBY, 1838–1896

1. When morn - ing gilds the skies, My heart a - wak - ing cries,
2. When - e'er the sweet church bell Peals o - ver hill and dell,
3. The night be - comes as day, When from the heart we say,
4. Ye na - tions of man - kind, In this your con - cord find,
May Je - sus Christ be praised! A - like at work and prayer,
May Je - sus Christ be praised! O hark to what it sings,
May Je - sus Christ be praised! The powers of dark - ness fear,
May Je - sus Christ be praised! Let all the earth a - round
To Je - sus I re - pair; May Je - sus Christ be praised!
As joy - ous - ly it rings, May Je - sus Christ be praised!
When this sweet chant they hear, May Je - sus Christ be praised!
Ring joy - ous with the sound, May Je - sus Christ be praised! A-MEN.

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ASHRAM GRACE

Tune: MARYLAND, MY MARYLAND

We thank Thee, Lord, for daily bread
And all Thy blessings 'round us spread
We bless Thee for Thy love and care
For guidance in the hour of prayer,
For Ashram comrades eager, true,
For love's unfinished work to do.
In all we think and do and say,
Thy Kingdom come in us today.

GRACE AFTER MEALS

Tune: DOXOLOGY

We've eaten here life-giving bread,
And as we part, may we be led
To labor thankfully and well
That Thou mayest ever in us dwell.

WORK SONG

Tune: THE CHURCH'S ONE FOUNDATION

O Thou who long didst labor
With hammer, saw and plane,
Teach us this day to serve Thee
With hand and heart and brain.
In toil we fain would find Thee,
O Workman, strong and fair,
And thus become the comrades
Of workers everywhere.